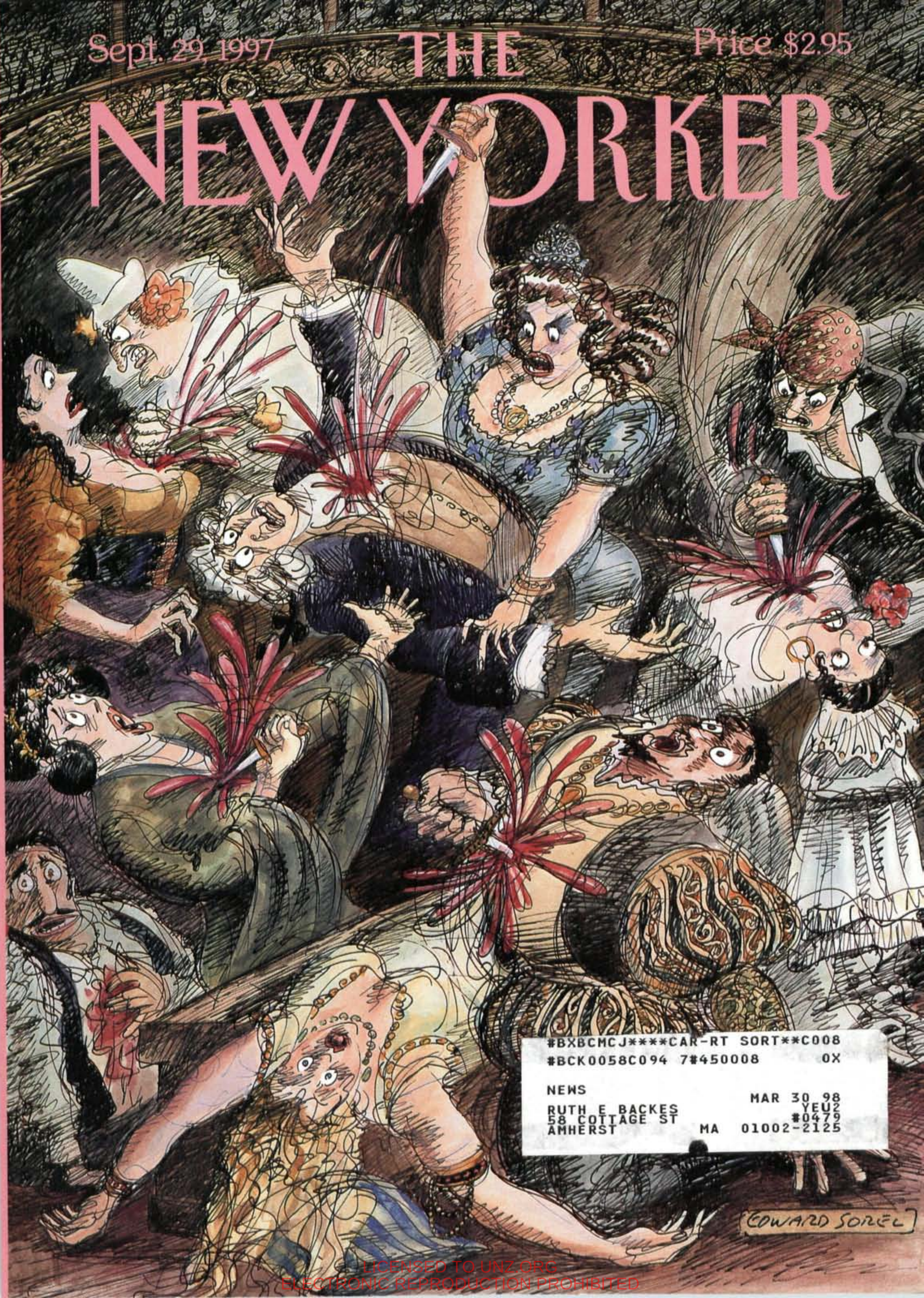
Sept. 29, 1997

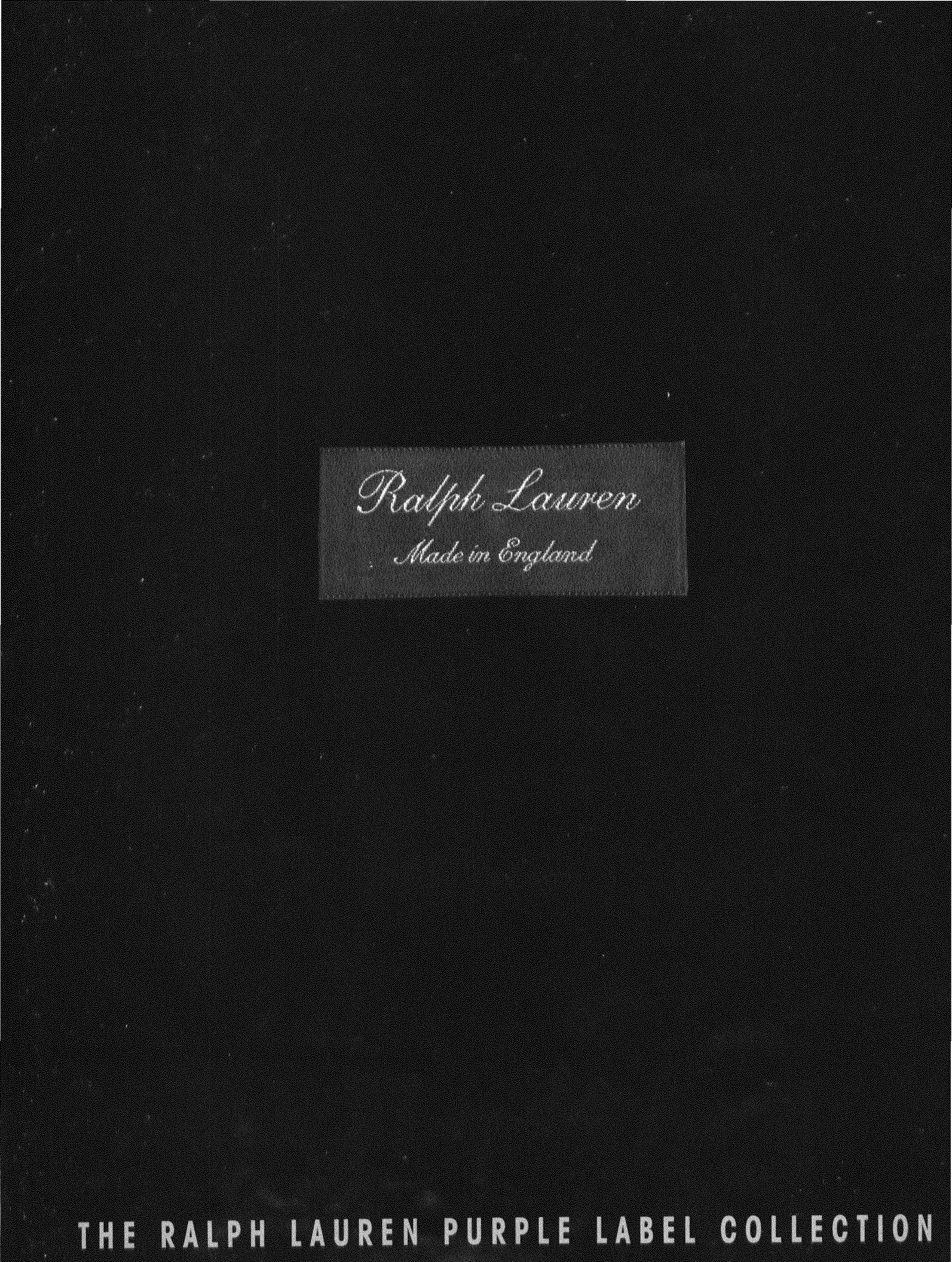
THE NEW YORKER

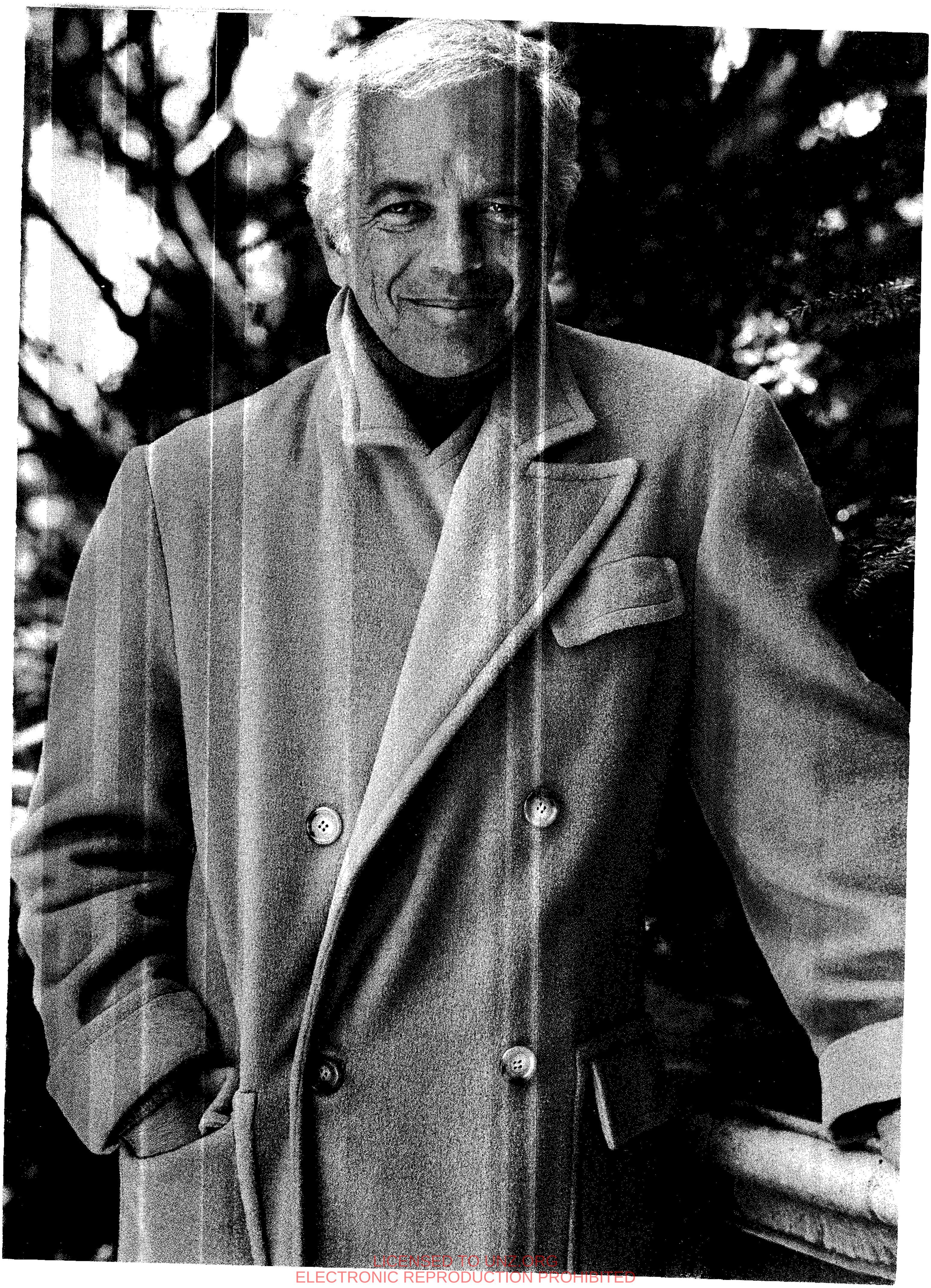
Price $2.95



#BXBCMCJ****CAR-RT SORT**C008
#BCK0058C094 7#450008 0X

NEWS MAR 30 98
RUTH E BACKES YEU2
58 COTTAGE ST #0479
AMHERST MA 01002-2125


Ralph Lauren
Made in England
THE RALPH LAUREN PURPLE LABEL COLLECTION



Cherries in winter, peaches in spring. It's not the weather that's changed, it's the packaging.

Every day, at 36,000 feet, a global exchange of sorts takes place.

Millions of freshly picked items crisscross the globe, many of them gently nestled in packaging's version of a first-class seat—a carton or container designed by International Paper.

Chilean grapes land in Marseilles.

California melons touch down in Warsaw.

Tuscan tomatoes arrive in Kyoto.

What helps them survive the trip?

Package design that anticipates reality: temperature swings, humidity, jostling, customs delays, curious spiders and the occasional 15-foot plunge from a cargo ship's hoist.

Packaging also has to be specific.

Frozen chicken, fresh juice, fine china—each poses a very different challenge.

Last year alone, our engineers designed over 44,000 distinct kinds of packaging for businesses all over the world. And in a lab where we mimic the rigors of global travel, our packages are tested until they reveal their every strength and weakness.

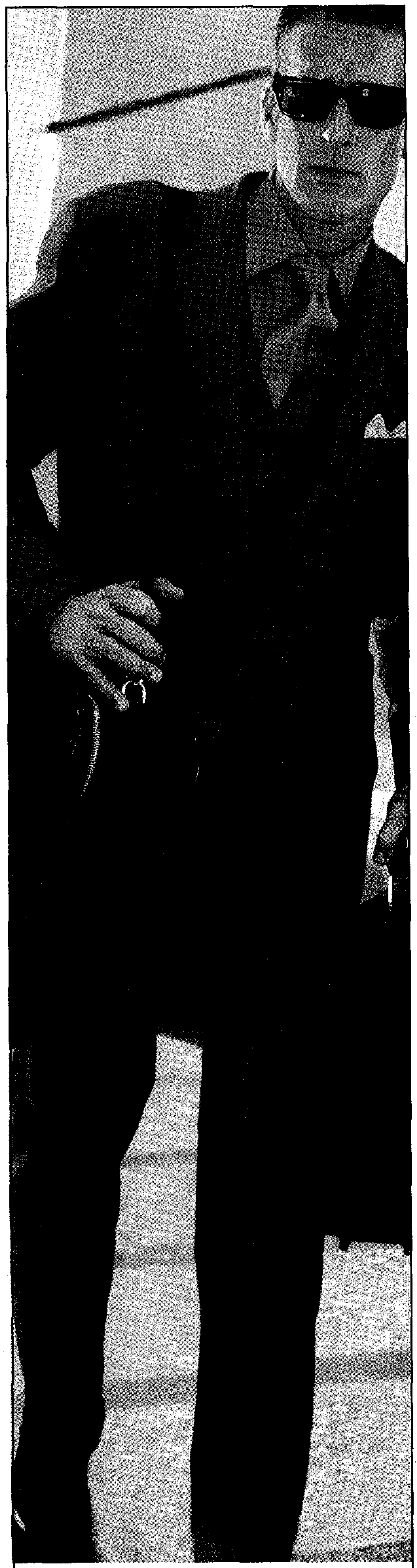
We do it for our customers, and for all of you who crave fresh, unbruised cherries in midwinter.

INTERNATIONAL PAPER

We answer to the world.

www.ipaper.com

©1997 International Paper.



LOUIS VUITTON

Taïga leather.
For men.

For information call
1.800.458.7933

★EURO RSCG

THE NEW YORKER

SEPTEMBER 29, 1997

COMMENT Men in Blue . . . *Edward Conlon* 10
Are civilians too hard on the cops?

THE MAIL . . . 12

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN . . . 14

THE TALK OF THE TOWN . . . 31
An ambassador who feels; Updike on Updike; etc.

DEPARTMENTS

Paris Journal Crazy Piety . . . *Adam Gopnik* 34
France and Britain stay divided over Diana's death.

Our Local Correspondents Between the Cracks . . . *Lis Harris* 39
Grabbing kids from the jails is the new Phoenix House approach.

Personal History Party Protocol . . . *Sally Quinn* 48
Ins and outs on the Beltway's dinner-party circuit.

A REPORTER AT LARGE The Dead Zone . . . *Malcolm Gladwell* 52
Almost eighty years ago, the bodies of seven Norwegian miners killed by the deadliest virus ever known were buried in the Arctic tundra. Now a team of scientists wants to dig them up.

AT THE MUSEUMS . . . *Christian Schad, Calvin Tomkins* 58

LETTER FROM LOS ANGELES A City on a Hill . . . *Kurt Andersen* 66
Is the new Getty too good for L.A.?

FICTION María de Covina . . . *Dagoberto Gilb* 74
A teen-ager in the gorgeous world of women.

THE CRITICS

Books Kitty Kelley's "The Royals" . . . *Julian Barnes* 78
Arthur Golden's "Memoirs of a Geisha" . . . *John Burnham Schwartz* 82
Briefly Noted Fiction . . . 83
Showcase The Rolling Stones . . . *Max Vadukul* 84
The Current Cinema "The Ice Storm," "A Thousand Acres" . . . *Daphne Merkin* 86
Musical Events British Rock . . . *Alex Ross* 88

POEMS

"Free Tibet" . . . *David Breskin* 62
"Within the Hour" . . . *John Ashbery* 76

CROSSWORD 8 x 10 Cryptic No. 16 . . . 91

SHOUTS & MURMURS Memo from Coach . . . *Christopher Buckley* 92

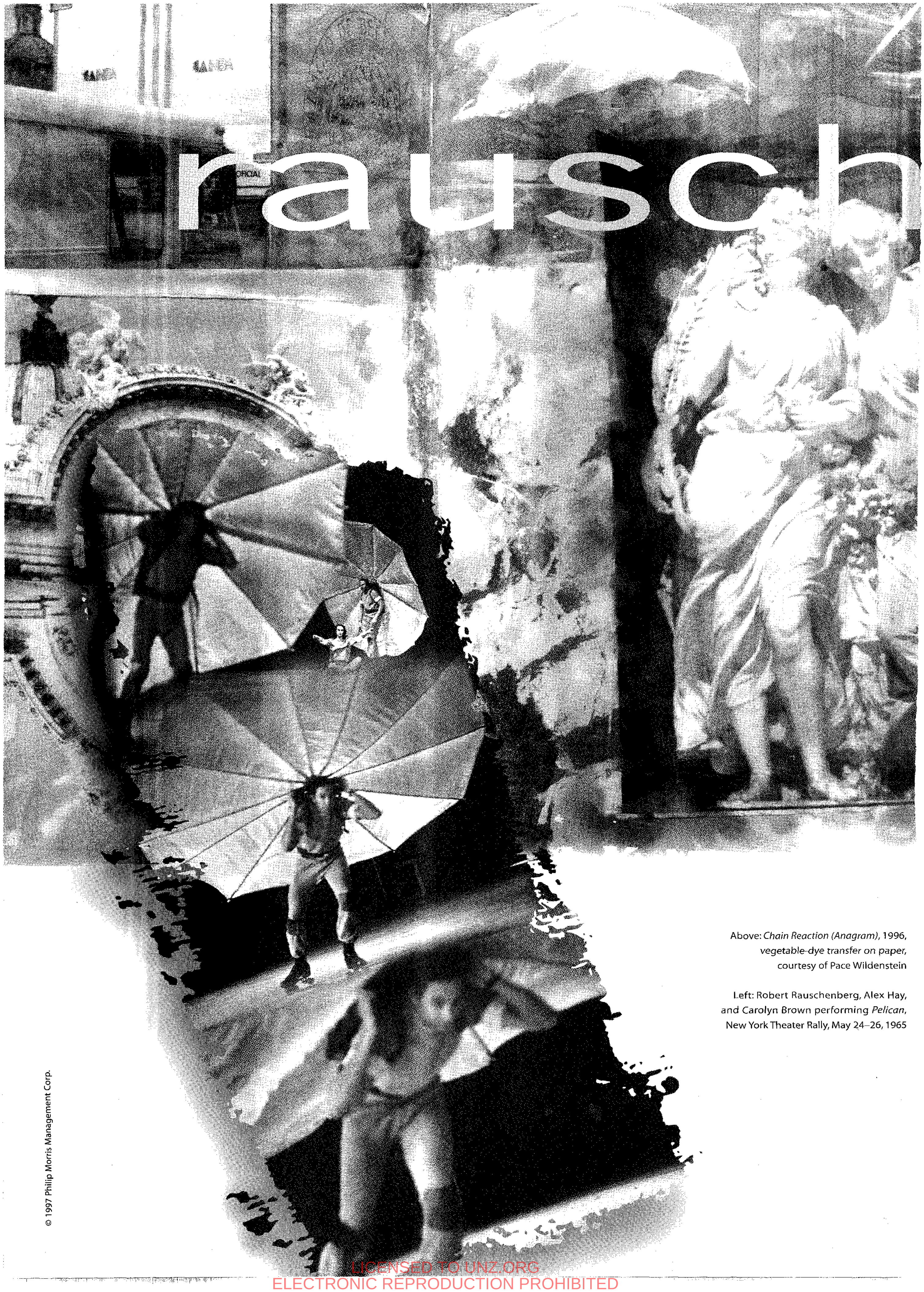
COVER *Opening Night, Edward Sorel*

DRAWINGS *Charles Barsotti, Robert Mankoff, Richard Cline, Bernard Schoenbaum, Michael Crawford, Danny Shanahan, Frank Cotham, Lee Lorenz, Robert Weber, Mick Stevens, J.B. Handelsman*

BOMBAY
SAPPHIRE
Distilled
LONDON
DRY GIN
Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirit from a 1761 recipe
IMPORTED
1 Litre
Alc. 47%/vol. (94 Proof)
THE BOMBAY SAPPHIRE MARTINI. AS ARRANGED BY ULLA DARNI.
POUR SOMETHING PRICELESS.

Bombay® Sapphire™ Gin. 47% alc/vol (94 Proof). 100% neutral spirits. ©1994 Carillon Importers, LTD., Teaneck, N.J. ©1994 Ulla Darni.

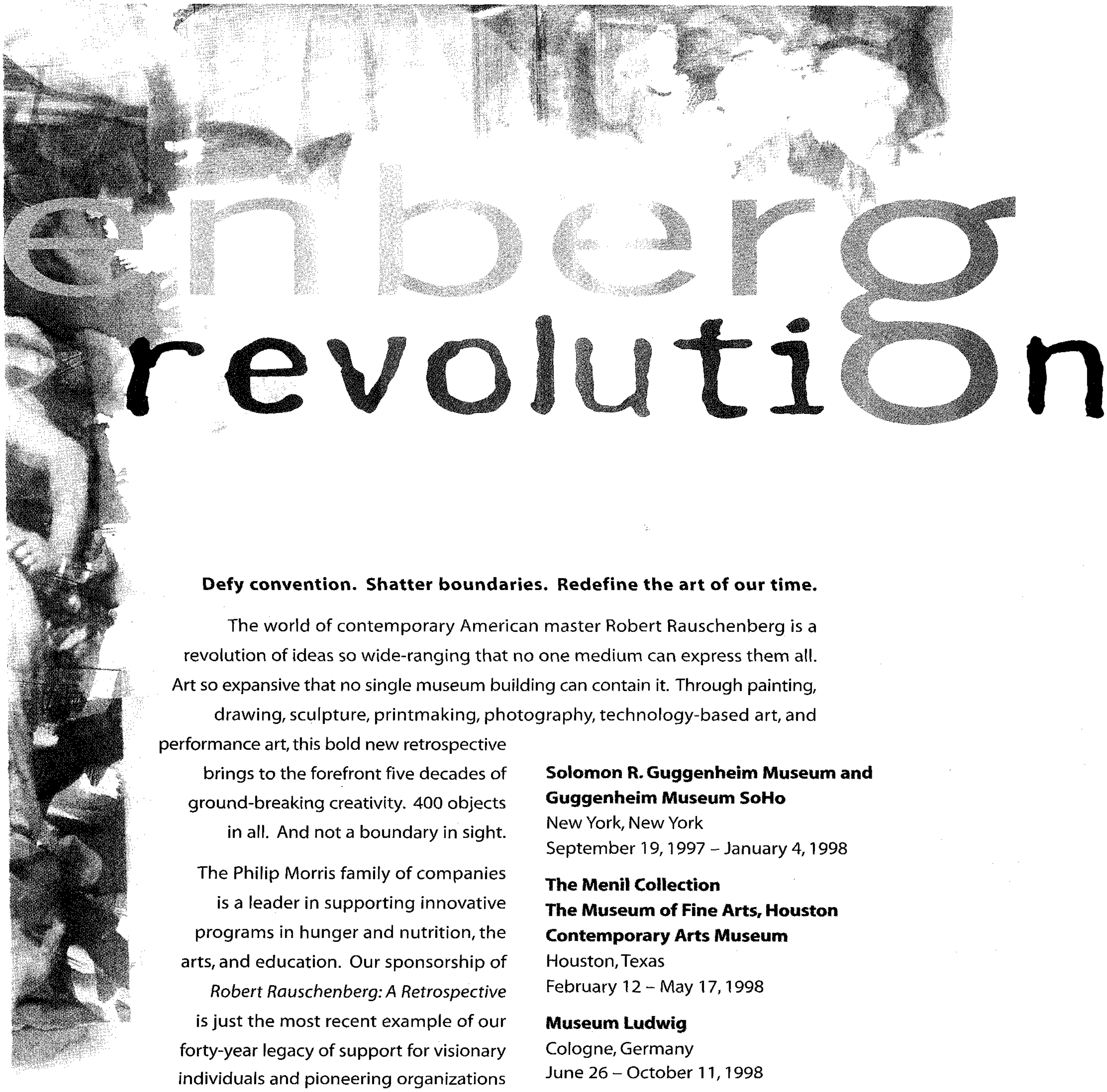
rausch



Above: *Chain Reaction (Anagram)*, 1996, vegetable-dye transfer on paper, courtesy of Pace Wildenstein

Left: Robert Rauschenberg, Alex Hay, and Carolyn Brown performing *Pelican*, New York Theater Rally, May 24–26, 1965

© 1997 Philip Morris Management Corp.



Defy convention. Shatter boundaries. Redefine the art of our time.

The world of contemporary American master Robert Rauschenberg is a revolution of ideas so wide-ranging that no one medium can express them all. Art so expansive that no single museum building can contain it. Through painting, drawing, sculpture, printmaking, photography, technology-based art, and performance art, this bold new retrospective brings to the forefront five decades of ground-breaking creativity. 400 objects in all. And not a boundary in sight.

The Philip Morris family of companies is a leader in supporting innovative programs in hunger and nutrition, the arts, and education. Our sponsorship of *Robert Rauschenberg: A Retrospective* is just the most recent example of our forty-year legacy of support for visionary individuals and pioneering organizations who enhance the quality of our world.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum and
Guggenheim Museum SoHo
New York, New York
September 19, 1997 – January 4, 1998

The Menil Collection
The Museum of Fine Arts, Houston
Contemporary Arts Museum
Houston, Texas
February 12 – May 17, 1998

Museum Ludwig
Cologne, Germany
June 26 – October 11, 1998

Guggenheim Museum Bilbao
Bilbao, Spain
November 20, 1998 – February 26, 1999

Additional international tour sites will follow.

Supporting the spirit of innovation.

PHILIP MORRIS COMPANIES INC.

KRAFT FOODS, INC. KRAFT FOODS INTERNATIONAL, INC. MILLER BREWING COMPANY
PHILIP MORRIS INTERNATIONAL INC. PHILIP MORRIS U.S.A.

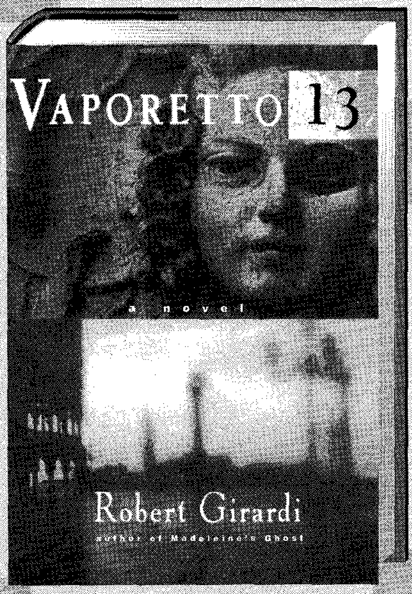
NOT ONLY ARE WE CLOSE TO HISTORIC BOSTON, WE'RE A PART OF IT.

Located in the financial district, Le Meridien is near Boston's most popular visitor, shopping, and dining spots. The hotel itself is a historic Boston landmark. What's more, our elegant European atmosphere, award-winning restaurant Julien, and skylit pool will make your visit a truly world-class experience. So call 1-800-791-7781, ask about our special packages, and start looking forward to not just visiting historic Boston but also staying in it.

Le MERIDIEN
BOSTON
WHERE THE WORLD COMES TOGETHER
250 Franklin Street • Boston, MA 02110 • http://www.LeMeridien.com

New from the critically acclaimed author of *Madeleine's Ghost*

A haunting tale of love and death in Venice



In a city sustained by a miracle, a woman with an unfathomable past and a man with an uncertain future are about to engage in a romance that will transcend the ordinary boundaries of love and life.

"One of the great things here is the seductive evocation of Venice, rich beyond measure and seen in its seedy intimacy as well as its eternal glamor."
—James Salter, author of *Burning the Days*

Available wherever books are sold
Visit our web site at www.bdd.com

Delacorte Press

CONTRIBUTORS

ADAM GOPNIK (Paris Journal, p. 34) was *The New Yorker's* art critic from 1988 until 1995, when he moved to Paris to write about French politics and culture. His work won the 1997 National Magazine Award for Essays & Criticism.

MALCOLM GLADWELL (A Reporter at Large, p. 52), a former New York bureau chief of the Washington *Post*, joined this magazine's staff last year. He is currently working on his first book, which is based on his article "The Tipping Point" (June 3, 1996).

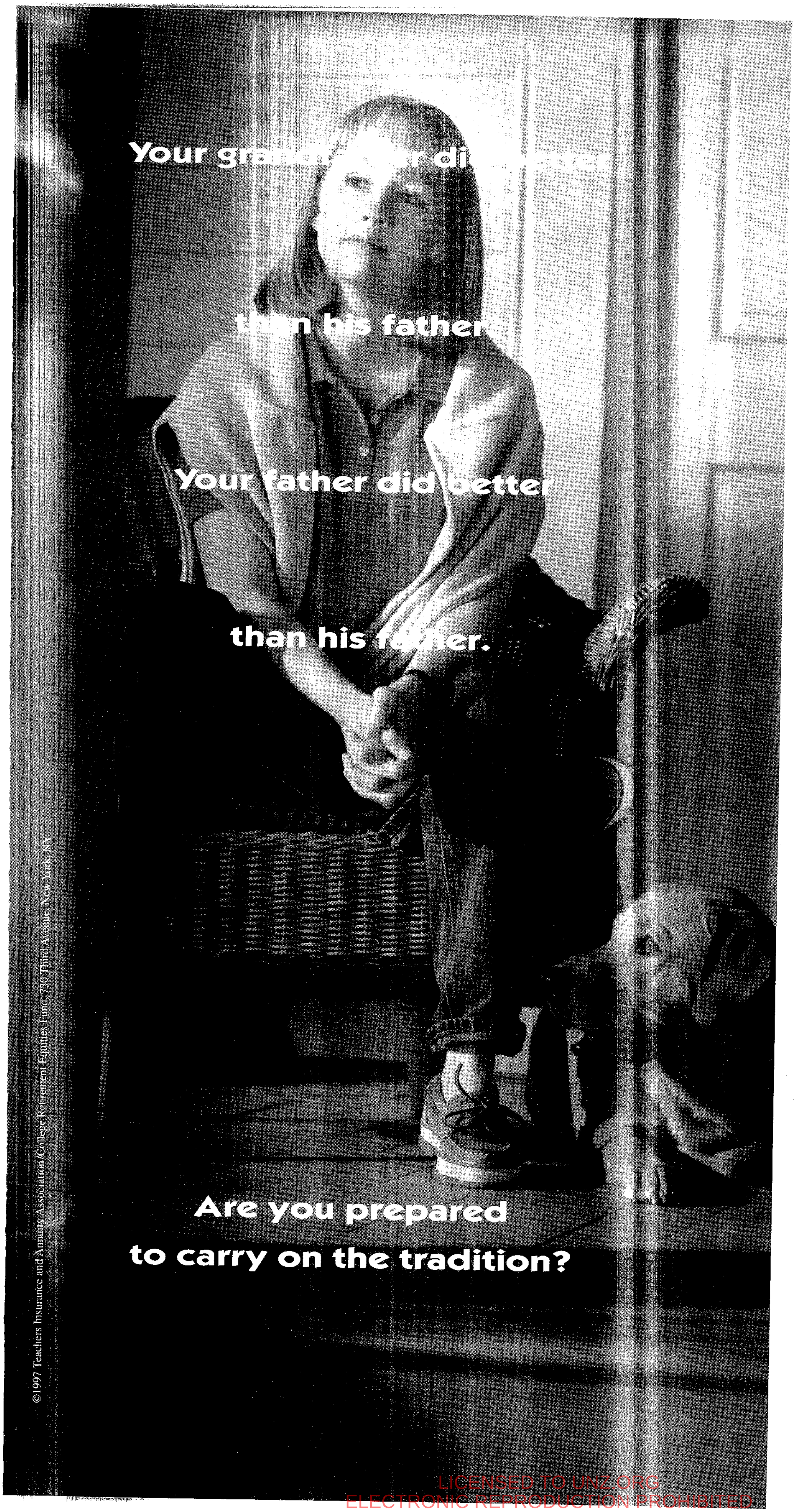
SALLY QUINN (Personal History, p. 48) was for many years a reporter for the Style section of the Washington *Post*. She is the author of two novels and a memoir, "We're Going to Make You a Star." She lives in Washington with her husband, Benjamin C. Bradlee, the *Post's* former executive editor.

JULIAN BARNES (Books, p. 78) lives in London and is the author of "Letters from London," a compilation of articles written for this magazine. He is at work on a novel, his eighth.

DAGOBERTO GILB (Fiction, p. 74) lives in Texas. He is the author of a collection of short stories and a novel, "The Last Known Residence of Mickey Acuña." "María de Covina" is his first story for *The New Yorker*.

DAVID BRESKIN (poem, p. 62) is the author of a novel, "The Real Life Diary of a Boomtown Girl." His first book of poetry, "Fresh Kills," will be published this fall. He lives in San Francisco.

MICHAEL CRAWFORD (drawing, p. 44) has contributed more than two hundred cartoons and illustrations to these pages since 1983. He lives with his family in Rhinebeck, New York. ♦


Your grandfather did better
than his father.
Your father did better
than his father.
Are you prepared
to carry on the tradition?

©1997 Teachers Insurance and Annuity Association/College Retirement Equities Fund, 730 Third Avenue, New York, NY

TIAA-CREF.
Proven
Solutions
To Last
a Lifetime.

Upward mobility used to be a fact of life. But life has changed. Today, more than ever, prosperity requires long range planning and innovative thinking. That's why TIAA-CREF has become the largest retirement system in the world, based on assets under management. We offer pension, investment, insurance, and personal annuity savings plans that can help you build the kind of future you've always imagined—maybe even better. Call 1 800 226-0147 for more complete information, including charges and expenses, plus a free Personal Investing Kit. It contains our variable annuity prospectuses. Please read them carefully before you invest or send money.

TIAA-CREF. Financial services exclusively for people in education and research.

www.tiaa-cref.org

TIAA
CREF

Ensuring the future
for those who shape it.℠

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LUST

laissez-faire

LÆRTES

lachrymosity

FREE

Curl up with the Daedalus Books catalog and let your imagination run rampant. It's full of pithy mini-reviews of books that appeal to the literate, active and interested reader. It's endlessly entertaining. And it's free.

What's more, when you discover a book that seems to have written itself for you, (and you will), you'll find that it's less than half the list price. Almost every Daedalus book is a remainder – a publisher's surplus in your favor.

We've got your free catalog. Just tell us where to send it.

DAEDALUS
BOOKS
CATALOG

1-800-395-2665

http://www.daedalus-books.com

COMMENT

MEN IN BLUE

Why do cops go berserk?

THE wrath of Achilles transformed him from the noblest of warriors into the most terrible, who continued to attack adversaries he had already killed. After his betrayal by his commander, and the death of his friend Patroclus, he was no longer truly himself; his humanity was a casualty of war. The psychiatrist Jonathan Shay, in his 1994 book, "Achilles in Vietnam," likens the Greek hero of the Trojan War to American soldiers in Vietnam whose combat experiences resulted in what he calls the "undoing of character." In them, feelings of betrayal and loss led to such atrocities as the massacre at My Lai and contributed to the high incidence of addiction, criminal behavior, and suicide among returning veterans.

The explosions of rage at Troy and My Lai are not far removed, at least in spirit, from what may have prompted the behavior of the Brooklyn police officers accused of seriously injuring a Haitian man, Abner Louima, in the precinct house by forcing a toilet plunger up his rectum and then into his mouth. In police work, even more than in modern warfare, there exists the imminent prospect of hand-to-hand combat. This combat, whether it arises from a routine traffic violation, a domestic dispute, or a bank robbery, can be intimate and fatal. The violent death of a police officer is a frequent occurrence, and it leaves an acute but transient mark on the public consciousness. Other casualties, ranging from line-of-duty injuries to suicide, whose rate among policemen is significantly higher than the national average, go largely unremarked by society as a whole. Unlike most sentient beings, a police officer who hears gunfire is obliged to run toward it, and this profoundly unnatural act requires a backup that includes a significant measure of public trust.

Such trust, of course, in no way precludes civilian scrutiny of police behavior. Still, New York has made attempts to regulate police behavior that violate not only due process but common sense. Here someone who makes a demonstrably false statement about a police officer to the Civilian Complaint Review Board goes unpunished. The complaint, however, remains on the accused officer's record. Before Mayor Giuliani's administration, cops on patrol were strongly discouraged from making drug arrests, even though narcotics—especially crack—had become the primary cause of an epidemic of violent crime. Between 1990 and 1993, there were more than eight thousand homicides in New York. Some public figures nevertheless maintain, with a stubbornness bordering on the surreal, that the police have

THE NEW YORKER, 20 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036. Thomas A. Florio, president; Pamela Maffei McCarthy, senior vice-president/deputy editor; Pamela H. Older, senior vice-president/manufacturing and information technology director; Carmen Lopez, vice-president/managing director; David M. May, vice-president/managing director; Annie Williams, vice-president/corporate marketing director; Peter Armour, vice-president/circulation director; Rhonda Pinzer Sherman, vice-president/special-projects director; Maurie Perl, vice-president/public-relations director; Robert A. Silverstone, vice-president/business manager; Richard Levine, vice-president/human-resources director; Jonathan Marder, vice-president/corporate creative director; Devereux Chatillon, vice-president/general counsel; Cindy Schreibman, sales development director; Marie Wolpert, marketing director. For advertising inquiries, please call Gretel Schneider, advertising director, at (212) 536-5400. THE NEW YORKER is not responsible for the return or loss of submissions, or for any damage or other injury to unsolicited manuscripts or artwork. Any submission of a manuscript or artwork must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope of appropriate size, bearing adequate return postage. The magazine does not consider unsolicited photographs or transparencies. © 1997 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of THE NEW YORKER. The periodical's name and logo, and the various titles and headings herein, are registered trademarks of Advance Magazine Publishers, Inc., published through its division The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE: To inquire about a subscription, to change an address, or to purchase a back issue, please write to THE NEW YORKER, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80328-6447, or telephone (800) 825-2510. Outside of North America, call (303)·678-0354. For a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

had next to nothing to do with the recent, epochal drop in crime in the city.

Fortunately, most New Yorkers have believed otherwise, and until mid-August the N.Y.P.D. was enjoying considerable public esteem. The sickening Louima incident—a story that seemed more like a dispatch from Bosnia or Iraq—quickly changed that. Yet it is worth remembering that only a week earlier some of the officers who were implicated in the incident had risked their lives to rescue people from a collapsing building: they had reëntered the scene of the disaster even after being ordered, for their own safety, to withdraw. Such a radical mutation of heroism into the basest brutality is not often encountered in our daily lives, but it is a hallmark of soldiers' lives in war. Moreover, what induced it can be mysterious even to the officers involved. Belief in one's own exceptionalism may be a cultural cliché, but it is also in the manual for tragedy.

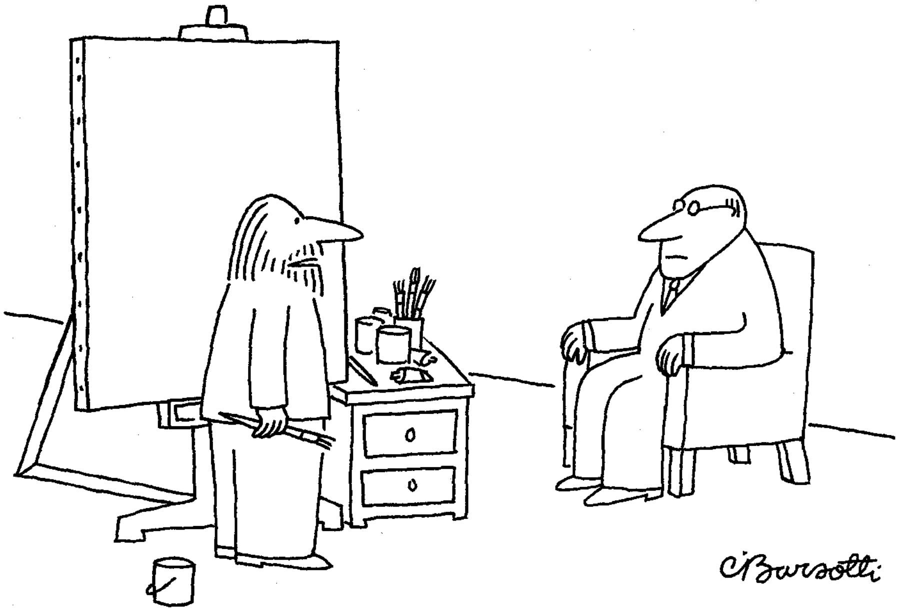
Two officers are accused of the torture of Louima; two more are accused of beating him up. The thirty-eight thousand other officers of the N.Y.P.D. have been stigmatized by the incident, and accusations of collective guilt have only intensified the anger and shame felt by honest and honorable cops. Indeed, those officers who have been obliged to continue their police work amid continuing threats and rallies (with waving plungers) call to mind the returning Vietnam vets who were welcomed home with cries of "Baby killer!"

No talk of "battle fatigue" can excuse police brutality—or military atrocity. Neither the laws of the state nor the rules of war permit it. But the labor of understanding what might have happened to two cops to make them lose all sense of decency—indeed, all sense of *themselves*—and betray their oaths of office, the public trust, and their thousands of colleagues must be undertaken. And our judgment must be as precise as it is exacting.

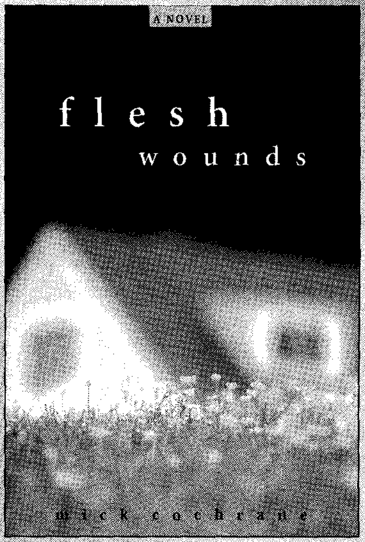
Simone Weil, in a 1940 essay on "The Iliad," argues that the greatness of Homer's epic lies in its equal treatment of enemies—treatment that makes it easy for one to forget that its author was Greek rather than Trojan. The work's encompassing humanity, Weil writes, allows the horror of violence to be rendered with such lucid, sorrowing eloquence—with a "note of incurable bitterness . . . that proceeds from tenderness and that spreads over the whole human race, impartial as sunlight." She goes on to say, "Force is as pitiless to the man who possesses it, or thinks he does, as it is to its victims; the second it crushes, the first it intoxicates. The truth is, nobody really possesses it. . . . Thus it happens that those who have force on loan from fate count on it too much and are destroyed."

Weil's warning is clear: Whether engaged in combat on the Trojan plain or in the jungles of Vietnam or on the streets of Brooklyn, those who traffic in violence, regardless of the justice of their cause, risk their hearts and minds as much as their lives. And those who retain their integrity throughout the ordeal deserve our respect, for it is on our behalf that they fight.

—EDWARD CONLON



"So have we given up completely on the idea of the full monty?"



Mick Cochrane's debut novel pierces the heart.

"Unbearably honest and moving.... This story of family secrets reminds us that family life can be as dangerous as war, requiring courage and heart to survive."
—SUSAN RICHARDS SHREVE

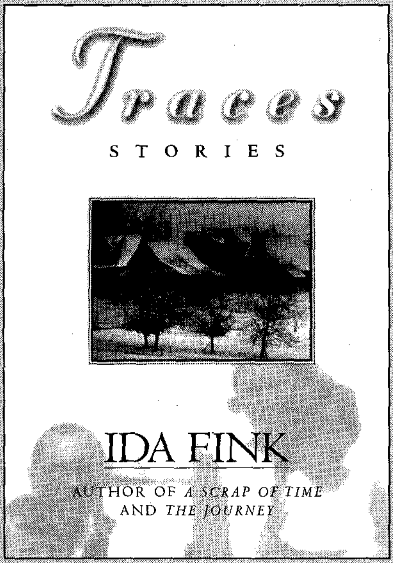
"A book full of heart laced with pain and renewal. **Cochrane is an author of courage."**
—SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE

"Caught me up quickly, painfully, irrevocably.... **Just what you want in a novel."**
—PINCKNEY BENEDICT

NAN A. TALESE
DOUBLEDAY

Available wherever books are sold.
Visit our Web site at www.doubleday.com

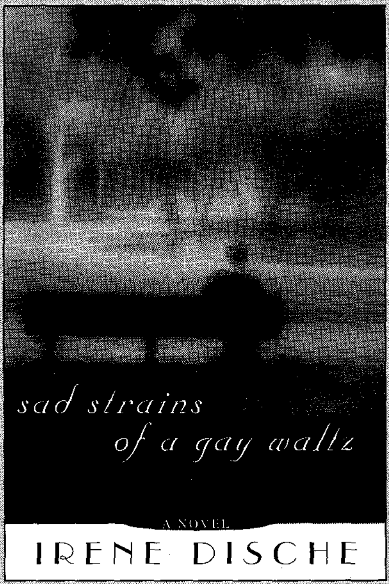
DOUBLEDAY CELEBRATES 100 YEARS OF EXCELLENCE



Includes two stories that appeared in *The New Yorker*

"Brilliant."
—THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW

"Deeply moving and beautifully constructed."
—THE BOSTON GLOBE

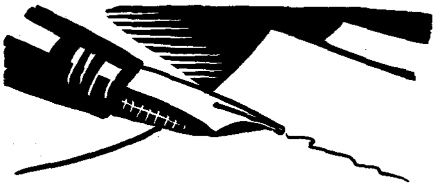


"On the scalpel's edge of urban style."
—THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW

"Dische deliciously indulges her sense of the absurd."
—NEWSDAY

metropolitan books
AN IMPRINT OF HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY

THE MAIL



THE SCIENCE OF SEX

As James H. Jones notes (in "Dr. Yes," August 25th & September 1st), Alfred Kinsey was attacked because he staunchly refused to categorize his observations according to the rigid moral framework of the fifties, when his "Sexual Behavior in the Human Male" was published. But Kinsey did not write a book on sexual morality. Jones, constructively, concentrates on the books he did write, yet points out that the subjects "who most persistently engaged Kinsey's attention were people who were either on the margins [of sexual behavior] or beyond the pale" and that these subjects skewed his results. Clearly, Jones means to imply that Kinsey was in some sense propagandizing for unconventional sexual practices because he himself was a masochist and a homosexual. But there is another interpretation of Kinsey's focus: At the beginning of any new science, information is densest at the boundaries. Darwin, for example, went to the Galápagos, where every species is on the margin. Kinsey's data were imperfect, but his contribution was not just better than what had gone before—it was a revolution, and it changed the way all of us see the world we live in. Whatever Kinsey's sex life consisted of, it cannot be used to negate his profound contribution to human understanding.

STEVE COOMBES
DAVE ROBINSON
London, England

Mr. Jones invites us to condemn Alfred Kinsey for trying to foist his beliefs about sex on the rest of us. But all scientists try to foist their beliefs on the rest of us. Newton sought a perfect physics because it would manifest proof of the God he so devoutly believed in. Darwin, as Marx famously observed, saw in nature his own society's division of labor and struggle for existence. A scientist doesn't have to be perfectly objective to be right, and no single scientist can stand clear of his own experiences. We can only ask that the community of scientists try to be objective, by testing each researcher's conclusions against the others'.

DAVID BERREBY
New York City

A MODERN HERMITAGE

Meghan Daum concludes that it is the flawed, unwieldy physical world that is to blame for the failure of her virtual romance, rather than the human penchant for withdrawing into solipsistic fantasy ("Virtual Love," August 25th & September 1st). Maybe, though, by catering to our wish to secede from the physical, the computer is helping us to lose the complex art of living through all of our senses. Maybe we should each post above our monitor this admonition from Wallace Stevens: "The way through the world is more difficult to find than the way beyond it."

ANNIE GOTTLIEB
New York City

FASHIONABLE PASSION

I was a bit surprised by Louis Menand's remark in Comment ("Love Stories," August 25th & September 1st) that people "don't require much tutelage to fall in love." Menand might have come to a different conclusion had he taken up the case of Emma Bovary, rather than that of Anna Karenina: Flaubert, ever the cynic, suggests that the sources of Mme. Bovary's passions are Chateaubriand and "Paul et Virginie," not the hapless men in her life. And there's another consideration: the large numbers of dead European males whose paintings and literature documented their love for beings (such as fat women) who have since lost their ability to inspire devotion suggest that love is tutored, perhaps above all, by fashion.

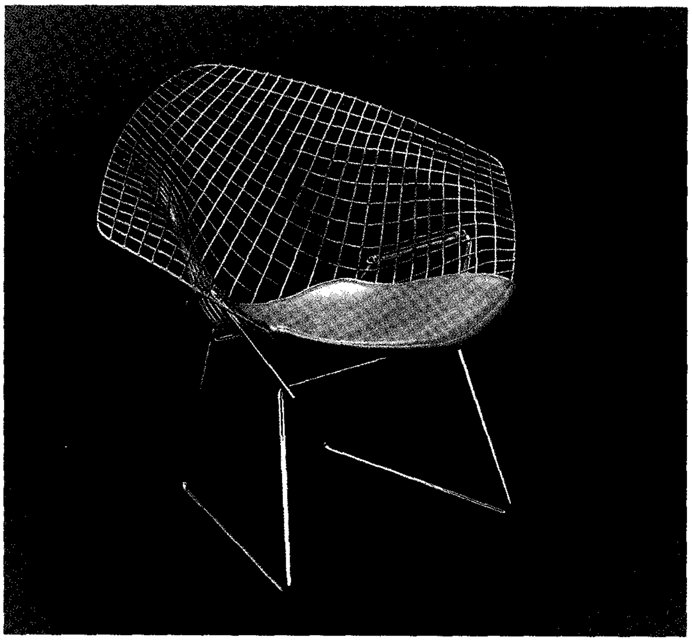
MINA KUMAR
New York City

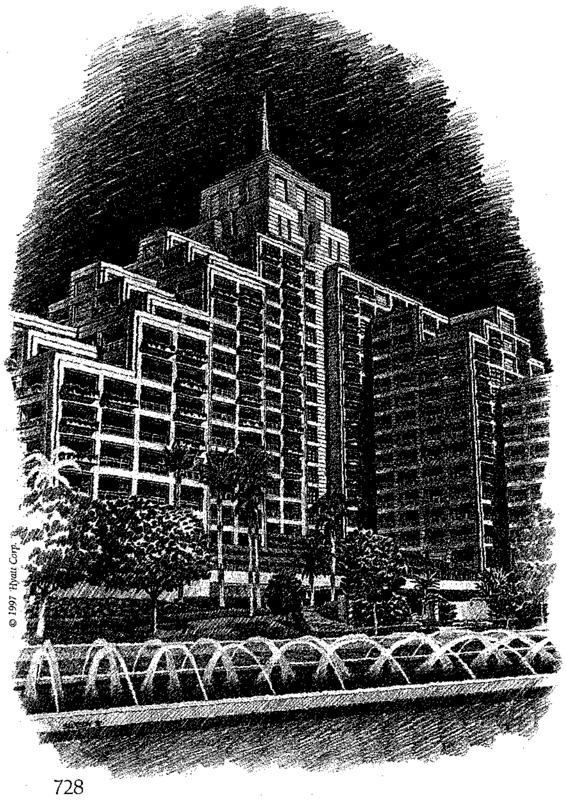
Letters should be as brief as possible, and sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to "The Mail," The New Yorker, 20 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036. They may be edited for length and clarity.

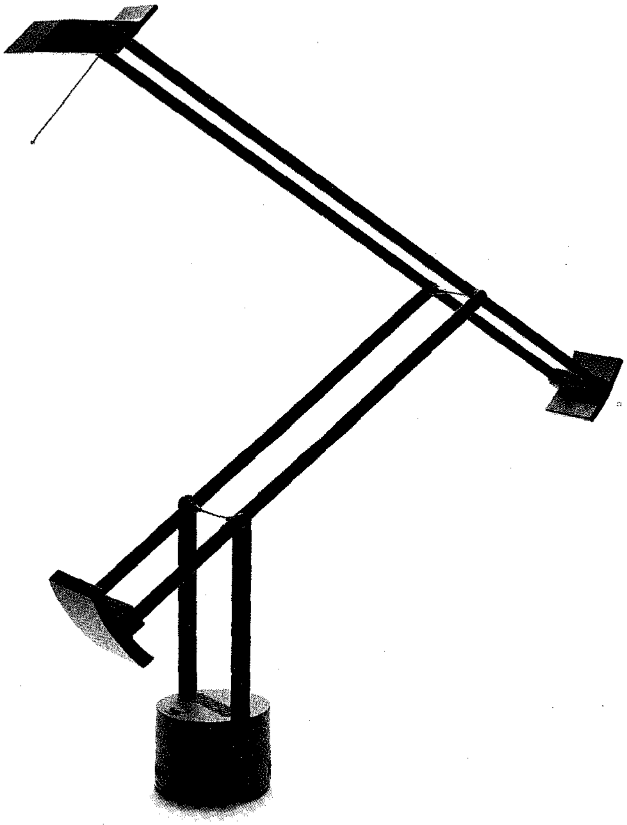
727. **Harry Bertoia. Armchair.** 1952. Chromed steel wire. 29⅞ x 33⅜ x 28" (76 x 84.7 x 71.2 cm). Gift of Knoll Associates, Inc.

728. **Park Hyatt. Hotel.** 17 post-modern stories of sanded concrete and steel. Atrium rich in cherry wood and Italian marble. Private, hanging garden terraces with postcard-worthy sunsets. 189 suites each with an artful style and a distinct absence of faux 200-year-old, baroque furniture. The Park Hyatt collection: Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Washington D.C. and Chicago (1998). Buenos Aires, Canberra, Johannesburg, London, Madrid, Sydney and Tokyo. (Reservations: 1 800 233 1234) The Park Hyatt. Classic. Modern. Luxury.

729. **Richard Sapper. Table Lamp.** "Tizio" 1972. Black metal. 48" (124 cm) maximum extension, 4¼" (11 cm) diameter at base. Gift of Artemide.


727


© 1997 Hyatt Corp.
728


729

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.)

Alligator Tales—Manhattan Theatre Club begins the season with a one-woman show written and performed by Anne Galjour, set in Louisiana Cajun country during the hurricane season. Previews begin Sept. 30. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

Glorious—The British comedian Eddie Izzard returns to P.S. 122 with a new show. Preview on Sept. 24. Opens Sept. 25 at 10:30 and continues through Oct. 11. (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)

Hedda Gabler—Jean Cocteau Rep's production of Ibsen's drama will run in repertory with the company's staging of Tom Stoppard's 1984 farce, "Rough Crossing" (which features a talented cast and original music by Ellen Mandel). Previews Sept. 26-27. Opens Sept. 28 at 3. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. 677-0060.)

The Human Comedy—The York Theatre Company's Musicals in Mufti series of overlooked works wraps up its season with a concert production of Galt MacDermot and William Dumaresq's 1984 jazz adaptation of the 1943 movie, from a William Saroyan story. Sept. 26 at 8, Sept. 27 at 2:30 and 8, and Sept. 28 at 2:30. (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 935-5820.)

The Irish . . . and How They Got That Way—Frank McCourt's history of Hibernians in America, told primarily through stories and songs. An Irish Repertory Theatre staging, directed by Charlotte Moore. In previews. (132 W. 22nd St. 727-2737.)

More Stately Mansions—New York Theatre Workshop presents the Dutch director Ivo van Hove's staging of Eugene O'Neill's unfinished family drama. In previews. (79 E. 4th St. 460-5475.)

Plunge—A new comedy by Christopher Kyle, about four college friends whose country reunion takes an unconvivial turn, is the season's first offering from Playwrights Horizons. Ron Lagomarsino is the director. In previews through Sept. 27. Opens Sept. 28 at 7. (416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

Side Show—The story of the Siamese twins Daisy and Violet Hilton (Emily Skinner and Alice Ripley), who were part of a travelling vaudeville act in the nineteen-thirties, is the basis of this new musical conceived, directed, and choreographed by Robert Longbottom, with music by Henry Krieger ("Dreamgirls") and a book and lyrics by Bill Russell. In previews. (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

Skyscraper—A romantic comedy set in Chicago, atop an architectural treasure slated for destruction. Written by David Auburn and directed by Michael Rego. In previews through Sept. 27. Opens Sept. 28 at 6:30. (Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. 279-4200.)

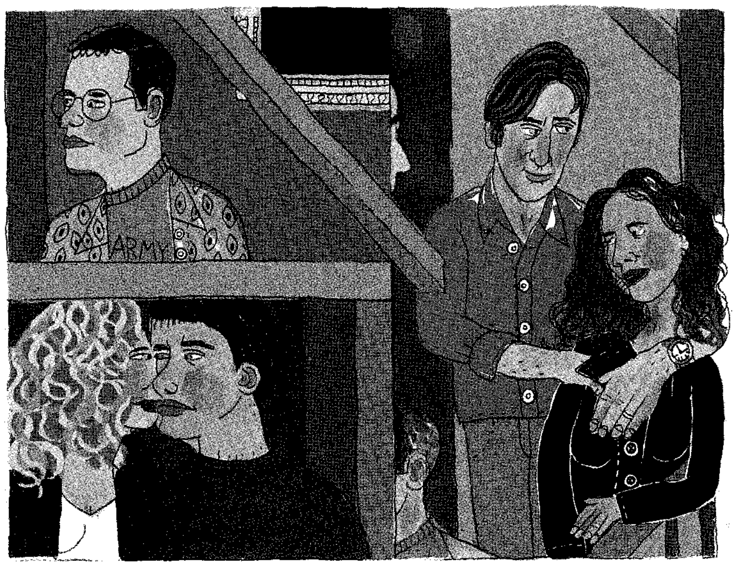
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			24	25	26	27
28	29	30				

Three-for-All—The Spanish troupe Tricicle (Joan Gracia, Paco Mir, and Carles Sans), which specializes in physical comedy, brings its latest production to the Union Square Theatre. In previews. (100 E. 17th St. 307-4100.)

Triumph of Love—Susan Egan, F. Murray Abraham, Betty Buckley, and Nancy Opel lead the cast of this musical version of the 1732 comedy by Pierre Carlet de Marivaux. With music by Jeffrey Stock and lyrics by Susan Birkenhead. Michael Mayer is the director. Previews begin Sept. 27. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

OPENED RECENTLY

Always . . . Patsy Cline—Not quite a revue, not quite a play, this spirited and Nashville-slick celebration of the late, great country singer is, rather, a streamlined song-delivery device: Tori Lynn Palazola, who plays Cline, sings twenty-one songs in a mere two hours. The show is based on Cline's relationship with a fan in Houston, played with large-hearted gusto by Margo Martindale. Palazola doesn't sound exactly like Patsy, but she's good at doing Patsy, and more than good when it comes to the slower numbers. The unsung, as it were, heroes of the production are the six members of the backup band, titans of twang all. (Variety Arts, Third Ave. at 14th St. 239-6200.)



"Plunge," by Christopher Kyle, at Playwrights Horizons.

MARK TODD

And the Sky Can Still Fall on Our Heads—An evening of one-acts by Antonin Artaud, adapted by Michael LeLand and Dennis Moritz. (Nuyorican Poets Café, 236 E. 3rd St. 465-3167. Closes Sept. 28.)

Annie—Can the powerhouse waif find another bonanza in this twentieth-anniversary revival of her Broadway musical? With eight-year-old Brittny Kissinger wearing the red fright wig, anything is possible: no one ever went broke underestimating the intelligence of the New York public. Directed by Martin Charnin. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

As Bees in Honey Drown—In Douglas Carter Beane's comic indictment of America's obsession with fame, J. Smith-Cameron is hilarious as a cultural arbiter whose fabricated personality is, as an adoring Saks salesman (the delightful T. Scott Cunningham) puts it, "a mixture of every woman I've ever loved in a movie." The script, which has been given a vivid production by the Drama Dept., is a gleeful bon mot-filled éclair whose satirical power sours only when, every once in a while, it takes itself too seriously. With Bo Foxworth as the young novelist who falls under Smith-Cameron's spell. Mark Brokaw directed. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 239-6200.)

Atwater: Fixin' to Die—George Furth directs a one-man portrait of the late Republican National Committee chairman and controversial spin doctor Lee Atwater. Written by Robert Myers and starring Bruce McIntosh, who originated the role in 1992, in Los Angeles. (28th Street Theatre, 120 W. 28th St. 591-0019.)

Barrymore—Christopher Plummer's rich, unmiked voice hits every note of sarcasm and self-loathing in William Luce's rambunctious script as he perfectly captures the grief behind the old ham's gallant frivolity. Well directed by Gene Saks. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Bermuda Avenue Triangle—In this silly farce, a sexy gambler on the skids (Joseph Bologna) returns the zing to the lives of two elderly women, a Jew (Renée Taylor) and a Catholic (Nanette Fabray), whose sullen daughters have put them out to pasture in a Las Vegas retirement home. Bologna and Taylor's script traffics in the kind of cookie-cutter stereotypes that rate high on the matinée-crowd yuk-o-meter. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

Caught in the Act—The Threshold Theatre's festival of international one-acts, by playwrights both well known (Günter Grass, Arthur Schnitzler, Fernando Arrabal, Tristan Tzara) and obscure, directed by, among others, Michael Rupert, Paul Lazar, and Mitchell Greenberg. (HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., near Spring St. 647-0202. Closes Oct. 5.)

Chicago City Limits—The improv company presents its latest revue, "@Chicago City Limits.comedy." (Chicago City Limits Theatre, First Ave. at 61st St. 888-5233.)

The Evil Spell of the Butterfly—The Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre's version of García Lorca's 1920 fable, in which the actors portray insects. Performances are in Spanish. (304 W. 47th St. 354-1293. Closes Sept. 28.)

Forever Tango—This stepchild of Vegas and Buenos Aires gets everything right, from the basic ingredients (sex, pomade) to the big emotions (e.g., the weltschmerz of the bandonion players). One after another, the acrobatic couples flaunt their scissor steps with lubricious joy. But the real treat is the character dancing: it's a big surprise to encounter so many styles—suave, measured, sleazy, torrid, muscular, slapstick—and such a variety of song-length minidramas. Created and directed by Luis Bravo. (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

Freak—A one-man work in progress from John Leguizamo ("Mambo Mouth," "Spic-O-Rama"). (Atlantic, 336 W. 20th St. 239-6200.)

Gross Indecency: The Three Trials of Oscar Wilde—Writer-director Moisés Kaufman renders the playwright's trials from edited transcripts, interposing passages from letters, Wilde's writings, and other people's memoirs and commentaries. The result, thanks to Kaufman's clever (if occasionally self-indulgent) direction and a strong, versatile cast—especially Michael Emerson, in the title role—is powerful and surprisingly theatrical. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.)

Hard Times—A stage adaptation of Dickens's novel by Stephen Jeffreys is the season opener for the Pearl Theatre Company. (80 St. Marks Pl. 598-9802. Closes Oct. 5.)

Hello and Goodbye—The South African playwright Athol Fugard's 1965 drama, about a family living under apartheid, in a Rattlestick staging directed by Howard Meyer. (Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Pl., at 11th St. 627-2556. Closes Sept. 28.)

How I Learned to Drive—Paula Vogel's memory play, about a young woman (Jayne Atkinson) who comes of age too quickly under the tutelage of her pedophile uncle (Bruce Davison), is a clear-eyed marvel, and the Vineyard Theatre has given it a beautifully spare and lucid production. With insight and humor, Vogel opens up a subject previously narrowed by fury, voyeurism, and melodrama. Mark Brokaw directed. (Century, 111 E. 15th St. 239-6200.)

Jekyll & Hyde—Enjoyable bombast, loosely based on the Robert Louis Stevenson novel. With music by Frank Wildhorn, lyrics and a book by Leslie Bricusse, and solid direction by Robin Phillips. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/12/97.) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

John: His Story—A drama based on the fourth of the Gospels, staged by Houston's A.D. Players. (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Closes Oct. 5.)

The Last Night of Ballyhoo—In this romantic comedy of manners, set in Atlanta in 1939, Alfred Uhry stays true to a Southern sense of propriety: he takes on an unsavory topic (anti-Semitism among the Jewish upper crust) without dwelling on it long enough to offend anyone, and, like a practiced host, he shows you a good time without taxing you. Ron Lagomarsino directed. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 307-4100.)

The Life—This new musical, about the oldest profession in Times Square (before it became known as the new Times Square) and the men who profit from its practitioners, is a cynical, poisonous concoction, featuring phony funk, fake blues, overcooked pop, and a cartoonish, insulting book. The cast includes some good singers, notably Lillias White and Pamela Isaacs. (5/12/97) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

Lypsinka Is Harriet Craig—The drag artistes Lypsinka (in her first major speaking role) and Varla Jean Merman join forces in a song-and-dance version of the 1950 Joan Crawford film "Harriet Craig." (Mother, 432 W. 14th St., at Washington St. 366-5680. Closes Sept. 28.)

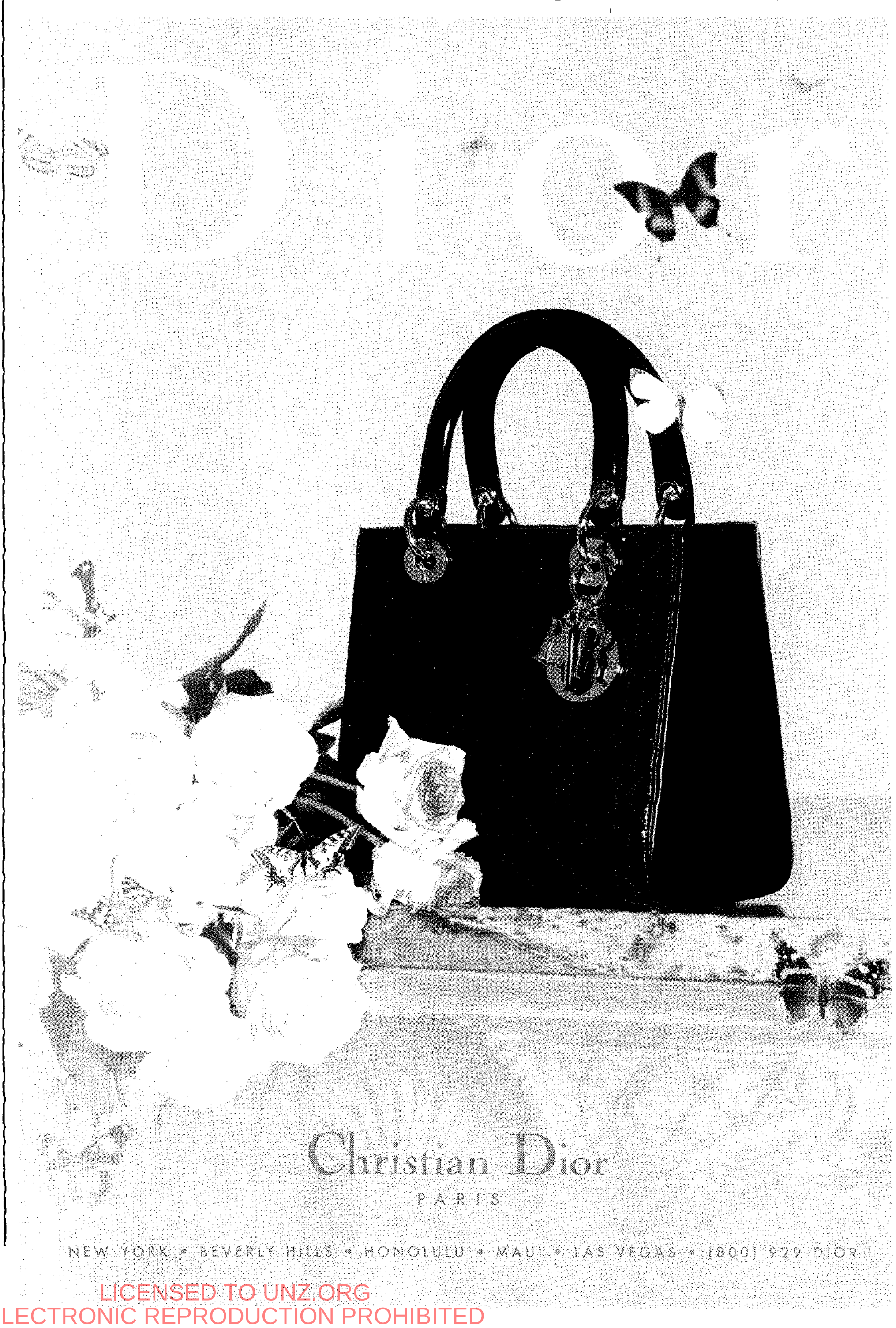
Mere Mortals—David Ives, who created the wonderful "All in the Timing," has lately changed his tune to "All in the Recycling": only two of the six short plays here are new. They are, however, Ives at his clever best. "Time Flies" is about the short life of two mayflies—only one day to grow up and get it on before going to the great beyond—and "Dr. Fritz; or, The Forces of Light" is a piece of insanity set somewhere south of the border. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.)

Miracle Mile—In his one-man show, Clark Middleton recounts the highs and lows of his battle with rheumatoid arthritis. (Theatre Row Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 358-5041. Closes Sept. 28.)

Misalliance—Shaw's 1910 comedy, set in the country house of an English underwear magnate, is subtitled "A Debate in One Sitting," and it rounds up the usual suspects: the bourgeoisie versus the aristocracy, the maddening institution of marriage, and the possibly mad institution of the family. It's a rather bossy piece of work—a comedic tract more than a comedy—and it clocks in at a derrière-numbing three hours. Nevertheless, it has much to recommend it: namely, the glimmer in Shaw's cold eye, Derek McLane's splendid set, and a superb ensemble, led by the warm and magnetic Brian Murray and featuring Patricia Conolly, Remak Ramsay, Zak Orth, and Elizabeth Marvel. David Warren directed. (9/8/97) (Laura Pels, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400.)

P.S. 122—Sept. 25-28 at 7:30: "Cab Legs," the latest work by Elevator Repair Service, a troupe that blends elements of theatre with choreography from Indian movie musicals and Betty Boop cartoons. . . . ¶ Sept. 25-28 at 8: "The American Chestnut," a new work by performance artist Karen Finley, who uses the sickly tree as a metaphor for a decaying society. (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)

1776—One of the charms of Sherman Edwards and Peter Stone's still fresh 1969 musical about the drafting of the Declaration of Independence is that it's free of sentimental throat-clearing about This Great Nation of Ours; it shows our Founding Fathers—J. Adams, B. Franklin, T. Jefferson, et al.—behaving a lot like feuding brothers. Scott


Dior
Christian Dior
PARIS
NEW YORK • BEVERLY HILLS • HONOLULU • MAUI • LAS VEGAS • (800) 929-DIOR

Ellis's lean, lively production and the many vivid performances bring the Continental Congressmen's personalities and ideas into high relief, and the result is possibly the most entertaining and the wittiest history lesson you've ever received. Brent Spiner's Adams is dour and flinty, yet extremely sympathetic, and Pat Hingle's Franklin is a puckish Buddha, both lusty and lazy. As Jefferson, Paul Michael Valley doesn't make much of an impression, possibly because this Jefferson is conceived as being a bit thick—a sort of Moron of Monticello, able to get over his writer's block and begin working on the D. of I. only after getting it on with his wife. But it's a forgivable misstep in an otherwise light-footed show. (9/8/97) (Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400.)

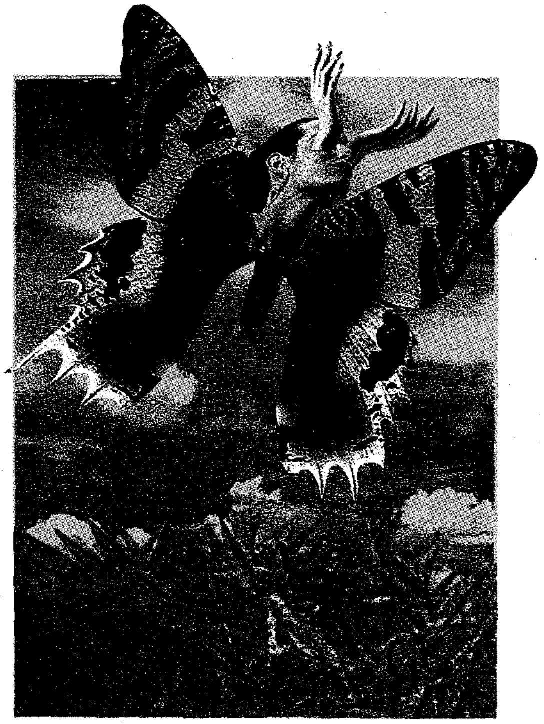
Titanic—Though this musical about history's most tragic maiden voyage contains no small number of historical and theatrical misjudgments, it nevertheless manages to take you very close to the heart of the matter—the enormity of the disaster and its heartbreaking human details—and it qualifies as a genuine addition to American musical theatre. Miraculously, the show steers clear of both the Scylla of camp and the Charybdis of bad taste, and the result is an evening that's both sombre and joyful, grave and entertaining. Richard Jones directed. (5/12/97) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

Tracers—A revival of the 1980 memory drama created by John DiFusco and eight Vietnam War veterans, presented by the 29th Street Rep. (212 W. 29th St. 465-0575. Closes Oct. 12.)

Two by Synge—Chain Lightning Theatre and Sanctuary Theatre Workshop present "Riders to the Sea" and "In the Shadow of the Glen." (Cornelia Connelly, 220 E. 4th St. 803-5476. Closes Sept. 28.)

LONG RUNS

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST: Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 307-4100. . . . **BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **BRING IN DA NOISE, BRING IN DA FUNK:** Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. 239-6200. . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **CHICAGO:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **FORBIDDEN BROADWAY STRIKES BACK!:** Stardust, Broadway at 51st St. 239-6200. . . . **A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM:** St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **GRANDMA SYLVIA'S FUNERAL:** SoHo Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. 691-1555. . . . **HOWARD CRABTREE'S WHEN PIGS FLY:** Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-6200. . . . **I LOVE YOU, YOU'RE PERFECT, NOW CHANGE:** Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 239-6200. . . . **THE KING AND I:** Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 307-4100. . . . **LATE NITE CATECHISM:** St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St. 239-6200. . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **PERFECT CRIME:** Duffy, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. 695-3401. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **RENT:** Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. . . . **SMOKEY JOE'S CAFÉ:** Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200. . . . **STOMP:** Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. 477-2477. . . . **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING:** St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 239-6200.



A Spanish-language production of García Lorca's fable "The Evil Spell of the Butterfly."

DANCE

Stephen Petronio Company—Petronio has made himself a new solo (his first, he claims, in ten years), set to "really beautiful music: a very corny, melodramatic, and bittersweet Armenian folk tune." Don't choose that moment to search for your Sucrets: the solo, "I Kneel Down Before You," lasts all of three and a half minutes. "That's a long time for me," the choreographer says. "Believe me, I can do in three and a half minutes what most people take a half hour to do." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Sept. 23-26 at 8; Sept. 27 at 2 and 8; and Sept. 28 at 2.)

"Riverdance"—The dancing Irish (eighty strong) bring their high-octane jigs, reels, and hornpipes to the home of the kick line. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 247-4777. Sept. 25 and Sept. 27-28 at 2 and 8, and Sept. 26 and Sept. 30 at 8. Through Oct. 12.)

"Brasil with S"—Three Brazilian choreographers share a program: Regina Miranda presents "Counter Attack," Sandro Borelli offers an untitled work, and Marcia Monroe performs her solo "D.N.A." (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. 674-8194. Sept. 25-28 at 8:30.)

"Urban Artworks"—The fifth installment of the annual series features work by six companies, including "Prevailing Curve," by the American Dance Ensemble, "Totem Clearing," by the Fly-by-Night Dance Theatre, and "Nightshades," by Andrew Jannetti and Dancers. (Pace Downtown Theatre, Spruce St. between Nassau and Gold Sts. 924-0077. Sept. 26-27 at 8 and Sept. 28 at 3.)

"Meditations and Mandalas in Movement"—Four works with spiritual or religious sources: "The Movements," based on temple-dance choreography by Gurdjieff; "Kol/Nidrei," by Heidi Latsky; "Ritual: A Cure for Dreams," by JoAnna Mendl Shaw; and "Studies in Movement Mandalas," by Murray Spalding. (Joyce SoHo, 155 Mercer St. 924-0077. Sept. 25-27 at 8.)

Forces of Nature—Abdel Salaam's twenty-two-member extended company presents its blend of modern and West African dance techniques in four repertory works—including "The Life and Legend of Marie Laveau"—and an aptly named work in progress, "Terrestrial Wombs." (651 at the BAM Majestic Theatre, 651 Fulton St., Brooklyn. 718-636-4181. Sept. 26 at 7:30 and Sept. 27 at 8.)

"Indrani: Dances of India"—Indrani, a Juilliard dance teacher, narrates as three Indian women perform dances in distinct subcontinental styles (Shagun Butani in orissa, Sadhana Paranji in kuchipudi, and Vidya Murthy in bharata natya). Three American practitioners of kuchipudi follow with the story of the frog princess. (Kaye Playhouse, Hunter College, Park Ave. at 68th St. 772-4448. Sept. 30 at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

CONCERTS

Andrew Hill—Though Hill's music is dark, elusive, unsettling, and utterly beautiful, his artistic peak was in the sixties, the only decade that could tolerate his combination of an oblique harmonic stance, jerky midtempo melodies, and dirgelike ballads (his trademark). But it wasn't free jazz and it wasn't hard bop—it was a private music that never really fit in any time. If the pianist and composer has mellowed over the years, there's still enough of the individualist in him to remind you of the good (and cryptic) old days. In this program, he plays both solo and with bassist Reggie Workman, drummer Pheeroan akLaff, and saxophonist Greg Osby. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. Sept. 24 at 8.)

Ron Sexsmith—The new breed of artist which has made folk a lucrative niche once again is mostly female; there aren't many men galvanizing the masses with acoustic guitars. If this heavy-lidded Canadian songwriter, who looks something like a grunge "Peanuts" character, remains only a blip on the radar screen, it will be a pity, because his distilled songwriting makes you think that, with a few chords and a ringing couplet or two, anything is possible. (Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. 741-0391. Sept. 25-26 at 8:45.)

Peter Leitch Trio—During the seventeen years that this uprooted Canadian guitarist has been on the New York scene, the northern reserve that constrained his playing has steadily loosened. With considerably more bite in his bark, Leitch has become a self-assured and feisty mainstreamer. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. 708-9491. Sept. 26 at 5:30.)

David Grisman—After a quarter of a century of tirelessly promoting acoustic music, raising the level of mandolin virtuosity, and leading some of the most sophisticated and inventive eclectic-music ensembles around, Grisman can safely be called a national treasure. His own singular genre—folk-ethno-jazz-whatever (he calls it "dawg")—is an omnivorous and delightful blend of flashy picking and gorgeous, harmony-rich melodies. He's an oddball who's kept us pure by making music that's anything but. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Sept. 26 at 8.)

Dar Williams—In the dark, dreary days between Suzanne Vega and Jewel, hundreds of folkies and neo-folkies toiled in commercial obscurity, playing unpopular, unfashionable music to spiky-haired thugs in noisy beer halls. Williams is one of the best of that lot. The Massachusetts-based singer avoids posing and platitude and instead weaves richly ambiguous and complex narratives. (Town Hall. Sept. 27 at 8.)

Paul Weller—Though only in his late thirties, Weller has been a fixture on the rock scene for some twenty years. As a teen-ager, he formed and led the seminal punk-pop band the Jam; later he tried his hand at funkier, more sophisticated fare with Style Council. The singer's 1992 solo début paid sweet homage to the seventies soul music that most of his punk peers either dissed or ignored. The less groovy but sparkling "Wild Wood" (1993) and the fierce, mature "Stanley Road" (1995) set hopes high for this year's "Heavy Soul," but, unfortunately, it doesn't live up to them. Former Concrete Blonde singer and bassist Johnette Napolitano opens the show. (Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. 307-7171. Sept. 27 at 8.)

Jamiroquai / Wyclef Jean—From the same U.K. scene that brought you Soul II Soul and the Brand New Heavies comes this funk-pop group, led by Jason Kay, a twenty-seven-year-old white man whose voice sounds remarkably like Stevie Wonder's. In the band's energetic live shows, he tends to wax philosophical about the spirit, the environment, and street-level politics, over fluid, upbeat

DARREL REES

jams. / Best known as the musical force behind the Fugees, Jean has just released his first solo record, "Wyclef Jean Presents the Carnival," a remarkable multi-culti rap-and-pop collection that reflects the musical influences of a childhood spent in Haiti, Brooklyn, and New Jersey. (The Theatre at Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. Sept. 30 at 7:30.)

SQUIRREL NUT ZIPPERS—In their original compositions, which they and their legions refer to as "hot music," this septet deliriously resurrects and mixes up the spirits of Cab Calloway, Fats Waller, Kid Ory, and Billie Holiday. (Roseland. Sept. 30 at 7:30.)

THE CHARLATANS U.K. / THE DANDY WARHOLS—One of England's biggest bands, though it can't seem to get a foothold here. / An American band (from Portland, Oregon) that everyone thinks is British. The Warhols make psychedelic tinfoil pop with all the debauchery and decadence of the sixties-era Factory. Having waited for a break as big as their talent, they finally got it a few months ago, when the Day-Glo photographer David LaChapelle made a hysterical video (his first) with them. (Roxy, 515 W. 18th St. 307-7171. Sept. 30 at 9.)

CLUBS

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type indicates some of the more notable performers in town. Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives; it is always advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.)

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Over the past decade, the warm-voiced singer-songwriter **JOHN GORKA** (Sept. 24) has quietly amassed a meticulously crafted body of work: six deceptively spare-sounding albums stuffed with hard-earned wisdom, dry wit, and an appreciation for the redemptive power of love. Also on Sept. 24: Youngest sister **SUZZY ROCHE** plays solo. Sept. 26: **TOSHI REAGON AND BIG LOVELY** and **DAN BERN.** The fierce and uncompromising Reagon does celebratory shows—showers of retro funk, urban blues, and folk, all sung with evangelical fervor. To hear her is to believe. / Bern is an up-and-coming alterna-folkie with a sharp, sarcastic bent. Sept. 27: A tribute to novelty-jazz composer Raymond Scott, whose late-thirties works have been mined for use in Warner Bros. cartoons, "Ren & Stimpy," "The Simpsons," and Kronos Quartet performances. Performers include trumpeter **STEVEN BERNSTEIN,** songwriter **CHRIS BUTLER,** saxophonist **MIKE HASHIM,** synthesizer pioneer **BOB MOOG,** and violinist **TODD REYNOLDS.**

BROWNIES, 169 Avenue A, at 10th St. (420-8392)—Sept. 24: Twentysomething cousins Ingrid Lucia and Todd Londagin lead the New Orleans jazz band the **FLYING NEUTRINOS.** Lucia's sassy patter and mischievous grin are a lot like Billie Holiday's, and wonder boy Londagin plays trombone, tap-dances, and has a disarming Chet Baker-like voice.

FEZ, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—Like her contemporary Janis Ian, **PHOEBE SNOW** (Sept. 30) is a gifted and uncompromising singer-songwriter whose career has been unable to withstand shifting tastes and corporate politics. After several abortive comebacks, her gigs have become rarer and rarer, but, given the current folk-heavy climate, this second of three Tuesday evenings should be something of a seminar. The **MINGUS BIG BAND** still packs them in every Thursday. Dining.

IRVING PLAZA, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—In the past year or so, the Dayton-based combo **GUIDED BY VOICES** (Sept. 27) has gone from cult-confection status to near-stardom. Its latest offering, "Mag Earwhig!," may take the band to the arena status that has long eluded it.

MERCURY LOUNGE, 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700)—**DOG'S EYE VIEW** (Sept. 24) makes sensitive, folky guy pop in the manner of Counting Crows and the Wallflowers. Their new record is called "Daisy."

SUPPER CLUB, 240 W. 47th St. (921-1940)—Sept. 28: **THE POWER STATION.** Once upon a time, the flagging careers of John Taylor and Andy Taylor, two of the Euro-pouters in Duran Duran, were given a jolt by an unexpected collaboration with the chicly soulful vocalist Robert Palmer and the rhythm section of the band Chic; the effort yielded two hit records (one a T. Rex remake) of surprisingly crackling funk. They ought to call this watered-down comeback attempt Batteries Not Included. **OTTMAR LIEBERT,** the German-American New Age guitarist known for his faux-flamenco noodling, is in on Sept. 29.

TRAMPS, 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—Sept. 26: **SOUTHERN CULTURE ON THE SKIDS,** a group of psychobilly swamp rockers from Chapel Hill whose songs are populated with characters that would have frightened Carson McCullers—there's lots of fried chicken, go-go dancing, and bear wrestling. Sept. 30: The combat-booted rock of **SKUNK ANANSIE,** a ferocious London quartet fronted by Skin, who every so often shaves her head and paints a white stripe down the middle.

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Vocalist **JULIE BUDD** is at work in the Oak Room through Sept. 27. Dining.

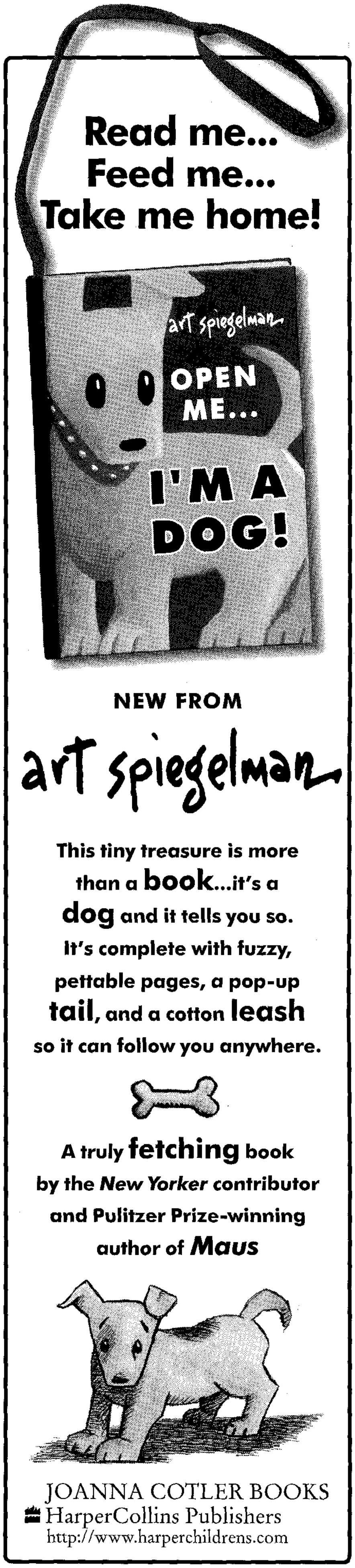
BIRDLAND, 315 W. 44th St. (581-3080)—The **CHRIS POTTER** quartet comes in on Sept. 24. Potter is no longer merely promising. A tenorist whose lean melodicism can remind you of Joe Henderson at his craftiest, he employs his considerable technique in the service of music rather than spectacle. His new recording, "Unspoken," is his most rewarding to date; this engagement should continue a winning streak. Sept. 25-27: Light-handed Brazilian pianist **ELIANE ELIAS** and suave Latin-jazz flutist **DAVE VALENTIN** head up a winning quartet. Dining.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Through Sept. 28: Singer-pianist **TANIA MARIA.** Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The indelible **BARBARA COOK,** partnered by pianist Wally Harper (as she has been for twenty-three years), remains a sui-generis performer: a Broadway star, a classical soprano, and a pop vocalist all rolled into one spectacular artist. Through Oct. 11, she'll be holding forth with songs from musicals directed by Hal Prince. On Mondays, **WOODY ALLEN** plays with the **EDDY DAVIS NEW ORLEANS JAZZ BAND.** . . . ¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans Bar, pianist **PETER MINTUN** presides at the piano through Oct. 11.

IRIDIUM, 44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121)—The distinctive modernist trumpeter **TOM HARRELL** (in through Sept. 28) appears on Sept. 24 with his occasional but wholly sympathetic partner **JOE LOVANO,** one of the great saxophone stylists of our day. After that, the sax station will be manned by avant patriarch **DEWEY REDMAN** (Sept. 25-27) and, finally, by an assured younger player, **GREG TARDY** (Sept. 28). Mondays belong to electric-guitar innovator **LES PAUL.**

KNITTING FACTORY, 74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—The brilliant clarinettist and mandolinist **ANDY STATMAN** (Sept. 24), noted for his split personality—he is renowned as both a klezmer and a bluegrass musician—actually started his career as a jazz player inspired by the incantatory power of John Coltrane. On his latest album, "Between Heaven and Earth," he finds the nexus between Jewish religious music and Coltrane, with beautiful and deeply moving results. He features his jazz-oriented ensemble here. Sept. 25-27: **MASADA.** Who would ever have imagined that the antic cut-and-paste aesthetician John Zorn would one day embrace his Jewish roots, mate klezmer with the improvisatory ploys of Ornette Coleman, and go on to organize the freshest and most openly emotive jazz ensemble of the day? Masada, with altoist Zorn, drummer Joey Baron, trumpeter Dave Douglas, and bassist Greg Cohen, is disciplined and unfettered, somber and joyous—qualities that, come to think of it, it has in



Read me...
Feed me...
Take me home!

art spiegelman
OPEN ME...
I'M A DOG!

NEW FROM
art spiegelman

This tiny treasure is more than a **book**...it's a **dog** and it tells you so. It's complete with fuzzy, pettable pages, a pop-up **tail**, and a cotton **leash** so it can follow you anywhere.

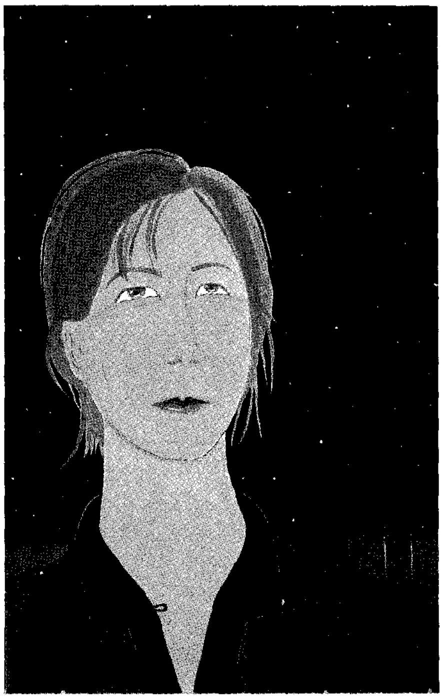
A truly **fetching** book by the *New Yorker* contributor and Pulitzer Prize-winning author of ***Maus***

JOANNA COTLER BOOKS
HarperCollins Publishers
http://www.harperchildrens.com

common with both klezmer and Coleman. On Sept. 30, **TERJE RYPDAL**, Norway's greatest jazz-rock guitarist, makes a rare appearance. If the notion of a pastoral, cerebrally inclined Jimi Hendrix piques your interest, then Rypdal's your man.

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000)—Way up on the sixty-fifth floor, the genial, deep-voiced **AMANDA MC BROOM** is in for a monthlong stint, with her musical director Joel Silberman at the piano.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Through Sept. 28: The **SAM RIVERS** trio. Rivers has earned his stripes. Iconoclast on Blue Note in the sixties, loft-jazz activist in the seventies, stringent bandleader in the eighties, classicist in the early nineties, and now a gloriously unclassifiable perennial, the saxophonist, flutist, and composer is a rugged individualist who shows few signs of running out of steam. He's always two steps ahead of the bandwagon, and it'll be fascinating to hear what he's brewing up these days. Dining.



Dar Williams, at Town Hall.

GEOFFREY PARKER

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—John Coltrane's epic live recordings at the Village Vanguard date from 1961. Impulse Records is releasing a new boxed set, and, to celebrate, this week the company spotlights five of its most promising young artists: pianist **DANILO PEREZ** (Sept. 24), saxophonist **ANTONIO HART** (Sept. 25), pianist **ERIC REED** (Sept. 26), saxophonist **DONALD HARRISON** (Sept. 27), and vocalist-pianist **DIANA KRALL** (Sept. 28). Coltrane influenced virtually every modern jazz player, so links can obviously be made to all except the genteel Krall, who will have to work extra hard to convince us that she's been deeply affected by, say, the ten-minute-plus modal improvisations of "Chasin' the Trane" or "India." The **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA** holds sway on Mondays.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—How pianist **HAROLD MABERN** and bassist **JAMIL NASSER** (through Sept. 27), two Memphis transplants who have been playing together for decades as the undergirding for the George Coleman quartet (but here appearing on their own), keep familiarity from turning into (let's say) indifference is anyone's guess. But when the results still sparkle, some things are better left unquestioned. Starting Sept. 29: **RENEE ROSNES** (piano) and **BUSTER WILLIAMS** (bass). Dining.

ART

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (879-5500)—"Picasso: The Engraver," selections from the Musée Picasso in Paris. Through Dec. 21. . . . ¶ "Master Hand: Individuality and Creativity Among Yoruba Sculptors," an exhibition of Nigerian masks, containers, figures, and architectural posts which reveals the names and backgrounds of thirty influential artists previously exhibited as anonymous craftsmen. Through March 1. . . . ¶ "Wordrobe," an exhibition at the Costume Institute, explores the use of words, letters, and numbers in fashion, with examples ranging from love notes that fit inside corset stays to an Evans and Wong slip in black Ultrasuede, liberally adorned with quotations from Emily Post's "Do's and Don'ts for the Debutante." Through Nov. 23. . . . ¶ "Georgia O'Keeffe: A Portrait by Alfred Stieglitz" comprises eighty-one photographs of the painter, thirty of which have rarely been exhibited. Through Oct. 5. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—"From Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec to Andy Warhol: Exploring Techniques." The museum has arranged selections from its permanent collection (Gauguin, Kollwitz, Munch, Elizabeth Murray, et al.) to illustrate the variety of approaches to four mediums: woodcut, etching, lithograph, and silk screen. Through Feb. 8. . . . ¶ "Toward the New Museum of Modern Art: Sketchbooks by Ten Architects." Through Oct. 7. (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, and Thursdays, 10:30 to 6; Fridays, 10:30 to 8:30.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. (423-3500)—"Robert Rauschenberg: A Retrospective," offers more than four hundred pieces from nearly half a century of work. At both Guggenheim venues, through Jan. 7. (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 10 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 8.)

Guggenheim Museum SoHo, 575 Broadway, at Prince St. (423-3500)—The museum's Rauschenberg retrospective continues here; the Ace Gallery (275 Hudson St.; 255-5599) has opened a third front in the exhibition and, for the duration of the show, adheres to the schedule of the museum's downtown branch. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6, and Saturday evenings until 8.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-3676)—"Views from Abroad 3: American Realities." In this series, European curators are asked to rifle through the Whitney's vaults to present their vision of American art. This installment was curated by Nicholas Serota and Sandy Nairne, of the Tate Gallery, in London. Through Oct. 5. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

Brooklyn Museum of Art, Eastern Parkway (718-638-5000)—"The Hands of Rodin." More than fifty bronze studies of an extremity the sculptor was quite smitten with. Through Sept. 28. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 9; and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700)—"The Spirit of the Place: Selections from the Carmen Thyssen-Bornemisza Collection." A bouquet of masterpieces—fourteen paintings, from Canaletto to Gauguin, and four Rodin sculptures. Through Nov. 30. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St. (423-3200)—"Camille Pisarro in the Caribbean, 1850-1855: Drawings from the Collection at Olana" reintroduces plein-air sketches—long thought to be the work of Pisarro's Danish friend Fritz Melbye—of the artist's native St. Thomas and neighboring islands. Through Nov. 16. . . . ¶ "Anna Ruth Henriques: The Book of Mechtilde" presents pages from a manuscript illuminated by a thirty-year-old Jamaican woman, detailing the story of her mother's life and death alongside lamentations from the Book of Job. Through Oct. 13. (Open Sundays through Thursdays, 11 to 5:45, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008)—"Medieval Bestseller: The Book of Hours" presents the museum's collection of prayer books, including lavishly illustrated examples from the mid-thirteenth century to the sixteenth. Through Jan. 4. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5; Saturdays, 10:30 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Museum of Jewish Heritage, 18 First Pl., Battery Park City (968-1800)—The new museum offers three floors: the first and third evoke Jewish life before and after the Holocaust, respectively, while the emotionally central second floor depicts Jewish responses to Nazi devastation. (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 9 to 5; Thursdays, 9 to 8; and Fridays, 9 to 2.)

National Academy Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. (369-4880)—"The Tenth Street Studio Building: Artist-Entrepreneurs from the Hudson River School to the American Impressionists" focusses on nineteenth-century artists (including a hefty percentage of Academy members) whose social and professional lives revolved around the warren of studios in the Greenwich Village building that once stood at 51 W. 10th St., between Fifth and Sixth Aves. Through Nov. 16. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5, and Friday evenings until 10.)

New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St., at Central Park W. (873-3400)—"To Hell with Reform: The Race to Become Mayor of Greater New York" tells the story of the first race under the 1898 five-borough charter for the top spot in the city, with the onetime Brooklyn mayor Seth Low and the Republican William Strong pitted against the Tammany Hall candidate Robert A. Van Wyck. Through Jan. 4. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. (869-8089)—"Dry Drunk: The Culture of Tobacco in Seventeenth and Eighteenth Century Europe" details early medicinal uses for the New World herb (e.g., in the treatment of asthma, labor pains, the plague) and charts its appearances in art and jeremiad. Print Gallery (third floor); through Jan. 3. (Open Mondays, and Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, uptown and downtown galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6; Chelsea galleries are generally closed Tuesdays and open Sundays.)

Philip Guston (1913-80)—The beginning and the end of a great American artist's career: bold gouache illustrations of soldiers in training and of the civilian war effort, commissioned by *Fortune* in 1943, and a suite of lithographs in the artist's so-called cartoon style from 1980, the year of his death. The candid tableaux of young men being trained for killing and death have tremendous dignity and pathos—"Locker Room," a group of nudes, has a formal power and an eloquent humanism reminiscent of Michelangelo's late, Mannerist visions. The two groups of work on display here make an interesting juxtaposition: as patriotic as the early drawings are, they plainly carry the seeds of Guston's bitter denunciations of bigotry and violence in the cartoon period. Through Oct. 4. (McKee, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 688-5951.)

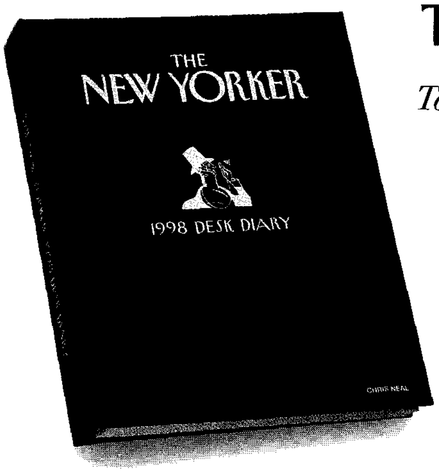
Roberto Juarez—The Chicago-born artist won the 1996 Prix de Rome and spent the past year living and working at the American Academy there; he picked up the usual influences during his residency and forged them into a remarkable suite of paintings. The series constitutes a visual equivalent of Joycean stream of consciousness, suggesting a stroll through a city in which classical sculpture, foliage, scraps of pavement, and

UPCOMING
DAY CLUB SEMINARS
MONDAY 29
TUESDAY 30
WEDNESDAY 1
THURSDAY 2
FRIDAY 3
SATURDAY 4
SUNDAY 5
John Lowe re: music
Gillespie group
Gayle Pirie
Drinks @ Breeds
Cats to the Vet
Brunch @ Cathy & Bernard
"O.K., the third of July is out. How about the fourth?"
ADMISSION
ORCHESTRA
JULY
JUNE

THE FUTURE IS COMING. WRITE ALL ABOUT IT.

NO MATTER what life throws your way in 1998 (magical nights and exotic travel, lunch dates and personal appointments), there is one thing you can rely upon to help you organize and plan it all: your *New Yorker Desk Diary*. More than just a weekly planner, the *Diary* is filled with eminently *useful* information — including our discriminating guide to what to do and where to go in New York City and beyond. And, of course, it's packed with the distinctive illustrations and witty cartoons that have been a *New Yorker* hallmark for over 70 years.

The New Yorker Desk Diary. Life's perfect companion.


THE
NEW YORKER
1998 DESK DIARY
CHRIS NEAL

- 7 ½" x 10" pages
- Gold-stamped personalization available.

THE 1998 NEW YORKER DESK DIARY

To order by credit card, call toll-free: **1·800·336·5510**

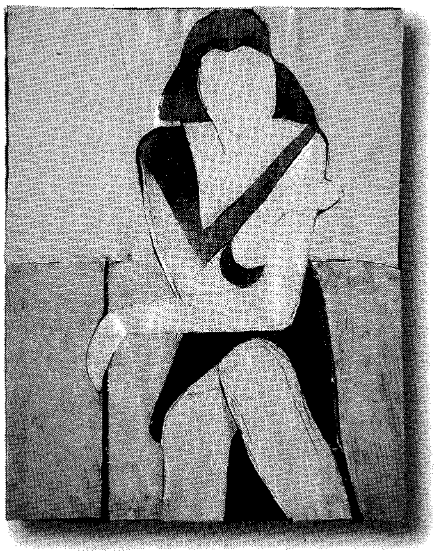
OR *send a check or money order with your name and address to:*

THE NEW YORKER
BOX 10214, DEPT. 234716-023
DES MOINES, IA 50336-0214

Yours for only $26.95 for the standard diary or $29.95* for the personalized version, plus $3.50 in the US ($6.75 in Canada) for shipping and handling. For personalized diaries please specify the name(s) to be imprinted (limited to 22 letters/spaces).*

**Residents of CA, CO, GA, IA, IL, KY, MA, MI, NJ, NY, OH please add applicable sales tax, Canada 7% GST. Offer only available in US and Canada. Please allow up to 4 weeks for delivery.*

Morgan
means more
great art



Richard Diebenkorn, *Untitled (Yellow Collage)*, 1966. Private collection

Richard Diebenkorn was his own man. He embraced the abstraction of his American contemporaries. He steeped himself in the figurative tradition of Cézanne and Matisse. Under California's blue skies, he fused the two influences to create art unlike any other in the canon of modernity: anchored in geometry, saturated with color, sublime.

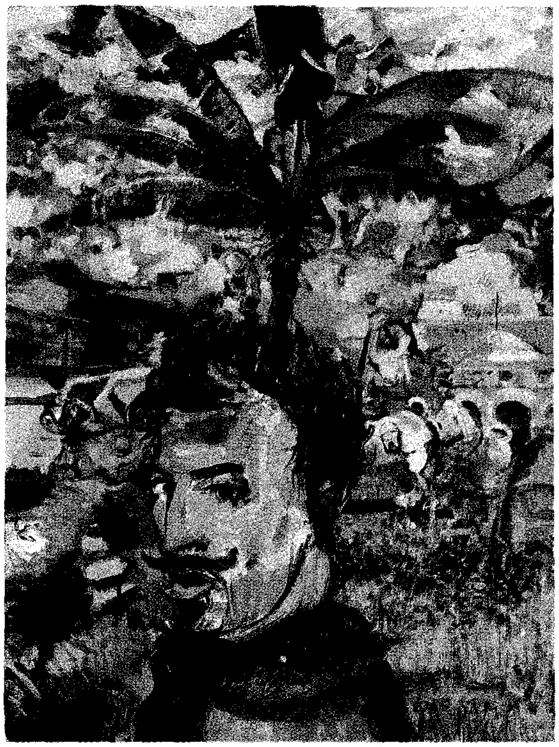
J.P. Morgan is proud to bring to New York the largest-ever retrospective of Richard Diebenkorn's work.

Richard Diebenkorn
October 9 – January 11
Whitney Museum of American Art
945 Madison Avenue
Open Wednesday through Sunday
Sponsored by J.P. Morgan

www.jpmorgan.com

JPMorgan

©1997 J.P. Morgan & Co. Incorporated. J.P. Morgan is the marketing name for J.P. Morgan & Co. Incorporated and for its subsidiaries worldwide.



Works by the young Pisarro, at the Jewish Museum.

RICCARDO VECCHIO

tomatoes piled high in a vegetable stall have all been jumbled together, promiscuously and suggestively. What most elevates the paintings is their exquisite surfaces, which have the glinting solidity of marble and fresco—the basic stuff of Rome. Through Oct. 4. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. 980-5454.)

Cynthia Knott—A ravishing suite of paintings in the form of a quasi-mystical exploration of the line where sea meets sky. Knott began her career as a color-field painter, and she knows how to create seductive surfaces. Her incandescent visions of the Long Island shoreline are almost uninflected except for the occasional meteorological phenomenon, rendered in shimmering rose and gold; but they seem to contain boundless space for meditation. Through Oct. 4. (DC Moore, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 247-2111.)

Holly Lane—No one can accuse this artist of lacking imagination: her extravagant surrealist vistas, set in highly ornate wooden frames that look like what Louis Comfort Tiffany might have come up with if he had been commissioned to design reliquaries, vault way over any definition of the top. The effect is impressive, but her style is often clumsy and pallid, and her imagery is silly and trite, typically depicting Bosch-like women poking around nude in gardens sprouting junk food and phallic symbols. Still, the works have a certain naïve, manic charm. Through Sept. 27. (Schmidt Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. 888-1122.)

Lehmbruck/Beuys—A show that traces the by no means obvious interconnections between the œuvres of two of Germany's most famous twentieth-century artists, the eminent sculptor Wilhelm Lehmbruck (1881-1919) and the sculptor and performance artist Joseph Beuys (1921-1986). Although both were preoccupied with what it meant to be a German artist, formally the two seem to have had little in common, except, perhaps, for Beuys's recapitulation, in certain works, of an elongated, anxious line typical of Lehmbruck. The show is quite worthy and somewhat dry, with the subterranean campiness of the Lehmbruck sculptures enlivening it a bit. Through Oct. 18. (Werner, 21 E. 67th St. 988-1623. Open Mondays.)

Silvio Merlino—These screeds against man's despoliation of nature are so passionate, so utterly devoid of irony or conventional good taste, that they completely disarm the viewer. In "Hallo Bubbum," a garishly colored relief map of the Indian Ocean region is strewn with Venetian-glass trinkets in the shape of candy kisses. "Montagne di Carezze" one-ups black velvet painting by splashing a mountain landscape, in lurid fluorescent tints, onto black fake fur. Through Oct. 11. (Haime, 41 E. 57th St. 888-3550. Open Mondays.)

Judy Pfaff—"Round Hole, Square Peg," a cheerful maelstrom that careers through four galleries, covering the floors with steel tubes, elegant tree roots and polished branches, and swirling mandalas in plaster and resin, and the walls with spidery drawings and Duchampian peepholes. Through Oct. 4. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. 752-0124.)

Andy Warhol (1928-87)—"Ladies and Gentlemen," a 1975 series of silk-screen portraits of drag queens. The show gives the lie to the commonplace that Warhol's art fell off in the seventies, amply demonstrating that his work retained an acerbic critical edge. The paintings have renewed topicality in this era of identity politics. Through Oct. 11. (Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. 744-2313.)

"The New Objectivity"—Paintings, drawings, watercolors, and prints by Dix, Grosz, Schad, and other Weimar-era artists. Through Nov. 8. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. 245-6734.)

"The Pleasure of Building"—Watercolors, by Andrew Zega and Bernd H. Dams, of châteaus, hermitages, and garden edifices from the early days of Louis XIV. The exquisitely rendered panels re-create structures long since altered or destroyed, such as the Porcelain Trianon of Versailles, the first instance of architectural chinoiserie in Europe. Through Oct. 18. (Didier Aaron, 32 E. 67th St. 988-5248.)

Short List—**STANLEY BOXER,** Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. 879-6606. Open Mondays; through Oct. 4. . . . **MARCEL BROODTHAERS,** Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. 977-7160. Open Mondays; through Nov. 1. . . . **CORA COHEN,** McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. 319-1996. Open Mondays; through Nov. 1. . . . **JUDY GLANTZMAN,** Hirschl & Adler Modern, 21 E. 70th St. 535-8810. Through Oct. 11. . . . **KARA HAMMOND,** Rickards, 1045 Madison Ave., at 79th St. 924-0858. Through Oct. 4. . . . **DUNCAN HANNAH,** De Nagy, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 262-5050. Through Oct. 18. . . . **HAL HIRSHORN,** Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. 535-5767. Through Oct. 18. . . . **JAMES MC GARRELL,** Adams, 41 W. 57th St. 644-5665. Through Oct. 14. . . . **ALFONSO OSSORIO** and **BOB THOMPSON,** Rosenfeld, 24 W. 57th St. 247-0082. Both shows through Nov. 8. . . . **SEAN SCULLY,** Boone, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 752-2929. Through Oct. 18. . . . **MARY JO VATH,** Winston Wächter, 111 E. 65th St. 327-2526. Through Oct. 18. . . . **JACK YOUNGERMAN,** Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. 397-6780. Through Oct. 25.

GALLERIES—CHELSEA

Richmond Burton—Large, colorful paintings from the fun-house branch of abstraction. The paint handling is playfully sloppy, the color combinations create trapdoors of space, and the loopy lines have a foolhardy paisleyness. In general, the canvases have been worked to a level of corner-to-corner trippiness that is nicely consistent with such titles as "Frequent Flyer," "Shivaesque," and "Everything Is Early (For Peter)." Through Oct. 11. (Cheim & Read, 521 W. 23rd St. 242-7727.)

Roni Horn—Two installations: "Untitled (Wells)," consisting of a ton of blue glass in two equal blocks, and "Pooling—You," photographs of a roiled sea, at varying removes and magnifications. Through Nov. 8. (Marks, 523 W. 24th St. 243-0200.)

Karen Kilimnik—An installation, a series of paintings, and a mini-retrospective of the artist's exquisite drawings, all gathered under the title "The Sleeping Beauty." Through

Oct. 25. (303 Gallery, 525 W. 22nd St. 255-1121. Open Tuesdays; closed Sundays.)

Joseph Stashkevetch—Photorealist drawings in charcoal and Conté crayon. The subject, cars in traffic, is a staple of the genre, but these works, based on blurry photos, skip the usual tricks. Instead of the standard impression of fussiness, here the viewer is left with a sense of abstracted calm: Stashkevetch has orchestrated the soft grays and rich blacks with a Seurat-like patience that's all the more impressive given that the scenes depict L.A. gridlock. Through Oct. 4. (Morris Healy, 530 W. 22nd St. 243-3753.)

Short List—**JENNIFER BARTLETT**, Kempner, 501 W. 23rd St. 206-6872. Through Oct. 19. . . . **MARTIN KIPPENBERGER**, Metro Pictures, 519 W. 24th St. 206-7100. Through Oct. 11. . . . **JUTTA KOETHER**, Hearn, 530 W. 22nd St. 727-7366. Through Oct. 18. . . . **ZOE LEONARD**, Cooper, 534 W. 21st St. 255-1105. Open Tuesdays, closed Sundays; through Oct. 11. . . . **RUDY ROYVAL**, Kravets/Wehby, 529 W. 21st St. 352-2238. Through Nov. 11. . . . **ROSEMARIE TROCKEL**, Gladstone, 515 W. 24th St. 206-9300. Through Oct. 15.

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

Steve Doughton—The artist has cut his short feature, "Delta," into seven segments and projected them simultaneously so as to create one nine-minute walk-around experience. The movie, about a day in the life of Doug, a suburban stoner, has a pleasant sharp-focus eerieness and a garbled Altmanesque soundtrack. But the merits of the movie itself seem less consequential than Doughton's setup, which may inspire a minor SoHo renaissance: the gallery as installationplex. Through Oct. 4. (Boesky, 51 Greene St. 941-9888.)

Johan Grimonperz—"Dial H-I-S-T-O-R-Y," a feature-length documentary about terrorism and hijackers which was one of the hits of Documenta X. Grimonperz is plugged in to our culture's obsessions with disaster and conspiracy, and although the film has a historical focus it feels entirely topical. In addition, in the storefront gallery, he has collaborated with Herman Asselberghs to create a surprisingly pleasant video lounge. Through Sept. 27. (Deitch Projects, 76 Grand St. 343-7300.)

James Nares—New oil paintings. Nares has had a long and varied career in the downtown art world. In the era of the Mudd Club, he played in the No Wave band the Contortions, directed experimental films, and belonged to the artists' collective Colab. More recently he has devoted himself to paintings that consist, usually, of one large, dramatically executed brushstroke. The results are unvaryingly pretty and a little monotonous. Through Oct. 4. (Kasmin, 74 Grand St. 219-3219.)

Frank Webster—Monochromatic paintings (sky blue, menthol green, cigarette-filter sienna) of tract houses and suburban miscellany (a water tower, a lawn ornament). The paintings have a freehand fat-brush construction that matches the simplicity of the architecture and comments on its shoddiness. Through Oct. 4. (Fotouhi Cramer, 560 Broadway. 431-1304.)

"Project Painting"—An ambitious two-gallery survey of recent tendencies in painting, including examples by a few established artists (Chuck Close, Carroll Dunham) but with a pronounced inclination toward the work of the young and oh so hip. The premise is essentially that painting has been liberated, on the one hand from the stringencies of Greenbergian modernism and on the other from the demands of the postmodern theorizing of the eighties. Pluralism, according to the catalogue text, need no longer be regarded as a sorry intellectual or aesthetic condition. Curious then, that there is such a sameness of look and tone here—almost all the work exhibits characteristics traceable to either biomorphic surrealism or cartoons. That doesn't mean there are no good paintings. Through Oct. 11. (Basilico Fine Arts, 26 Wooster St., 966-1831; and Lehmann Maupin, 39 Greene St., 965-0753.)

Short List—**MARKUS BAENZIGER**, Bonakdar, 130 Prince St. 925-8035. Through Oct. 11. . . . **WILLIAM CLUTZ**, Davies, 23 Commerce St. 243-6868. Through Oct. 11. . . . **PAUL FEELEY**, Markey, 55 Vandam St. 627-4446. Through Nov. 1. . . . **RICHARD JACKSON**, Zwirner, 43 Greene St. 966-9074. Through Oct. 18. . . . **DEBORAH PASWATERS**, Petronko, 568 Broadway. 334-4020. Through Oct. 11. . . . **LORNA SIMPSON**, Sean Kelly, 43 Mercer St. 343-2405. Through Oct. 25. . . . **RENÉE STOUT**, Steinbaum Krauss, 132 Greene St. 431-4224. Through Oct. 11. . . . **DARREN WATERSTON**, Cowles, 420 West Broadway. 925-3500. Through Oct. 11. . . . **GILLIAN WEARING**, Gorney, 100 Greene St. 966-4480. Through Oct. 25. . . . **REBECCA WELZ**, June Kelly, 591 Broadway. 226-1660. Through Sept. 30.

AUCTIONS AND ANTIQUES

Christie's—Sept. 24: Antique glass paperweights. . . . ¶ Sept. 25: French and Continental furniture and decorative pieces. . . . ¶ Sept. 30: "Larger than six by nine feet is a carpet; smaller is a rug," explains James A. Ffrench, the head of the relevant department at Christie's. Fine examples of both will be sold in this auction. (Park Ave. at 59th St. 546-1000.)

Sotheby's—Final sales of Asia Week. Sept. 24: Indian and Southeast Asian art. . . . ¶ Sept. 25: Japanese art. . . . ¶ Sept. 26: Korean works from the collection of the late Marcus Scherbacher, who from 1945 to 1958 served as cultural attaché in the American embassy in Seoul; also, a separate arcade sale of modestly priced Asian furniture and decorations. . . . ¶ Sept. 26-27: An auction of fine and rare wines, offered in conjunction with Sherry-Lehmann. . . . ¶ Sept. 30: An arcade sale of American paintings, drawings, and sculptures. (York Ave. at 72nd St. 606-7000.)

Doyle—Nineteenth- and twentieth-century decorative arts and furniture. (175 E. 87th St. 427-2730. Sept. 24.)

Swann—Books and manuscripts on whales and whaling. (104 E. 25th St. 254-4710. Sept. 25.)

Fall Antiques Show—Sanford Smith's annual autumn classic, particularly rich in American folk art and country furnishings. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Sept. 25-28, with a benefit opening on Sept. 24. For information, call 777-5218.)

The Hon. Desmond Guinness, founder of the Irish Georgian Society, author, international lecturer and owner of the bluest eyes in Ireland, photographed with his granddaughter, London's most talked about new model, Jasmine Guinness, at Leixlip Castle, Co Kildare, on August 14, 1997. "We both love handmade English shirts," he says. "And Thomas Pink make the best."

PINK
Thomas Pink, Jermyn Street
LONDON

Handmade English Shirts for Gentlemen and Ladies - When the Papers Want to Know Whose Shirts You Wear

www.thomaspink.co.uk

Thomas Pink of Jermyn Street. 520 Madison Avenue (Corner 53rd St). 212-838 1928 for catalog

PHOTOGRAPHY

Stéphane Couturier / "Éditions Paul-Martial"—"Urban Archeology," an eminently well observed suite of construction sites in Paris and Berlin. The colorful, highly constructivist compositions have enough satisfying detail to make you wish you'd brought a folding chair. / A recently discovered cache of nineteen-thirties industrial and architectural photographs from the archives of the Paris advertising and graphic-design firm. Through Oct. 18. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St. 226-1220.)

Michael Martone—A large thirty-year survey of the artist's work, which ranges from straight gelatin-silver prints to mixed-medium-and-painted-frame ensembles. Through Oct. 4. (Ricco/Maresca, 152 Wooster St. 780-0071.)

Robert Stivers—Ghostly black-and-white images (a masklike woman's face with hollowed eyes, a crying baby with alien hands) whose theatricality smartly complements their mystery. Through Oct. 11. (Richardson, 560 Broadway. 343-1255.)

"The American Century: Photographs and Visions, Part I"—A selection of images from 1900 to 1935, by artists both well known (Stieglitz, Cunningham, Strand) and obscure (Wilson Alwyn Bentley, J. Walter Collinge). Through Oct. 25. (Danziger, 130 Prince St. 226-0056.)

"Il Paparazzo/I Paparazzi"—A mini survey on the celebrity chasers of Rome in the fifties and the subsequent leaching of the perspectives and techniques of the paparazzi into the field of fashion photography. Through Oct. 4. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. 980-5454.)

International Center of Photography—"Brett Weston in New York," a selection of seventy-five photographs from 1943-45, by an artist better known for his landscapes and nature studies. Through Nov. 30. . . . ¶ "Soul of the Game: Images & Voices of Street Basketball" presents the black-and-white work of sports photographer John Huet. Through Nov. 19. (1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. 860-1777. Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Short List—**erica baum,** Clementine, 526 W. 26th St. 243-5937. Open Tuesdays, closed Sundays; through Oct. 18. . . . **gregory crewdson,** Luhring Augustine, 130 Prince St. 219-9600. Through Oct. 4. . . . **ralph gibson,** Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. 334-0010. Through Nov. 1. . . . **allen ginsberg,** De Nagy, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 262-5050. Through Oct. 18. . . . **frank horvat** and **melvin sokolsky,** Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway. 966-6223. Both shows through Oct. 4. . . . **koichiro kurita,** Witkin, 415 West Broadway. 925-5510. Through Oct. 18. . . . **jacques lowe,** Leica, 670 Broadway. 777-3051. Opens Saturdays at noon; through Oct. 25. . . . **ann mandelbaum,** Ubu, 16 E. 78th St. 794-4444. Through Oct. 25. . . . **hiromitsu morimoto,** Morthland, 225 Tenth Ave., at 23rd St. 242-7767. Through Oct. 12. . . . **robert rauschenberg,** Pace Wildenstein MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. 759-7999. Through Oct. 25 (See also the Guggenheim Museum.) . . . **alexander rodchenko,** Schickler, 560 Broadway. 431-6363. Through Oct. 11. . . . **aaron siskind,** Mann, 42 E. 76th St. 570-1223. Through Oct. 18. Also at Wooster Gardens, 558 Broadway. 941-6210. Through Oct. 11. . . . **jan staller,** Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. 505-5555. Through Nov. 1. . . . **louis stettner,** Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. 517-3766. Through Oct. 18. . . . **seneca ray stoddard,** Gallery 292, 120 Wooster St. 431-0292. Through Nov. 1. . . . **donald sultan,** Borden, 560 Broadway. 431-0166. Through Oct. 4. . . . **tseng kwong chi,** Saul, 560 Broadway. 431-0747. Through Oct. 11.

(See the museum listings for a photography exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum.)

CLASSICAL MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall is 247-7800, and for the 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 996-1100.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—**ariadne auf naxos,** with Deborah Voigt, Natalie Dessay, Susanne Mentzer, Thomas Moser, and Wolfgang Brendel; conducted by James Levine. (Sept. 24 at 7:30 and Sept. 27 at 1:30.) . . . **carmen,** with Norah Amsellem, Denyce Graves, Plácido Domingo, and Gino Quilico; Yves Abel. (Sept. 25 and Sept. 30 at 8.) . . . With Luis Lima as Don José. (Sept. 27 at 8.) . . . **manon,** with Renée Fleming, Marcello Giordani, Michel Sénéchal, Roberto de Candia, John Del Carlo, and Paul Plishka; Julius Rudel. (Sept. 26 at 8.) . . . **turandot,** with Jane Eaglen, Hei-Kyung Hong, and Luciano Pavarotti; Mr. Levine. (Sept. 29 at 8.) (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

Natalie Dessay and Deborah Voigt, performing in "Ariadne auf Naxos," at the Metropolitan Opera.

New York City Opera—**la traviata.** (Sept. 25 at 7:30 and Sept. 28 at 1:30.) . . . Verdi's **macbeth,** in a new production featuring soprano Lauren Flanigan and tenor Mark Delavan. (Sept. 26 at 8.) . . . Rossini's **l'italiana in algeri.** (Sept. 27 at 1:30 and Sept. 30 at 7:30.) . . . **the magic flute,** performed in English. (Sept. 27 at 8.) (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

American Opera Projects—Performing a concert version of Bernstein's "Trouble in Tahiti." (Trinity Church, Broadway at Wall St. Sept. 25 at 1. Admission by contribution.)

Dicapo Opera Theatre—Presenting "Pagliacci." (184 E. 76th St. 288-9438. Sept. 25 at 7, Sept. 26-27 at 8, and Sept. 28 at 3. Through Oct. 5.)

Harmonia Opera Company—Performing Hiroshi Oguri's short opera "Akai Jinbaori" ("The Warrior's Red Jacket"), as well as a revision by Kuni Mikami of Charles Wakefield Cadman's 1910 operetta, "Sayonara." (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. Sept. 27 at 7.)

New York Kunqu Theatre—Presenting "Spring-Grass," a Chinese comic opera of the elegant Kun tradition. (Taipei Theatre, 1221 Sixth Ave., at 48th St. 373-1850. Sept. 27 at 7:30 and Sept. 28 at 2.)

Amato Opera—Presenting "Falstaff." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Sept. 26-27 at 7:30 and Sept. 28 at 2:30. Through Oct. 5.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—The orchestra's Brahms celebration continues as Kurt Masur conducts the composer's Symphonies No. 2 and No. 3. (Avery Fisher Hall. 875-5030. Sept. 25 at 8, Sept. 26 at 11 a.m., and Sept. 30 at 7:30. . . . **note:** On Sept. 30 at 6:15, in a pre-concert recital open to ticket holders, members of the orchestra play Brahms's G-Major String Quintet. . . . **note, too:** The autograph manuscripts of both the Brahms symphonies in this week's programs are currently on display in the small but choice exhibition commemorating Schubert and Brahms at the Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St., 685-0008. Through Jan. 4.)

New York Treble Singers—The women's vocal ensemble, assisted by soprano Arlene Travis and the Cassatt String Quartet, performs excerpts from "Ariadne of Knossos," by Mary Jane Leach, whose music typically employs the ghostly acoustical phenomena of combination tones, difference tones, and interference tones. Virginia Davidson directs. (Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. Sept. 25 at 7:30. Tickets at the door.)

Orchestra of St. Luke's—The flurry of anniversaries continues: hot on the heels of Schubert's (he was born two hundred years ago) and Brahms's (he died a hundred years ago) comes the sesquicentennial of Felix Mendelssohn's death (in Leipzig, on November 4, 1847). In this concert, John Nelson jump-starts the festivities by leading the orchestra and the New York Concert Singers—with soloists Juliana Gondek and Sheryl Woods (sopranos) and Frank Lopardo (tenor)—in the composer's Symphonies No. 5 (the "Reformation") and No. 2 (the "Lobgesang"). (Carnegie Hall. Sept. 26 at 8. . . . **note:** On Sept. 27 at 2, in Weill Recital Hall, Calvary Baptist Church, which is underwriting the previous evening's concert—and is also celebrating its own sesquicentennial—sponsors a related seminar titled "The Bible as Libretto." For information about free tickets, which are required, call 975-0170, ext. 10.)

Manhattan School of Music Symphony—Jerzy Semkow conducts works by David Noon, Tchaikovsky, Rachmaninoff (his "Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini," with pianist Cyril Gerstein), and Wagner. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Sept. 26 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Galatea Ensemble—The conductorless chamber orchestra performs works by Handel, J. C. Bach, Elgar (his Serenade for Strings), and Mozart (his Symphony No. 28.) (St. Peter's Episcopal Church, 346 W. 20th St. Sept. 28 at 4. Tickets at the door.)

Jupiter Symphony—Jens Nygaard leads Bach's Fifth "Brandenburg" Concerto, Haydn's Symphony No. 23, Grieg's "Lyric Pieces," and Mozart's Piano Concerto in E-Flat Major (K. 449), with soloists Reva Youngstein (flute), Theresa Salomon (violin), and Ruth Laredo (piano). (Good Shepherd Presbyterian Church, 152 W. 66th St. Sept. 29 at 2 and 7 and Sept. 30 at 8. For information about tickets, call 799-1259.)

"Orphans of the Storm"—The 1921 film, directed by D. W. Griffith and starring the Gish sisters, was originally presented with a musical accompaniment composed and arranged by William Frederick Peters and Louis Ferdinand Gottschalk. Gillian Anderson, who

ELIZA GRAN

has made a career out of restoring and conducting pre-talkies film scores, here leads the Brooklyn Philharmonic in the "Orphans" score, at a screening presented by the Film Society of Lincoln Center. This project has proved to be one of Anderson's easier ones, since the production's music notebook survived intact and since footage that Griffith later added to the film—footage that would have necessitated musical filler—has been lost. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sept. 29 at 8. For information about tickets, call 875-5050.)

Juilliard Symphony—Presenting Britten's "Four Sea Interludes from 'Peter Grimes,'" Nielsen's Flute Concerto (with Demarre McGill), Michael Torke's "Bright Blue Music," and Elgar's "Enigma" Variations, with David Briskin conducting. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Sept. 29 at 8. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 769-7406.)

RECITALS

Cecilia Bartoli—The mezzo-soprano, assisted by pianist Steven Blier and I Delfici (a string quartet), performs works by Vivaldi, Schubert, Pauline Viardot-García, and Rossini. (Carnegie Hall. Sept. 24 at 7. A benefit concert.)

Tomas Bächli—The Swiss pianist performs music by Alkan and Debussy as accompaniment to (or commentary on) films by F. W. Murnau (his 1926 "Faust") and Richard Serra (four short films from the early nineteen-seventies of hands doing various things). (The Salon, 432 E. 91st St. Sept. 24 at 8. For reservations, call 718-230-3362.)

Emi Kagawa and **Adam Neiman**—A shared program by the two pianists who won the Juilliard School's 1997 Gina Bachauer competition, with Ms. Kagawa offering works by Chopin and Scriabin and Mr. Neiman performing music by Schumann and Rachmaninoff. (Paul Hall, Juilliard School, 60 Lincoln Center Plaza. Sept. 24 at 9. No tickets necessary.)

Autumnal Brahms—As an aural adjunct to the Morgan Library's current Schubert-and-Brahms exhibit, violinist Elissa Lee Kokkonen, cellist Andrés Díaz, and pianist Samuel Sanders perform late works by Brahms, including his F-Major Cello Sonata and C-Major Piano Trio. (Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. 685-0008, ext. 347. Sept. 25 at 6:15.)

Bargemusic—Violinist Ani Kavafian and pianist Anne-Marie McDermott perform Copland's Violin Sonata; cellist Fred Sherry joins them for trios by Beethoven (in E-Flat Major, Op. 1, No. 1) and Brahms (in B Major). (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 718-624-4061. Sept. 25 at 7:30 and Sept. 28 at 2.)

Jed Distler—The pianist performs two Beatles-inspired works—his own twenty-five-minute-long "Assault on Pepper" and Lois V Vierk's "Yeah Yeah Yeah"—in addition to pieces by Virgil Thomson and Alvin Curran. (HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., near Spring St. 647-0202. Sept. 25-26 at 8.)

Roberto Hidalgo and Marc Peloquin—Pianists, performing solo and duo compositions by Chávez, Davidovsky, Mario Lavista, and Ernesto Nazareth. (Bloomingdale House, 323 W. 108th St. Sept. 26 at 7. No tickets necessary.)

Nancy Garniez—The pianist presents a recital-demonstration of "Tonal Refraction," an "original music visualization technique" through which she translates four aspects of music—resonance, harmony, duration, and line—into visual images that, she believes, clarify our understanding of the listening process. (Weill Recital Hall. Sept. 27 at 5:30.)

Pacifica String Quartet—The foursome, founded three years ago, offers quartets by Beethoven (in E-Flat Major, Op. 74, the "Harp"), Jennifer Higdon, and Dvořák (in F Major, Op. 96, the "American"). (Kosciuszko Foundation, 15 E. 65th St. Sept. 27 and Sept. 30 at 7. For information about tickets, call 333-5200.)

Bach Plus—Mezzo-soprano Lorraine Hunt, oboist Peggy Pearson, and the Greenleaf Chamber Players perform Bach's Cantata No. 170 and his D-Minor Trio Sonata (BWV 527, in an arrangement for oboe d'amore, violin, and continuo), as well as works by John Harbison and Mario Davidovsky. (92nd Street Y. Sept. 27 at 8.)

Ariel Shamai, Iris Regev, and Ilan Rechtman—Sept. 28 at noon: The violinist, the cellist, and the pianist offer Beethoven's "Archduke" Trio, as well as several of Mr. Rechtman's "Jazzicals." (Le Refuge Inn, 620 City Island Ave., City Island, the Bronx. 718-885-2478.) . . . ¶ Sept. 28 at 6 and 8: Performing piano trios by Haydn. (Hotel Wales, Madison Ave. at 92nd St. No tickets necessary.)

Latin-American Pianofest—Five Argentine pianists perform solo and ensemble works by their compatriots Ginastera, Juan José Castro, and Carlos Guastavino. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Sept. 28 at 2. No tickets necessary.)

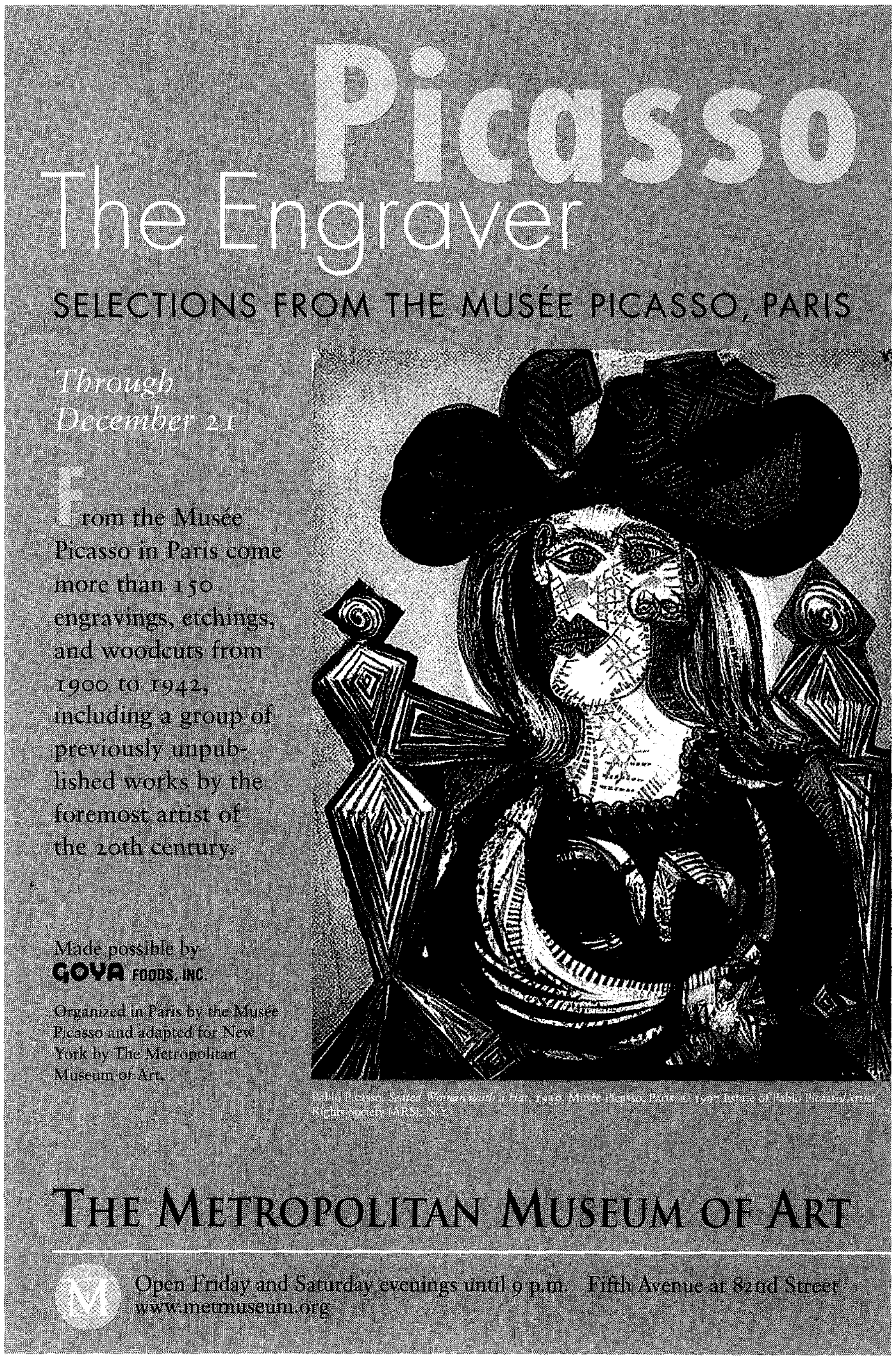
Lionheart—The men's vocal sextet performs music from medieval France, ranging from twelfth-century organa by Perotin to works by the fourteenth-century master Guillaume de Machaut (including the Gloria from his Mass). Presented by Music Before 1800. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. 666-9266. Sept. 28 at 4.)

New York Wind Soloists—The ensemble plays wind quintets by Ligeti (his Bagatelles), Ferenc Farkas, and Daniel Schnyder (a première); additional colleagues assist in Enescu's Dectet for Winds. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Sept. 28 at 7. No tickets necessary.)

Chin Kim and Yuri Kim—The violinist and the pianist perform sonatas by Mozart and Beethoven (his First, in D Major). (Mansfield Hotel, 12 W. 44th St. Sept. 29 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Kathleen Battle—The soprano, in recital. (Temple of Dendur, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Sept. 29 at 8.)

Pierre Hantaï—A distinguished catalogue of recordings (on the classy Audivis / Astrée and Opus 111 labels) suggests that the New York recital début of this French harpsichordist may be an early highlight of the season. He will play music by Couperin and Rameau,



Picasso
The Engraver
SELECTIONS FROM THE MUSÉE PICASSO, PARIS

Through December 21

From the Musée Picasso in Paris come more than 150 engravings, etchings, and woodcuts from 1900 to 1942, including a group of previously unpublished works by the foremost artist of the 20th century.

Made possible by
GOYA FOODS, INC.

Organized in Paris by the Musée Picasso and adapted for New York by The Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Pablo Picasso, *Seated Woman with a Hat*, 1939. Musée Picasso, Paris. © 1997 Estate of Pablo Picasso/Artists Rights Society (ARS), N.Y.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

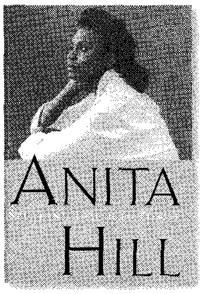
Open Friday and Saturday evenings until 9 p.m. Fifth Avenue at 82nd Street
www.metmuseum.org

LOOK WHO'S COMING TO BARNES & NOBLE

Anita Hill

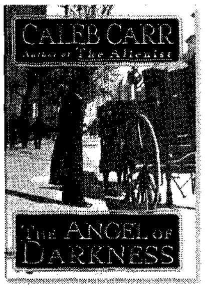
Monday, September 29th, 12:30-1:30 PM
Rockefeller Center
600 Fifth Avenue at 48th Street
Signing

Meet Anita Hill when she signs copies of *Speaking Truth to Power*, a revealing autobiography that describes her life before, during and after the Senate hearings.



Caleb Carr

Monday, September 29th, 7:30-8:30 PM
Union Square, 33 East 17th Street
Reading • Signing



Join us when bestselling author Caleb Carr reads from and signs copies of *The Angel of Darkness*. The Alienist is back—this time to find the kidnapper of a baby girl.

William Wegman

Saturday, October 4th, 3:00-4:00 PM
Chelsea, 675 Sixth Avenue at 22nd Street
Signing

Meet the renowned photographer when he signs copies of *William Wegman Puppies*, which documents—through photographs and text—the upbringing of his world-famous weimaraners.

http://www.barnesandnoble.com
aol keyword: barnesandnoble

Barnes & Noble
Booksellers Since 1873

as well as one of the supreme works for his instrument, Bach's "Goldberg" Variations. (Weill Recital Hall. Sept. 30 at 8.)

ALSO OF INTEREST

JEFFREY SIEGEL: Performing and discussing the piano music of Chopin. (92nd Street Y. Sept. 24 at 8.) . . . **CELIA LINDE:** Guitarist. (92nd Street Y. Sept. 25 at 2.) . . . **HENRY SHAPIRO:** Pianist. (Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St. Sept. 25 at 8. Tickets at the door.) . . . **MUSICIANS CLUB OF NEW YORK:** Presenting soprano Maire O'Brien, baritone Thomas Meglioranze, and bass-baritone Paul Bellantoni, *winners of the 1997 Olga Koussevitzky* Vocal Competition. (Weill Recital Hall. Sept. 26 at 7:30.) . . . **LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY:** "Lolli-Pops" concerts for children ages three to five. (Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. Sept. 27 at 10:30 A.M. and noon, and Sept. 28 at 12:30 and 2. For information, call 704-2100.) . . . **YOUNG CHORISTERS:** The Australian Youth Choir, the Philadelphia Boys Choir and Chorale, and the National Youth Show Band. (Carnegie Hall. Sept. 27 at 8.) . . . **LYNETTE TAPIA:** Soprano, in recital. (Kosciuszko Foundation, 15 E. 65th St. 734-2130. Sept. 28 at 3.) . . . **ANTARA ENSEMBLE:** Works by Elgar, Gordon Jacob, and others. (United Moravian Church, 200 E. 127th St. Sept. 28 at 3. Tickets at the door.) . . . **NEW YORK POPS:** With many guests, in a benefit concert. (Carnegie Hall. Sept. 29 at 7:30.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

KANDY-KOLORED GREEN-FLAKE BABIES—The sixty or so trucks, buses, and cars that will parade with marching bands down West End Avenue on Sept. 28 won't be stopping for gasoline: they run on sun, batteries, and other types of energy. After the parade, the Didik Muscle Car (a solar-and-pedal-powered contraption described by its creator, Frank Didik, as "looking like a grasshopper"), solar-powered cars from the University of Michigan, M.I.T., and the University of Pennsylvania, and other vehicles will be on display as a part of Ecofest '97, in Riverside Park, from 83rd to 91st Streets. The daylong festival offers ecology-related seminars, the latest in environmentally friendly products (recycled-aluminium watches, coconut-fibre shirts), and entertainment by jazz guitarist Larry Coryell, the George Gee Swing Orchestra, and dancers Buster Brown and Sandman Sims. (The parade starts at 86th St., at 10:30 A.M. The festival runs from 11 to 6. No tickets necessary.)

READINGS—Sept. 24 at 6:30: Poets Julio Marzán, Grace Paley, and Cecilia Vicuña read their own work as well as works by banned poets from around the world, in an evening hosted by *Index on Censorship* editor Ursula Owen. (Friends Meeting House, 15 Rutherford Pl., between Second and Third Aves. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Sept. 24, starting at 7: More than seventy writers and musicians, including David Amram, Jonathan Franzen, Richard Hell, and Rick Moody, undertake a complete reading of Jack Kerouac's "On the Road." (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Tickets at the door.) . . . ¶ Sept. 26 at 8: Novelists Cheryl Pearl Sucher and Anne Landsman and poet Jill Bialosky read from their work. (National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park S. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Sept. 29 at 7: Charles Busch, Lypsinka, and other drag artists read passages from Jacqueline Susann's 1966 novel, "Valley of the Dolls." (A Different Light Bookstore, 151 W. 19th St. No tickets necessary.)

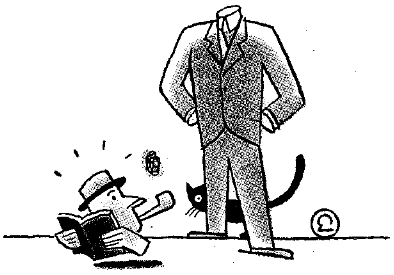
TALK—Sept. 28 at 8: Television-talk-show host Star Jones interviews attorney Anita Hill. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100.)

TOUR—Sept. 27-28 at 10 and 2: James R. Petersen, who is writing a multipart history of the sexual revolution for *Playboy* magazine, leads a bus-and-walking tour of Manhattan devoted to the subject, starting in the East Village and ending, of course, in Times Square. For tickets, which are required, call 691-1555.

BOOK CURRENTS

Forbid-Me-Not

IN 399 B.C., the Athenian authorities considered the ideas of Socrates so dangerous that, as Plato relates in his **Apology**, they demanded his suicide. He is considered one of the earliest known victims of state censorship. Nearly two hundred years later, the Chinese emperor Shih Huang Ti tried to eradicate publishing by ordering bonfires of books, then in the form of bundled strips of bamboo in that part of the world.



Anyone who believes that such barbarism is ancient history has clearly forgotten the fatwa issued against Salman Rushdie for writing **The Satanic Verses** (Holt) and the execution, in 1995, of Ken Saro-Wiwa, the dissident author of **Sozaboy** (Addison-Wesley), by the Nigerian government he criticized. The United States government does not officially censor literature, but John Mark Ockerbloom, who runs the Web site Banned Books On-line, points out that American political groups and local governments often succeed in getting books removed from schools and libraries. Efforts in this regard have provided Herbert N. Foerstel with enough material for an entire volume on the subject: **Banned in the U.S.A.** (Greenwood).

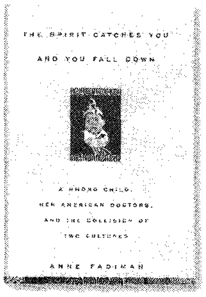
So it's fortunate that we have Banned Books Week (September 20-27) to raise awareness of the evils of censorship. One of the participants in this year's activities is Ursula Owen, the editor of the bimonthly journal **Index on Censorship** (see Above and Beyond). "Censorship is as natural as breathing," she says. "It's people's first instinct when they encounter anything that challenges them." *Index's* forthcoming issue, devoted entirely to banned poetry, features "a wonderful poem by Boris Slutsky about how to write a poem that won't get censored. He makes it seem very funny." Another work that ran in *Index*, Italo Calvino's parable "A General in the Library," from **Numbers in the Dark** (Vintage), describes soldiers sent into a library to purge unsuitable books; they soon become so engrossed in reading that they're unable to censor anything. Maybe the conventional wisdom is right: if you want to interest people in something, just ban it.

EVER MEULEN

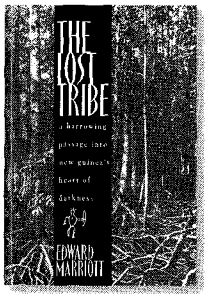
INTRODUCING YOU TO THE NEXT WAVE OF GREAT LITERARY VOICES.

DISCOVER
GREAT•NEW•WRITERS

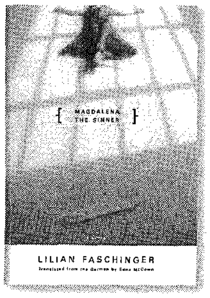
At Barnes & Noble, talented new authors find a home. It's all part of our **Discover Great New Writers** program, designed to showcase the best fiction, short stories and literary nonfiction of the season. Look for these outstanding new works and many more by **Discover** authors in any Barnes & Noble bookstore.


THE SPIRIT CATCHES YOU AND YOU FALL DOWN
A HMONG CHILD, HER AMERICAN DOCTORS, AND THE COLLISION OF TWO CULTURES
ANNE FADIMAN

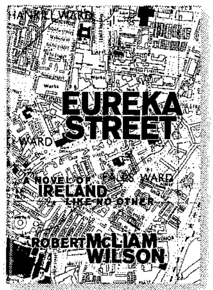
The Spirit Catches You and You Fall Down
by Anne Fadiman
In this true story, an epileptic baby girl is at the center of a tragic culture clash between the practices of Western medicine and the beliefs of a Hmong family.
(Farrar, Straus and Giroux)
Pub Price $24.00
B&N Price $21.60


THE LOST TRIBE
a harrowing passage into new guinea's heart of darkness
EDWARD MARRIOTT

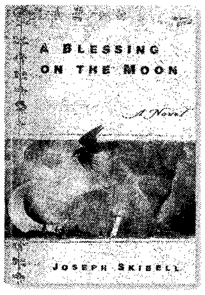
The Lost Tribe
by Edward Marriott
Full of romantic notions about jungle travel, an explorer sets out to find a supposed "lost tribe" in the wilds of Papua, New Guinea.
(Henry Holt)
Pub Price $23.00
B&N Price $20.70


MAGDALENA THE SINNER
LILIAN FASCHINGER

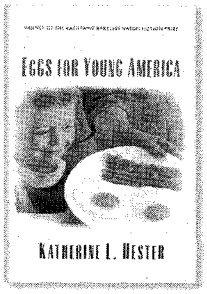
Magdalena the Sinner
by Lilian Faschinger
This imaginative and provocative book follows a woman who kidnaps a priest and holds him captive in order to make a full confession of her outrageous crimes.
(HarperCollins)
Pub Price $23.00
B&N Price $20.70


EUREKA STREET
A NOVEL OF IRELAND LIKE NO OTHER
ROBERT McLIAM WILSON

Eureka Street: A Novel of Ireland Like No Other
by Robert McLiam Wilson
An award-winning Irish author makes his debut with this novel about two young men—a Protestant and a Catholic—who try to carve out a life for themselves in Belfast.
(Arcade)
Pub price $23.95
B&N Price $21.56


A BLESSING ON THE MOON
A Novel
JOSEPH SKIBELL

A Blessing on the Moon
by Joseph Skibell
Inspired by Yiddish folktales, this extraordinary novel follows the astonishing after-death odyssey of a man killed in the Holocaust, and his rabbi, who is reincarnated as a black crow. (Algonquin Books of Chapel Hill)
Pub Price $21.95
B&N Price $19.76


EGGS FOR YOUNG AMERICA
KATHERINE L. HESTER

Eggs for Young America
by Katherine L. Hester
In a collection of insightful stories, the author captures the lives of fragile characters fighting to find their way, despite dead-end jobs and dysfunctional relationships.
(University Press of New England)
Pub Price $19.95
B&N Price $17.96

http://www.barnesandnoble.com ▪ aol keyword: barnesandnoble

Barnes & Noble
Booksellers Since 1873

Edwardian Jewelry

(Platinum top, yellow gold back and diamonds, c. 1905)

Star brooch $5,850

SHOWN ACTUAL SIZE

Crown brooch $4,200

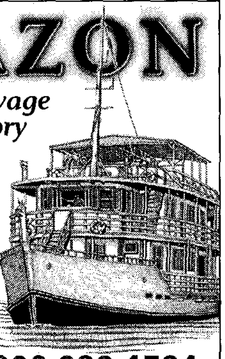
Very unusual five band ring $9,500

3 Stone Ring $12,500

FIRESTONE AND PARSON
No.8 Newbury Street, Boston, MA 02116
(617) 266-1858

AMAZON

The Greatest Voyage in Natural History



- Exceptional Wildlife
- Expert Naturalists
- Private Facilities
- Superb Dining
- Air Conditioned

8 Days/$2198
all-inclusive from Miami

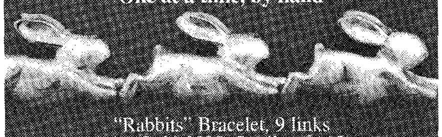
INTERNATIONAL EXPEDITIONS INC
ONE ENVIRONS PARK
HELENA, AL 35080

800-633-4734

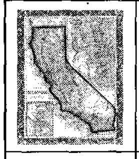
www.dallaspridgenjewelry.com

DALLAS PRIDGEN JEWELRY

One at a time, by hand



"Rabbits" Bracelet, 9 links
14K Gold $595, Sterling $165
Pendant 14K $98, Sterling $35. V/MC/Amex
Unconditionally Guaranteed. 1-800-477-1856
PO Box 147, Chapel Hill, NC 27514



ANTIQUE STATE MAPS

These extraordinary pieces of American history are framed in 100% bird's-eye maple and museum matted - packaged and delivered - $390. Includes tax.

Guaranteed authentic & over 100 years old

For info. call the MAPLINE - 1-888-OLD-PRINT
Haley & Steele, 91 Newbury St., Boston, MA 02116

THE MOVIES

OPENING THIS WEEK

The Assignment—A thriller starring Aidan Quinn in the dual role of an international assassin and his double, an American naval officer. With Donald Sutherland and Ben Kingsley. Directed by Christian Duguay. Opening Sept. 26. (Criterion Center, 84th Street Sixplex, 19th Street East 6, 64th and 2nd, and Village East Cinemas.)

The Edge—Anthony Hopkins and Alec Baldwin star in David Mamet's adventure thriller about a struggle to survive in the Alaskan wilderness. Directed by Lee Tamahori. Opening Sept. 26. (Chelsea Cinemas, Coronet Cinemas, Criterion Center, Lincoln Square, Murray Hill Cinemas, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, and Village East Cinemas.)

100 Proof—Writer-director Jeremy Horton's début film, about two female outlaws in nineteen-eighties Kentucky. Opening Sept. 24. (Film Forum.)

The Ice Storm—Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema. Opening Sept. 27. (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Kicked in the Head—A comedy written by Kevin Corrigan (who also stars) and Matthew Harrison (who directed), about four days in the life of a confused young man. Opening Sept. 26. (84th Street Sixplex, 19th Street East 6, and Village East Cinemas.)

Mondo Plympton—An animated autobiography by Bill Plympton, who single-handedly wrote, drew, and directed. Opening Sept. 24. (Cinema Village.)

My New Partner at the Races—Claude Zidi's 1989 comedy stars Philippe Noiret and Thierry Lhermitte as two less than honest French policemen. In French. Opening Sept. 24. (Anthology Film Archives.)

The Peacemaker—George Clooney and Nicole Kidman star in a thriller involving the theft of a nuclear device. Written by Michael Schiffer; directed by Mimi Leder. Opening Sept. 26. (Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, Olympia, Orpheum VII, Village Theatre VII, and Ziegfeld.)

Soul Food—A drama that centers on an African-American boy (Brandon Hammond) who is trying to keep his family together in the wake of his grandmother's illness. With Vanessa L. Williams, Vivica A. Fox, Nia Long, and Michael Beach. Written and directed by George Tillman, Jr. Opening Sept. 26. (Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, Gotham Cinema, Orpheum VII, and National Twin.)

FILM NOTES

(If a movie has been reviewed recently in The Current Cinema, the date of its review is given.)

Career Girls—Mike Leigh's new picture follows a pair of former college roommates (Lynda Steadman and Katrin Cartlidge) seeing each other for the first time in six years. Leigh, using frequent flashbacks, appears content simply to alternate the heroines' shared past with their briefly shared present, and to elicit a few casual comic observations from the contrast. The film is generally amiable, but it's hard not to suspect that in this case the director went to work with an idea that was too thin for a feature film and with actors who lacked the versatility to flesh it out.—*Terrence Rafferty* (8/11/97) (Angelika Film Center, Eastside Playhouse, and Regency.)

Cop Land—A careful, clever, slightly unexciting drama from the young writer and director James Mangold, set in a New Jersey town where most of the citizens are New York policemen. The stars are Harvey Keitel, Robert Patrick, Ray Liotta, Peter Berg, Michael Rapaport, Robert De Niro, and Sylvester Stallone (as the local sheriff, a fat, half-deaf deadbeat). The movie is a kind of high-intensity actors' workshop, but the rhythm is hurried and choppy, as if Mangold, realizing that his film was too ruminative for its own good, had tried to stir it up in the editing.—*Anthony Lane* (8/18/97) (Chelsea Cinemas, Coronet Cinemas, Olympia, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, and Village Theatre VII. . . . ¶ Ziegfeld; through Sept. 25.)

Different for Girls—A motocycle messenger (Rupert Graves), nostalgic for the punk-rock London of his youth, bumps into a childhood friend (Steven Mackintosh) who's undergone a sex change and now answers to the name of Kim. The joke in Richard Spence's buddy comedy turned romance is that the straight guy is an immature exhibitionist, while the transsexual has become a shy, prissy girl. The film is witty when it explores Kim's new life style—the physical adjustments she's had to make, the fear of conspicuousness that has turned her into a conformist. But when the buddies embark on their courtship, it descends into formula. She calms him down; he makes her feel like a woman; and the audience sighs in disappointment at seeing an intriguing situation processed into something so tired and conventional. Punk nostalgists will enjoy the soundtrack, though.—*Sarah Kerr* (Carnegie Hall Cinemas, Chelsea Cinemas, and Village East Cinemas.)

The Disappearance of García Lorca—A Spanish Civil War refugee (Esai Morales) returns to Andalusia in the fifties to find out what happened to his idol, the famous poet, who vanished in 1936. The film, based on the biographer Ian Gibson's investigation into García Lorca's death, assumes far too much audience familiarity with the writer (and with the whole tense Civil War period), expecting us to shed tears over a tragedy that is barely sketched out. Andy Garcia, who portrays García Lorca in flashbacks, is commanding, as usual, but he stresses sternness and machismo, playing the writer like a Mob boss and missing his effervescence. Directed by Marcos Zurinaga.—*S.K.* (84th Street Sixplex and Village East Cinemas.)

Down and Out in Beverly Hills (1986)—Taking off from Renoir's 1931 film "Boudu Saved from Drowning," the director Paul Mazursky sets you down in a bastion of the new rich, and the cinematographer, Don McAlpine, gives you a vision of the sensuousness of money wrapped in sunshine. Nick Nolte plays the shaggy, smelly drifter who attempts suicide and is rescued by a self-made millionaire (Richard Dreyfuss). As Dreyfuss's creamy-skinned, pampered wife, Bette Midler is more seductive than in her earlier screen roles: she trots through the halls of her mansion jiggling in her frilly dresses and making tippy-taps with her high heels. Her eyes are pixillated; she's ready for anything. Peppy and pleasurable, this is one of the most sheerly beautiful comedies ever shot. The cast includes Little Richard as a record-producer neighbor, Elizabeth Peña as a sulky, hot maid with a bedroom mouth, and Mazursky himself as a curly-haired accountant.—*Pauline Kael* (Tinker Auditorium, Alliance Française; Sept. 30.)

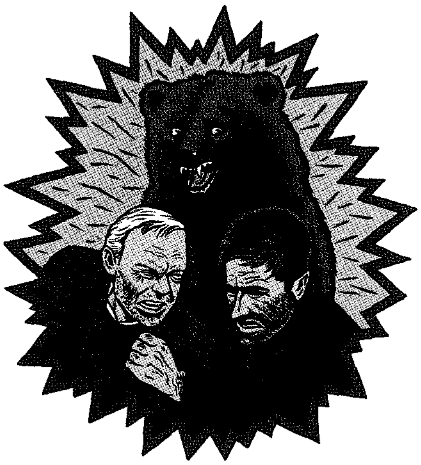
The End of Violence—Wim Wenders' latest is as philosophy-packed as his most oblique work, but it's more satisfying as entertainment. Bill Pullman plays a despicable producer of violent megahits who gets kidnapped; he escapes, but the encounter with real violence provokes a crisis of conscience. (Also, he realizes that someone is trying to kill him.) Traci Lind is a stuntwoman trying to make it as an actress, and Gabriel Byrne is a computer wizard working on a sinister surveillance project. The script, by Nicholas Klein, takes a while to connect its various threads; it makes too many didactic turns and tries to cram in all kinds of violence, from gangsta rap to incest to El Salvadoran death squads. Still, the film represents a thoughtful attempt by Wenders to get beyond his usual listless anomie. On one level, it's about a conspiracy; on another, it addresses the frightening but also hopeful idea that we're all connected.—*S.K.* (First & 62nd Cinemas, Lincoln Square, and Village East Cinemas.)

The Full Monty—An amiable light comedy, directed by Peter Cattaneo, about six unemployed British steelworkers who mount an all-male strip show for cash. The script, by Simon Beaufoy, is clean and well developed. Each character is given his bit to do, and when the motley crew comes together the actors all work wonderfully with one another, finding a sexy, warm performance rhythm as they gyrate to some classic seventies disco. Two actors—Mark Addy, who plays an overweight, insecure worker, and Robert Carlyle, as the ringleader—are sensational.—*Bruce Diones* (Angelika Film Center, Coronet Cinemas, East 85th Street, Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, and 19th Street East 6.)

The Game—John Brancato and Michael Ferris, the faceless team that wrote "The Net," return with another preposterous no-brainer. But this time the talented director David Fincher turns their paranoiac story line into one of the moodiest, silliest thrillers in years. Michael Douglas is spectacularly arrogant and convincing as a bored, soulless millionaire whose wayward brother (Sean Penn) gives him a gift that sets off all sorts of mind-blowing mayhem. Fincher sets up the scenes quietly and expensively, and the elegant production design (by Jeffrey Beecroft) and cinematography (by Harris Savides, who shoots what may be the blackest blacks ever committed to film) create an atmosphere that keeps the audience curious and edgy. The underrated "Alien^3" and the smash "Seven" proved Fincher a master of spooky mise en scène, but he needs better material than this to really pull it all together; as in a Ridley Scott movie, the striking visuals tell a far more interesting story than the script does.—*B.D.* (Astor Plaza, First & 62nd Cinemas, Lincoln Square, Metro Cinema, Murray Hill Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, and Village East Cinemas.)

G.I. Jane—Ridley Scott's pushy, rousing, and often splendidly misjudged movie stars Demi Moore as a lieutenant in naval intelligence who, under the unreliable aegis of a ball-breaking senator (Anne Bancroft), becomes the first woman to undergo SEAL training, most of which consists of being pushed into the water. Viggo Mortensen plays the statutory mean bastard who trains the recruits.—*A.L.* (9/8/97) (84th Street Sixplex, 86th Street East Twin, Embassy 2, and Village East Cinemas. . . . ¶ Gotham Cinema; through Sept. 25.)

Going All the Way—Director Mark Pellington brings a jittery music-video style to Dan Wakefield's best-selling 1970 novel about two friends bucking repression in fifties Indianapolis, with sophisticated—perhaps too sophisticated—results. Jeremy Davies is close to perfect as a severely shy young photographer, and Ben Affleck is touching as his mentor, a confident stud whose service in the Korean War has awakened him to life's deeper questions. But neither Pellington's playfulness nor his actors' finesse can prevent this kind of coming-of-age story, in which young men steer between scary, sexually aggressive women and overbearing mothers, from seeming a little stale. With Lesley Ann Warren, Jill Clayburgh, Amy Locane, and Rose McGowan as various Scyllas and Charybdises.—*S.K.* (Lincoln Square and 19th Street East 6.)



Opening Sept. 26, Anthony Hopkins and Alec Baldwin in "The Edge."

MARK ZINGARELLI

Hobson's Choice (1953)—Charles Laughton is superbly vulgar in this whack at the backside of Victorianism. He makes a great vaudeville turn out of the role of an egocentric scoundrel, the prosperous bootmaker who doesn't want to part with his three marriageable daughters because they are too useful as unpaid labor. As the oldest daughter, the spinster in spite of herself, Brenda de Banzie is so "right" that when she marries her father's best workman and puts belching, drunken old Dad out of business, one feels the good old-fashioned impulse to applaud. John Mills is the fortunate young man whom she overpowers. David Lean directed this English comedy, based on the Harold Brighouse play.—*P.K.* (Museum of Modern Art; Sept. 26 and Sept. 30.)

In & Out—Kevin Kline is an Indiana high-school teacher, Joan Cusack is his long-suffering fiancée, and Matt Dillon is a student turned movie star who wins the best-actor Oscar and tells a TV audience of millions that his former teacher is gay. But is he? Paul Rudnick's script deals in deliberate stereotypes and even deliberate tackiness (too many jokes about Richard Simmons), but at least it's high-spirited and appealingly humane. Kline plays his character's sexual ambiguity to the hilt, and the supporting cast has fun, too: Tom Selleck is much sexier as a smarmy gay journalist than he ever was in "Magnum, P.I.," and Bob Newhart does a masterful turn as the school's flustered principal. (It's a sign of the times that Newhart's bashful-prude act, which used to seem so touching, today gets him cast as a villain.) Directed by Frank Oz.—*S.K.* (Chelsea West, Lincoln Square, Olympia, Orpheum VII, 72nd Street East, State, 34th Street Showplace, and Village Theatre VII.)

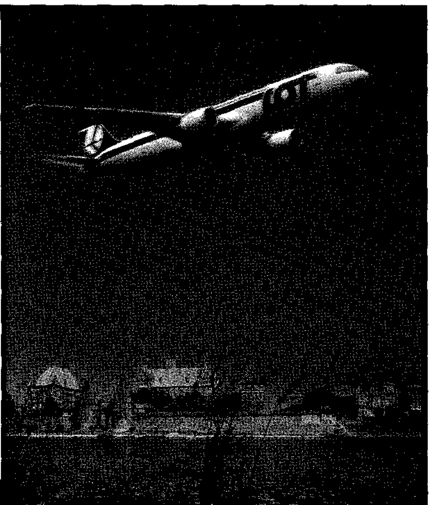
In the Company of Men—In Neil LaBute's audacious first film, two executives (Aaron Eckhart and Matt Malloy) come up with a plan to date a deaf secretary (Stacy Edwards) and then dump her. If LaBute's sole purpose had been to show off these two misogynists, the film would be a pretty tasteless affair, but the twists of the plot turn it into a black-hearted examination of power and manipulation, as dark and as uncomfortable to watch as the best of Mamet.—*B.D.* (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Intimate Relations—A compelling period film, set in the fifties in a provincial English market town, and based on a newspaper account of a stranger-than-fiction double murder. Julie Walters plays Marjorie Beasley, a cocoa-drinking housewife who disdains her husband but will go to any lengths to satisfy her frustrated longings. She takes in a handsome lodger (Rupert Graves), and the farcical seduction that follows soon turns grotesque, as she makes the Glenn Close of "Fatal Attraction" look weak-willed. Her adolescent daughter, the ongoing witness to this lunatic folly and the catalyst who brings about its tragic conclusion, is brilliantly acted by the newcomer Laura Sadler. The writer-director, Philip Goodhew, who grasps that sexual obsession is inherently opaque, underlines the sense of isolated dementia with an atmosphere of creepy, bird-chirping high normalcy.—*Daphne Merkin* (9/15/97) (Angelika Film Center.)

L.A. Confidential—Curtis Hanson's new thriller, set in Los Angeles in the early fifties, is about a group of cops who between them cover the full moral range, all the way from the uptight integrity of Ed Exley (Guy Pearce) to the four-star sadism of Bud White (Russell Crowe)—two men who, despite their sworn enmity, are drawn together as they investigate a multiple killing. The plot, adapted by Hanson and Brian Helgeland from the James Ellroy novel, is both murky and tangled, yet the movie never bogs down. Instead of aping the staccato mania of Ellroy's prose, Hanson forges a more seductive style, pacing the tale with ease and decorating it with one neat performance after another: James Cromwell as the smiling police chief, David Strathairn as an oily pimp, Kim

THE AVERAGE PASSENGER AIRPLANE IS 15 YEARS OLD. THE AVERAGE LOT AIRPLANE, JUST 3.

We also have the only daily nonstop flights to Poland. Where you'll find lots of other things to defy your expectations.



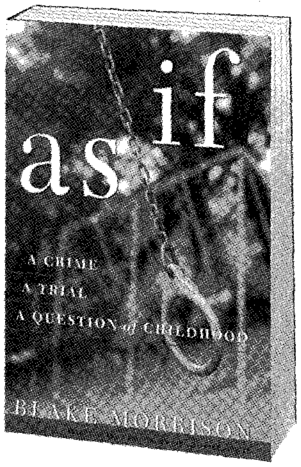
THE AIRLINE OF POLAND

LOT

Call your travel agent or 1-800-223-0593. Or visit http://www.lot.com

“Superb... A remarkable, indispensable book.”

—Anthony Julius,
Sunday Telegraph



In 1993, the brutal murder of two-year old James Bulger by two ten-year olds in Liverpool, England shocked the world. Blake Morrison first covered the case for *The New Yorker.* Now he explores the intricacies of the boys' trial and childhood with the discernment of a journalist and the compassion of a father.

Beautifully wrought and provocative, *As If* poses troubling questions: How do we determine when children become adults? Is evil inherent or learned? Who is responsible when a child commits a crime?

AT BOOKSTORES EVERYWHERE
What to read next

PICADOR
USA

Basinger as one of his prize charges, and, better still, Kevin Spacey as a “celebrity crimestopper” who gets dragged into the dark and dirty. The film feels violent, but actually it broods on violence, and on the reek of its aftermath, instead of showing it. All in all, a grownup way to get the sweats.—*A.L.* (9/22/97) (Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, Murray Hill Cinemas, New York Twin, Orpheum VII, State, and Village Theatre VII.)

Mrs. Brown—Queen Victoria (Judi Dench), in mourning for her husband, Prince Albert, is reassured, and then comforted, by John Brown (Billy Connolly), who had worked for Albert. Over time, the Queen's private secretary (Geoffrey Palmer) and her Prime Minister, Disraeli (Antony Sher), become alarmed by the growing intimacy between monarch and manservant. The director, John Madden, could have set this up as a minor tragedy, but he has the wit, especially in the first half, to play it cool and droll, and he is helped no end by a series of finely gauged performances.—*A.L.* (8/4/97) (Carnegie Hall Cinemas, Cinema II, and Waverly.)

On Approval (1943)—A dadaist English comedy. Clive Brook, Beatrice Lillie, Roland Culver, and Googie Withers hold to the drawing-room style of an antique play by Frederick Lonsdale so relentlessly that the old, arch clichés of “daring” dialogue are reactivated. You can't help responding to these old quips when they are delivered by actors who appreciate their absurdity. Groomed by Cecil Beaton, the quartet of players is surrealistically elegant. As the stiff-backed shrew, Bea Lillie delivers what has been acclaimed as the perfect Lillie line: “You will find the dinghy by the jetty.” As the heroine, an American heiress, Googie Withers demonstrates that an actress can be utterly charming even while parodying romantic charm. The real star of the piece is the fantastically adroit Clive Brook; his timing is perfection, both in the role of the exhausted, effete Duke, and in the direction.—*P.K.* (Museum of Modern Art; Sept. 28-29.)

Performance (1970)—It plays better now as a dark-side-of-Swinging-England period piece than it ever did as a rock melodrama determined to blow your mind. Co-directed by Nicolas Roeg and the screenwriter, Donald Cammell, the movie stars the remarkably chameleonlike James Fox as Chas Devlin, a sadistic East End gangster, and the spiky, androgynous Mick Jagger as a reclusive ex-rocker named Turner. Chas, on the run from his former boss, winds up in the basement of the mansion where the singer lives with a voluptuous girlfriend (Anita Pallenberg) and a boyish one (Michele Breton). The house philosophy is “Nothing is true—everything is permitted”; it applies to Turner's sex-drugs-and-rock scene as well as to this hallucinatory, anything-goes movie. The filmmakers mix scabrous British gangsterism à la the Krays and satanic hedonism à la the late-sixties Rolling Stones with an exploding-identity motif out of Bergman's “Persona.” The result gets at the ways drugs can blur individuality and pleasure-seeking can devolve into nihilism. It's a bad trip, but a trip nonetheless, jacked up by Jagger's inspired surliness in a galvanizing number, “Memo from Turner.”—*Michael Sragow* (American Museum of the Moving Image; Sept. 28.)

A Self-Made Hero—By the standard of most current releases, this movie is so interesting that it's probably illegal. Directed by Jacques Audiard, it tells the story of a young Frenchman (Mathieu Kassovitz) who makes a negligible contribution to the Second World War. Once the fighting is over, however, he begins to invent a past for himself; in the practice of deceit he displays all the wit and initiative—and even courage, of a kind—that have hitherto eluded him, and for a while no one dares question his claim that he worked for the Resistance. Kassovitz is better known as a director (viewers may recall his vicious “La Haine”); as a leading man, he's a sweet blank—the ideal nobody who wants to be something more. Audiard presents the story as a cunning, silvery comedy, spliced with mock interviews (one of them with Jean-Louis Trintignant) and surreal montages. At the same time, he hints at more solemn themes, suggesting that collaboration with untruth is, if anything, an even more imponderable matter than collaboration with the enemy. In French.—*A.L.* (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas and Quad Cinema.)

Shall We Dance?—A middle-aged Japanese businessman (Koji Yakusho) sees a young woman standing at a high window; in an act of admirable folly, he tracks her down and finds that she is a dance teacher. He therefore learns to dance—initially in order to be near her, and then, more surprisingly, because he starts to enjoy himself. Masayuki Suo has written and directed a comedy that exerts a cool and slightly mysterious charm. In Japanese.—*A.L.* (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

She's So Lovely—Maureen (Robin Wright Penn) is married to Eddie (Sean Penn), but ten years after Eddie shoots someone and is put away, he comes back and discovers that his beloved wife is married to Joey (John Travolta). The picture, directed by Nick Cassavetes, from a script by his late father, John, is a gruelling exercise in antipleasure. And the title is a lie: although it may be ungallant to say so, she isn't lovely in the least. She's a complete pain.—*A.L.* (9/8/97) (Chelsea Cinemas, Cinema 3rd Avenue, Embassy 1, Lincoln Square, and Village East Cinemas.)

Sunday—An independent film that bypasses Gen X malaise in favor of exploring grown-up sadness and resilience. A man and a woman—he (David Suchet) a downsized I.B.M. tax accountant, she (Lisa Harrow) a hard-up actress—meet one

THEATRE ADDRESSES

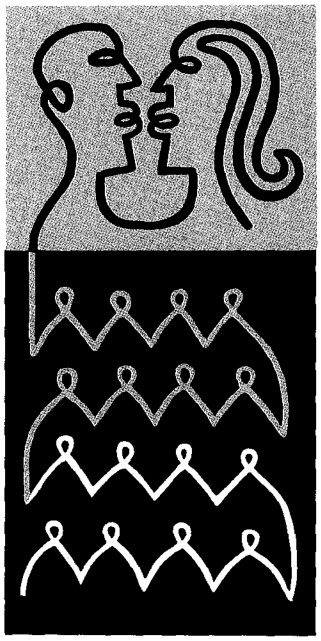
•

(For show times, call 777-FILM, except where noted.)

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St.
Anthology Film Archives, 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110).
Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th St.
Astor Plaza, 44th St. at Broadway.
Carnegie Hall Cinemas, Seventh Ave. between 56th and 57th Sts.
Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd St.
Chelsea West, 333 W. 23rd St.
Cinema I, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema II, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema 3rd Avenue, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th St.
Coronet Cinemas, Third Ave. at 59th St.
Criterion Center, Broadway at 44th St.
East 85th Street, First Ave. at 85th St.
Eastside Playhouse, Third Ave. at 55th St.
84th Street Sixplex, Broadway at 84th St.
86th Street East Twin, Third Ave. at 86th St.
Embassy 1, Broadway at 46th St.
Embassy 2, 3, and 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th St.
59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th St.
Film Forum, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110).
First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd St.
Gotham Cinema, Third Ave. at 58th St.
Guild, 33 W. 50th St.
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, Broadway at 63rd St. (757-2280).
Lincoln Square, Broadway at 68th St.
Manhattan Twin, Third Ave. at 59th St.
Metro Cinema 1 and 2, Broadway at 99th St.
Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th St.
National Twin, Broadway at 44th St.
New York Twin, Second Ave. at 67th St.
19th Street East 6, Broadway at 19th St.
Olympia I and II, Broadway at 107th St.
Orpheum VII, Third Ave. at 86th St.
Paris, 4 W. 58th St. (688-3800).
Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th St.
Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th St.
Regency, Broadway at 67th St.
The Screening Room, 54 Varick St. (334-2100).
62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd St.
64th and 2nd, Second Ave. at 64th St.
72nd Street East, Third Ave. at 71st St.
State, Broadway at 45th St.
Sutton 1 and 2, Third Ave. at 57th St.
34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th St.
Village East Cinemas, Second Ave. at 12th St.
Village Theatre VII, Third Ave. at 11th St.
Waverly 1 and 2, Sixth Ave. at 3rd St.
Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between Eighth and Ninth Aves.
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th St.

Sunday in Queens and trade consoling fictions. Suchet, with his wet brown eyes, makes failure seem sexy, and the camera finds something exhilarating in the abandoned setting—a neighborhood of diners, adult-video stores, and topless bars—which perfectly suits the movie's tone of bruised affection. The elegant script was co-written by James Nossiter, who also directed, and James Lasdun.—*D.M.* (9/15/97) (Film Forum 3.)

A Thousand Acres—The parcelling out of farmland to three sisters (Jessica Lange, Michelle Pfeiffer, and Jennifer Jason Leigh) sets off a conflict, in a film based on Jane Smiley's 1991 novel. Directed by Jocelyn Moorhouse. (Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema.) (Cinema I, Guild, Lincoln Square, 19th Street East 6, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, and Village East Cinemas.)



LAURA LJUNGKVIST

ALSO PLAYING

AIR FORCE ONE (reviewed in our issue of 7/28/97): Chelsea Cinemas, Criterion Center, Lincoln Square, Orpheum VII, and 64th and 2nd. . . . **AUSTIN POWERS: INTERNATIONAL MAN OF MYSTERY:** Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **BANDWAGON:** Sutton. . . . **BATMAN & ROBIN** (7/7/97): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **THE BIRTH OF LOVE:** Anthology Film Archives. . . . **CHASING AMY** (4/7/97): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **CONSPIRACY THEORY** (8/18/97): Chelsea Cinemas, Criterion Center, Lincoln Square, Manhattan Twin, and Olympia. . . . **DIRTY DANCING:** Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **EVENT HORIZON:** National Twin. . . . **EXCESS BAGGAGE:** 64th and 2nd. . . . **FACE/OFF** (7/14/97): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **FIRE:** Quad Cinema. . . . **FIRE DOWN BELOW:** Chelsea Cinemas, Criterion Center, Lincoln Square, Orpheum VII, and 64th and 2nd. . . . **GEORGE OF THE JUNGLE:** Embassy 3. . . . **GUANTANAMERA:** Lincoln Plaza Cinemas. . . . **HERCULES** (7/7/97): Embassy 3. . . . **HOODLUM:** 84th Street Sixplex, First & 62nd Cinemas, Metro Cinema, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, State, and Waverly. . . . **KISS ME, GUIDO:** Art Greenwich Twin, 59th Street East Cinema, and Lincoln Square. . . . **LATIN BOYS GO TO HELL:** Quad Cinema. . . . **LAWRENCE OF ARABIA:** Paris. . . . **A LIFE APART:** Quad Cinema. . . . **THE LONG WAY HOME:** Quad Cinema. . . . **LOVE SERENADE:** The Screening Room. . . . **MEN IN BLACK** (7/7/97): Criterion Center and Manhattan Twin. . . . **MIMIC:** 84th Street Sixplex, 86th Street East Twin, National Twin, and Village East Cinemas. . . . **MONEY TALKS:** Criterion Center, 84th Street Sixplex, Orpheum VII, Sutton, 34th Street Showplace, and Village Theatre VII. . . . **MOUTH TO MOUTH:** 62nd & Broadway. . . . **MY BEST FRIEND'S WEDDING** (6/16/97): Lincoln Square. . . . **THE MYTH OF FINGERPRINTS:** Angelika Film Center, First & 62nd Cinemas, and Lincoln Square. . . . **PICTURE PERFECT:** Lincoln Square. . . . **THE PILLOW BOOK:** Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **PONETTE:** The Screening Room and 64th and 2nd. . . . **WISHMASTER:** Chelsea Cinemas, Criterion Center, 84th Street Sixplex, First & 62nd Cinemas, Orpheum VII, and Village Theatre VII. . . .**YO SOY, DEL SON A LA SALSA:** Art Greenwich Twin and Embassy 4.

REVIVALS, CLASSICS, ETC.

(Titles with a dagger are reviewed above.)

New York Film Festival—The first programs in a seventeen-day series of international films. **AVERY FISHER HALL:** Sept. 26 at 9: "The Ice Storm" (Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema.). . . Sept. 29 at 8: "Orphans of the Storm" (1921, D. W. Griffith; United States). . . . **ALICE TULLY HALL:** Sept. 26 at 8: "The Ice Storm.". . . Sept. 27 at 11:30 A.M.: "The Saragossa Manuscript" (1965, Wojciech Has; Poland). . . . Sept. 27 at 3:30: "Mother and Son" (Aleksandr Sokurov, Germany and Russia). . . . Sept. 27 at 6 and Sept. 28 at 9:30: "Post Coitum, Animal Triste" (Brigitte Roüan, France). . . . Sept. 27 at 9 and Sept. 28 at 1:30: "Love and Death on Long Island" (Richard Kwietniowski, United Kingdom and Canada). . . . Sept. 28 at 4: "Taste of Cherry" (Abbas Kiarostami, Iran). . . . Sept. 28 at 7 and Sept. 29 at 9: "Hana-Bi" (Takeshi Kitano, Japan). . . . Sept. 29 at 6:15: "From Today Until Tomorrow" (Danielle Huillet and Jean-Marie Straub, France and Germany). . . . Sept. 30 at 6: "Fast, Cheap & Out of Control" (Errol Morris, United States). . . . Sept. 30 at 9: "Martin (Hache)" (Adolfo Aristarain, Argentina and Spain). (For tickets, call 875-5050.)

Film Forum 2, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110)—"Repulsion" (1965, Roman Polanski).

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—A program of films adapted from British stage productions. Sept. 25 at 2:30: "Butley" (1974, Harold Pinter). . . . Sept. 25 at 6: "The Homecoming" (1973, Peter Hall). . . . Sept. 26 at 2:30 and Sept. 28 at 1: "Cavalcade" (1932, Frank Lloyd). . . . Sept. 26 at 6 and Sept. 27 at 3: "Entertaining Mr. Sloane" (1969, Douglas Hickox). . . . Sept. 26 at 8 and Sept. 30 at 2:30: "Hobson's Choice" (†). . . . Sept. 27 at 1: "Loot" (1970, Silvio Narizzano). . . . Sept. 27 at 5: "The Madness of King George" (1995, Nicholas Hytner). . . . Sept. 28 at 3 and Sept. 29 at 6: "On Approval" (†). . . . Sept. 28 at 5 and Sept. 29 at 2:30: "One Way Pendulum" (1964, Peter Yates). . . . Sept. 30 at 6: "Blithe Spirit" (1945, David Lean).

Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center (875-5600)—Sept. 24-25 at 6:30 and Sept. 26 at 4 and 7:30: "My Sex Life . . . Or How I Got Into an Argument" (1996, Arnaud Desplechin; in French). . . . ¶ A program of films directed by Wojciech Has; in Polish, with English subtitles. Sept. 27 at 4: "How to Be Loved" (1963). . . . Sept. 27 at 6:30: "The Hour-Glass Sanatorium" (1973). . . . Sept. 27 at 9:15: "Codes" (1966). . . . Sept. 28 at 2: "The Doll" (1969). . . . Sept. 28 at 5:15, Sept. 29 at 2 and 6:15, and Sept. 30 at 4 and 8:15: "The Noose" (1958). . . . Sept. 28 at 7:30, Sept. 29 at 4 and 8:15, and Sept. 30 at 2 and 6:15: "Farewells" (1958).

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-0077)—Sept. 27 at 2: "Mystery Train" (1989, Jim Jarmusch). . . . Sept. 27 at 4:15: "The Lusty Men" (1952, Nicholas Ray). . . . Sept. 28 at 2: "Night on Earth" (1992, Jarmusch). . . . Sept. 28 at 4:30: "Performance" (†).

Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. (864-5400)—A series of films directed by François Truffaut; in French, with English subtitles. Sept. 30 at 7: "Stolen Kisses" (1968). . . . Sept. 30 at 9: "Bed and Board" (1970).

From Paris to Hollywood—The Alliance Française presents a series of French films (shown in Florence Gould Hall) alongside the American films based on them (shown in Tinker Auditorium). Sept. 30 at 12:30, 3:30, 6:30, and 9: "Boudu Saved from Drowning" (1931, Jean Renoir; in French), with Michel Simon. . . . Sept. 30 at 6:15 and 8:45: "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†). (Both located at 55 E. 59th St. 355-6160.)

A Different Light Bookstore, 151 W. 19th St.—A Sunday-night series of free films (and popcorn). On Sept. 28 at 7, the feature will be "Johnny Guitar" (1954, Nicholas Ray), with Joan Crawford.

Anthology Film Archives, 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110)—Sept. 26 at 7: "Aerograd" (1935, Alexandr Dovzhenko; in Russian). . . . Sept. 26 at 9, Sept. 27 at 8:30, and Sept. 28 at 8: "Babo 73" (1964, Robert Downey) and "The Virgin President" (1968, Graeme Ferguson). . . . Sept. 26-30 at 10:05: "La Haine" (1994, Mathieu Kassovitz; in French).

ONE OF the differences
between greatness
and mere eccentricity,
is an ability in the truly great
to draw out the genius
in another.

So it was with some smacking
of the lips that we heard of a
recent tasting organized
by Decanter Magazine.

Three of Scotland's
MOST LAUDED malt whiskies
were to be rated in terms of
'partnership appeal' with that
other great Scottish contribution
to world gastronomy~
SMOKED SPEYSIDE SALMON.

And which one emerged with
commendations such as
'a real corker...',
'full, strong, dry *grippy flavours*'
and 'the perfect partner'?

Yes, you have *smoked it out.*
'I love it and would recommend it.'

THE MACALLAN.
THE SINGLE MALT
SCOTCH.

THE MACALLAN® Scotch Whisky. 43% alc./vol.
Imported by Rémy Amerique, Inc., New York, N.Y.
© 1997 Macallan-Glenlivet P.L.C.

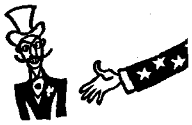
THE RALPH LAUREN PURPLE LABEL COLLECTION
FOOTWEAR AND HOSIERY
Ralph Lauren

THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

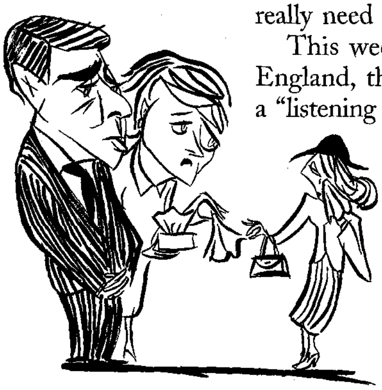
ANNALS OF DIPLOMACY

Renaissance networker at the Court of St. James's.



At least since John Quincy Adams appointed Albert Gallatin, scion of a wealthy Swiss family, as his Minister Plenipotentiary to Britain, it has been customary for Presidents to bestow the Court of St. James's upon persons who, whatever diplomatic or intellectual skills they may or may not possess, are also very rich. F.D.R. dispatched Joseph Kennedy; Nixon tapped Walter Annenberg. The custom is (a) polite and (b) logical, (a) because it's nice to say "Thank you" when, as is generally the case where aspirants to this particular posting are concerned, someone has been kind enough to give your campaign an enormous sum of money, and (b) because the expenses incurred by the American Embassy in London, especially in the cocktails-and-dining department, are a good deal higher than the taxpayers care to cover.

Bill Clinton broke the normal pattern in 1993, giving the job to Admiral William Crowe, who, during the previous year's campaign, had given Clinton something more precious than gold: the public approbation of a high-ranking, universally respected military officer. By this year, when it came time to name a replacement, Clinton had just been through a very expensive reëlection campaign, and he might well have wished to reward one of those who had helped him pay for it. (Swanee Hunt, former Ambassador to Austria, and Carl Spielvogel, a New York marketing mogul, were said to have been available.) But by then it was too late: Congress had developed the habit of scrutinizing every White House move as a possible cash transaction, and the White House was trying to avoid giving them ammunition. So Clinton passed over the very, very rich and chose an old friend, Philip Lader, who is only somewhat rich. But Lader is also (along with his wife, Linda) founder and organizer of Renaissance Weekend, the yearly get-in-touch-with-yourself New Year's gabfest at which dozens of F.O.B.s first made the future First Family's acquaintance. However deep the Laders' pockets are, their reserves of feeling are apparently bottomless. In post-Diana Britain, where the stiff upper lip seems to have yielded to the trembling chin, they may be just the ticket.


Phil and Linda Lader

At first, the choice occasioned considerable puzzlement in Washington, where Lader's brief stints as deputy director of the Office of Management and Budget, deputy White House chief of staff, and head of the Small Business Administration offered few signs of special distinction.

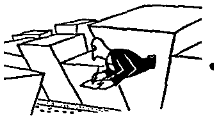
Yet the answer to the Lader mystery may simply be that the President trusts him, and considers him an appropriate emissary to the younger, more open Labour government of Tony Blair. "There's a generational changing of the guard. The President, the Prime Minister, and I have shared many common influences," Lader says. The son of a short-order cook in Florida, Lader is a Harvard-educated lawyer who also has many ties to England. He studied English constitutional history at Oxford, holds an honorary fellowship at Pembroke College, Oxford, and worked for the late Sir James Goldsmith's property empire in the States before serving as president of Bond University, in Australia.

But for all that, Phil and Linda—whose father, Leonard LeSourd, edited the Christian magazine *Guideposts*—have the unpolished exuberance of motivational speakers. Addressing the nearly four hundred and fifty friends who gathered at Washington's Old Ebbitt Grill for a send-off party, Phil unhooked the microphone from the lectern. "Feed us! Feed us!" he called out, begging for letters and ideas. "We really need the intellectual sustenance!"

This week, when the Laders reach England, they will quickly embark on a "listening tour" of the countryside, to find out "where the hearts and minds of this country are today," Philip says. "This sounds corny," Linda adds, "but we want to be available." Linda admits to being "a lover of all things English," but avoids the term "Anglophile," because "that word seems to carry some baggage with it." The Laders' daughters, ten and twelve, have made several trips to London and look forward to returning. "When you're tired of London," Mary Catherine Lader, twelve, says, paraphrasing Samuel Johnson, "you're tired of life." —Karen Ball

A WRITER AT LARGE

Naked came the stranger to a mystery plot in cyberspace.



John Updike, when approached by this department to discuss his recent leap into cyberspace, was characteristically diffident. "My part was the least of it," he said. "I was approached by Ama-

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TOM BACHTELL

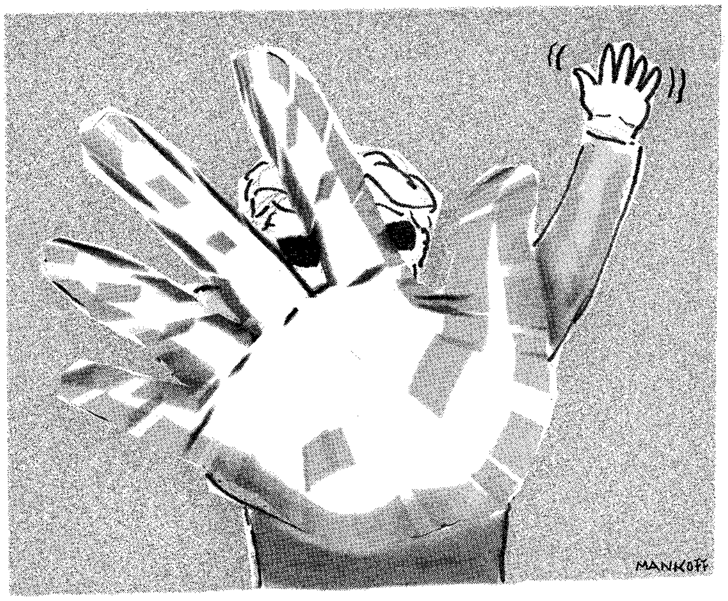
zon.com, a Seattle outfit that sells books over the Internet, to contribute the beginning of a story that would be taken forward over the Internet in daily installments, for six weeks, by visitors to the Amazon.com Web site. Each day's winner would get a thousand dollars. I was to provide the ending on the last day. Well, any writer has some aborted beginnings in his files, so I offered them three, of which they took the opening paragraph of a would-be murder mystery entitled 'Murder Makes the Magazine,' featuring a forty-three-year-old editor, Miss Tasso Polk. I wrote it, as I recall, around 1960."

When asked what magazine he had in mind, Updike uneasily admitted, "*The New Yorker* was the only magazine I knew at all from the inside, so you might say there was a tenuous connection. But the novel stalled at thirteen pages, in part because I had a heavy conscience. The magazine in those old days was immensely publicity-averse, and even the most whimsical report from its interior would have seemed a betrayal. Also, I have never had any luck writing a mystery novel, though I devoured them by the dozen as a kid. So I was interested to see what others might make of my beginning."

And what did they make of it? "Well," the silver-haired, sixty-five-year-old author hesitantly declared, "they served up lots of red herrings. And a lot of male characters, so that my spinster heroine finds herself with this suddenly jammed dance card. And there are the mysterious keys and messages, and a murder that has to take place twice, since one installment revived the victim. The strangest twist, I thought, was when Miss Polk gets into a taxi and is driven, in short order, to an estate with a cobbled driveway and a grove of boxwoods and elms. Elms! In Manhattan! And of course there were inconsistencies, which occur even with a single writer. But," Updike went on, unstoppably, "I thought they did pretty well, as a crowd. The real narrative artists, I dare say, were the judges out there at Amazon.com, since they were selecting from as many as eighteen thousand eight hundred entries a day. Imagine, eighteen thousand eight hundred plot alternatives a day! People thought I was among the selectors, but it would have driven me mad. When the last entry was in place, I just tried to tie up some of the bundle of loose ends and to reward Tasso Polk for her patience. I came to love her—she was the one who leaped into cyberspace, not me."

And what did his adventure tell him about the state of culture in a hyper-electronic age? "I was struck," he said, "by how literary the episodes were. Euripides, 'Treasure Island,' Shakespeare's sonnets, the stories of Edgar Allan Poe, Lewis Carroll—these are all alluded to. A lot of the mystery takes place, classically, in a library full of old books—the story kept trying to become an old-fashioned English country-house puzzle. Maybe it shouldn't surprise us that Internet buffs have done some reading, since what is the Internet but a form of reading? Also, cats. There are three cat characters, and the main one, Mauser, keeps sneaking back into the tale. I suppose a computer and a cat are somewhat alike—they both purr, and like to be stroked, and spend a lot of the day motionless. A cat and a computer are both on the quiet side, with secrets they don't necessarily share. As it happened, I was in New York the day my finale came due, and I had to write it on a strange laptop, with a program I didn't know. The screen kept disappearing, or jumping sideways. When I came to print it out, the printer ignored the punctuation. Still, I got it done—a hair-breadth escape from cyberspace."

—JOHN UPDIKE



A SEMI-PRIVATE PERSON

ON STAGE

It's hard to hate a man who plays the blues and dies young.

IN the what-if world of Presidential political history, the brain tumor that, in 1991, took the life of Lee Atwater, the divertingly diabolical campaign tactician, went on to root itself in the realm of myth. Atwater's premature demise, many Republicans have ruefully speculated, like the proverbial missing nail from the horse's shoe, delivered George Bush to retirement four years earlier than he'd planned. An Atwater resurrection of sorts was effected by the playwright Robert Myers, in the form of "Fixin' to Die," a one-man show first staged in Los Angeles in 1992—but it was, oh well, only a play, so Bush still lost the election. After sporadic productions in the intervening years, "Fixin' to Die" has just opened for a six-week run Off Broadway. Bruce McIntosh portrays Atwater and a few minor characters in a brisk tour through the life and mind of the man who, having convinced a significant portion of the electorate that Michael Dukakis's running mate in 1988 was a rapist named Willie Horton, was rewarded with the chairmanship of the Republican National Committee.

Has verisimilitude been sacrificed along the way? Not at all, according to a narrowly targeted audience survey conducted the night before previews officially began. George Stephanopoulos, the erstwhile Clinton adviser, worked his way up the aisle to greet Susan Thomases, the former Hillary Clinton aide who memorably fell on her sword during the Whitewater investigation.

"I thought it was perfect," Thomases said of McIntosh's performance. "Almost eerily perfect."

"He's really got Lee's gestures and speech rhythms down," Stephanopoulos agreed. "You know, young Republican operatives still talk like him and move their hands like he did."

At one point in "Fixin' to Die," Atwater says, "Lemme tell you something about my attitude towards lying," then launches into a hilariously bombastic non sequitur that winds up with the declamation "Because if you *ever* corrupt yourself on lying or stealing, then Katie bar the door!" Reliving 1988, Atwater revels: "I became the prince of sleaze, the master of gutter politics, the architect of attack ads, a shameless practitioner of negative campaigning, whatever that is!"

Was that the sum of the Atwater legacy? "My hunch is that one of his long-term gifts to politics is that he clarified what was politically incorrect," Stephanopoulos said. "He got away with certain tactics but made it impossible for anyone to get away with those tactics afterward. If you tried to do Willie Horton now, it would backfire."

One other Atwater gift to the culture also bears mentioning: his race-baiting notwithstanding, he recorded a blues album with B. B. King that was nominated for a Grammy Award.

STEPHANOPOULOS: "Lee Atwater was the last cool Republican."

THOMASES: "He loved music and he had a good sense of humor. How could you not like him?"

STEPHANOPOULOS: "Once you got past what he was doing." —MARK SINGER

GLASS CEILING DEPT.

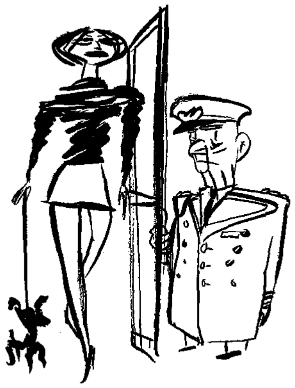
Women can open a lot of doors, except the one to the lobby.

DEMI MOORE can do many things. She can do one-armed push-ups. She can deck a man and survive off the land. But there is one thing she cannot do—at least, not here in the great City of New York. She cannot be a doorman.

That movie—"Jane of the Beresford"—will never be made. The public may accept a woman's becoming a Navy Seal, but we all know what we see with our own eyes. From East End Avenue to West End Avenue, no one has ever come across a female doorman. Like baby pigeons, female doormen exist only in theory.

Once, not that long ago, there was a female doorperson, Anna Kushetsky by name. She was seventy years old in 1994, when National Public Radio's Margot Adler found her, and she reported that as far as she knew she was sui generis (although she didn't put it quite that way). The doormen's union, the Service Employees International, insists that many of its members are women—just don't ask where they work.

So what could explain the paucity of females in the lobbies of Manhattan? Could it be a presumed lack of upper-cornea strength that keeps women from spotting cabs as they come over the crest of Carnegie Hill in a blur of yellow which, for deep-seated Darwinian reasons, can be mistaken for the still feared saber-toothed tiger?



Oddly, neither the federal Equal Employment Opportunity Commission nor the city's Human Rights Commission reports any pending litigation about doormen's jobs. And why not? It hardly seems possible that not a single Gloria or Bella (names I use generically) has ever wondered why a woman cannot don a pair of white gloves, dress like a noncom in the Ruritanian Army, and push an elevator button. Yet, next month, Steinem and four other women are scheduled to discuss at the 92nd Street Y "Female Genital Mutilation: A Ritual in Question." In my building, at least, this issue has been settled.

Can it be that the same people who avow that women are the equal of men in all things nevertheless prefer to have a male at the door of their own abode? The Citadel has fallen and Demi is a commando, but in the lobbies of grand New York apartment houses the women's movement is still waiting to be announced. —RICHARD COHEN

THE NOSTALGIC GOURMET

A remembrance of tomatoes past for New York diners.

IF, in the years immediately following Proust's childhood, the French pâtisserie industry had been overhauled for mass production, one consequence might have been that by the time the grownup Proust ate his madeleine its flavor would have been so altered that he would have carried on drinking his tea, remembering nothing. This notion is worth bearing in mind next time (and there will be a next time) you see heirloom tomatoes on a menu. Heirlooms—your waiter draws out the second syllable, a nuance that can be translated as "There is a good reason that this apparently simple salad is extremely expensive"—are grown from non-hybridized seeds that existed before the produce police decided that what really matters is stackability rather than taste. Aficionados claim that they are rich in flavor and texture and have Proustian powers of evocation. Restaurant Daniel's chef de cuisine, Alex Lee, who makes a twenty-tomato salad, says that "a tomato, when it is in its perfect state, brings memories, food memories."

This season (which ends in a few weeks), Le Cirque has heirlooms, as do Gramercy Tavern, La Grenouille, the Four Seasons, and almost every other restaurant you'd like to name. Some are bluish-black or greenish-white, as irregular and intricate in shape as a New York City congressional district. And while heirlooms, at two-fifty a pound, are appearing mainly on upscale menus, John Weintraub, a restaurant supplier, is already seeing the degeneration that seems inevitably to accompany popularity. Some chefs are cutting their supplies with the cheaper stuff, *tranches* of New Jerseys smuggled under a decorative sprinkling of yellow, purple, and green slices. When asked to name names, Weintraub only mutters something about corporate dining rooms and private parties. Forgettability has its uses, too. —REBECCA MEAD

GET A FREE GUIDE TO NEW ORLEANS!

From the spiciest foods, to the hottest music, it's all right here!

Call now for your New Orleans Good Times Guide to fun, food and excitement, with over $2,500 dollars in shopping and entertainment bargains, a Lodging Guide and a Calendar of Events.

GOOD TIMES GUIDE

1-800-584-3196

NEW ORLEANS

Come Join The Parade.

For immediate information by fax call 1-800-884-7329 ext. 733.
Visit our website at http://www.neworleansonline.com

"The best travel clothing in the world"

Smart-looking, classically styled, comfortable, and *"endurable"* travel clothing.

SECRET *pockets,*
SECURITY *pockets,*
and *"Give 'em hell"* washing instructions.

Tilley Endurables

For a free catalogue call 1-800-884-2730

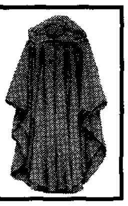
FOUR SISTERS INNS

ROMANTIC COUNTRY INNS

Tariffs: $90-350 • 11-32 rooms

(800) 234-1425

Whidbey Island and Seattle, WA • Napa Valley
San Francisco • Monterey Peninsula
Santa Ynez Valley • Orange County • Telluride, CO



Factory Direct • Handcrafted • Elegant

WOOL CAPES

Pure wool. 3 styles. 6 colors. People love the warmth - and the romance - of our capes. Brochure and Free swatches.

1-800-788-9842 or write:
Casco Bay Fine Woolens, 34 Danforth St.
Box 25NY, Portland, Maine 04101

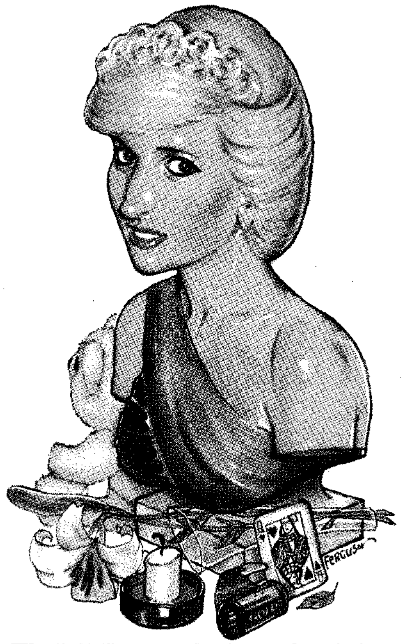
PARIS JOURNAL

CRAZY PIETY

The French are relieved that, for a change, it's the British who are having a crise.

BY ADAM GOPNIK

PUBLIC tragedies give dressy names to naked places. Before that late-November afternoon, probably no one in Dallas could have told you that the big, anonymous building on Dealey Plaza was called the Texas School Book Depository, and before last August 31st not one Parisian in ten knew that the road that runs along the right bank of the Seine had a name as grand (or as old) as the Cours la Reine: the Queen's Way. Paris is such an intrinsically beautiful place that it has survived some of the worst urban planning in the world, and none worse than the planting of expressways on both sides of the river, back in the sixties. They are fast, noisy (shopping among the *bouquinistes* is hectic and disagreeable on any weekday, however Woody Allen makes it all look), dangerous, and almost entirely unpoliced. At a dinner party a week after the accident, not one of four people with a cumulative hundred and twenty-two years of residence in town could recall anyone's ever obeying the speed limit on either highway, or ever getting a speeding ticket. (Meanwhile, in the Luxembourg Gardens there are four policemen lurking behind every tree, ready to pounce if any three-year-old sticks a toe on the grass.) The first, largely rhetorical question that many Parisians asked when they heard about the accident that had taken the lives of Diana, Dodi Fayed, and Henri Paul was: Where, exactly, as a pack of cars and motorcycles bombed down the expressway at two hundred kilometres an hour for five minutes, were the police? and it produced the cynical answer: Where they usually are; that is, nowhere to be found. Jean-François Revel, the grand old grump of French liberal thinking, who has just been elected to the Académie Française, announced that the deaths had proved that "the police in our capital protect the politicians, not the citizens."



The Jeff Koons–style kitsch of the Diana shrines is reminiscent of Catholic ritual.

JAMES FERGUSON

Revel's reference to the foreign celebrities as "citizens" is revealing, too, since the underside of the belief of rich foreigners that Paris can serve as a refuge is an unspoken rule of Parisian life: foreign celebrities live a life of their own and take their own chances. An American film star visiting Paris last summer was picked up at the Ritz by the paparazzi, as celebrities always are. (Paris has certain small-town aspects, and one of them is that the Ritz is a kind of celebrity depot, like the saloon in a one-horse town; the paparazzi usually wait outside, not in a frenzy but in a kind of wordless torpor, knowing that sooner or later everybody will come by.) After the film star had been tracked around all night, a friend who was with him complained to a cop sitting in a car outside the prefecture. "He must take his chances like anyone else," the policeman said, and then added triumphantly, "*I* have never heard of him." (He shooed off the paparazzi anyway, like a grocer shooing off a bunch of kids.)

The notion of escape to Paris, which burns bright for so many rich people, as it did, apparently, for Diana Spencer, is an illusion—not least because the place that the rich escape to is not actually Paris but a kind of virtual Paris, a make-believe Paris, laid out over the real one and only occasionally touching it. This second Paris, whose Élysée Palace is the Ritz, is the one that the Princess of Wales seemed to be about to emigrate to, and there was a note of gloating disdain in Parisian reports of her last day, chiefly since she was reported to be doing things that no Parisian would actually do: shopping on the Champs-Élysées, dining at Benoît (which, though a good restaurant, is not what Parisians mean by a fashionable one). By the end of last week, the Ritz, confirming its place as the embassy of a separate country—a kind of Vatican City of the occupationless rich—was holding press conferences and conducting a foreign policy and an inquest of its own. There was a certain amount of sympathy in Paris for M. Paul, the poor chauffeur, whose body, someone remarked, "was being drilled by the Fayed family as though it were an oil field and they were waiting for a good result."

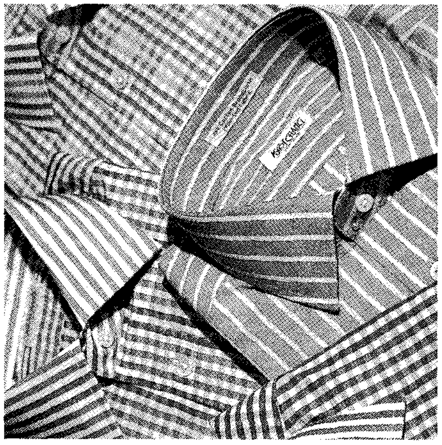
That the tragedy in Paris was not quite a Parisian tragedy was for the French a great gift. It meant that the controversy about it could continue on two levels simultaneously. In the popular press, there was permanent license for a ghoulish fascination with the details of the crash, while the quality press was able to reëstablish that detached Olympian loft which is its special love, and which the French *crise* had been keeping it from. As the weeks wore on, and the reaction in London to the Princess's death seemed so clearly bizarre and disproportionate—itself a kind of national *crise*—the French press was able to trot out the tone of condescending cultural anthropology which had been used against it for so long. Now it was the British who, for once, had the split psyche, the national emergency, the difficulty accepting modernity, etc.

At times, it was possible to connect this tragedy and its aftermath, in occult ways, to other events. "It is one of the new European hysterias," the novelist Philippe Labro, who is the head of the French radio network RTL, said last week. "In every European country in the past two years, some event, highly emotional but not in itself of world-shaking importance, has acted as the trigger to a display of mass, in-the-streets hysteria. In Belgium, it was the pedophiles; in Spain, it was the terrorists; here it was the *routiers*. In each case, the event was like the little bomb that sets off the atomic bomb and is a sign of a general democratic revolt against anonymity and bureaucratism."

Since as far as the French were concerned the accident might as well have happened to the royal family of Monaco (that is, to a meaningless royal family, whose job is to have ceremonies, lovers, and accidental deaths), it was permissible to be fascinated by the details of the crash without seeming unfeeling. As the week went on, the original account, which made Diana's a death by paparazzi, shifted, and one faced a story that had at its heart a peculiarly French detail. No servant in France (particularly a chauffeur) is ever really thought by his employers to be off duty, or finished for the day. It was a story by Maupassant: a fortyish driver who drinks a little succumbs, perhaps from the nervous exhaustion of the day, and relaxes with a few extra glasses of Ricard. What harm can there be in that? Then he gets an unexpected call demanding that he go back to work. He knows (Maupassant would have done this in a paragraph) that he is not ready, that he should say no, but he is the No. 2 man at the Ritz, and the nature of his profession, his role, and the life he has made determines that he cannot say no, that he can never say no. So he goes.

There was a kind of old-fashioned dignity in the French reaction to the news—a 1965 sort of reaction, which probably derives from the fact that the French media are in many ways thirty years "behind" the Anglo-Americans. This is because French television, with its strong dose of Anglo-American imports, still looks like a medium instead of like a substitute for life: it's harder to mistake the tube for life when people's lips don't always move in time with their words. Television in France fills the living room but doesn't suck up the air. And so a magazine like *Paris Match* can continue to play the role in France that

WHY AN ASCOT CHANG SHIRT IS ONE OF THE BEST IN THE WORLD...



Fabrics:
2,500 selections. From 100s 2x2 Egyptian to 200s 2x2 Swiss poplin.

Stitching:
Special needles create an almost invisible 22 stitches per inch. Other makers are satisfied with 16.

Seams:
All single needle French seams for durability and a neater classic look.

Buttons:
Only mother of pearl. Hand picked and matched. Wok shaped bottoms for easy access.

Collar Styles:
Unlimited. Every collar is designed and built to the client specific need.

Cuff Options:
15, to begin with.

Measurements:
Just the collar alone takes 7. There are 31 in all.

Body Reading:
The most critical aspect of custom shirt making. An art.

Trained Fitters:
On premise-minimum 20 years experience in every store.

Referrals:
10% of our new business comes from laundry recommendations.

Guarantee:
The same for 50 years. Satisfaction.

Pricing:
$85. to $450.

PERHAPS THE BEST?

ASCOT CHANG
A Gentleman's Shirtmaker

7 West 57th Street
New York, New York 10019 212-759-3333
9551-9553 Wilshire Blvd.
Beverly Hills, Ca. 90211 310-550-1339
For more information, please call 1-800-486-9966

Life once played in America: it pulls the images together, instead of just running them on an endless loop. The week after Diana's death, the cover of *Paris Match* showed a small picture of the Princess surrounded by a great black border.

For *Le Monde*, the magisterial and photo-free French daily, the death of the Princess brought to a head the paper's own uncertainty about whether its future lies upmarket or downmarket. On the Monday after the accident, it devoted a lot of space to the Princess's death. The reaction to this coverage of *fait divers* was so unhappy that a week later the paper published a justification, which included a formula to be cherished by any publication that wants to continue polishing its halo even as its pants fall around its ankles. "We do not believe that we have betrayed our ethics," *Le Monde* announced with dignity. "We have merely enlarged our curiosity." But when the next results about the condition of M. Paul's blood came in, *Le Monde* announced them flatly, in a story headlined "THE INQUIRY INTO THE DEATH OF DIANA SPENCER." It was probably the first time that any headline anywhere had called her by her original, or proper, name since she died near the place that no one had known was called the Queen's Highway.

In London, of course, the curiosity of the high press was long ago enlarged. Still, no one could have been prepared for what happened. For two weeks, good gray London took on the look of Lourdes or Fatima, with vast heaps of floral bouquets and honey-colored Teddy bears and hand-scrawled messages that seemed less like funeral tributes than like the contents of some vast piñata, filled with party favors, that someone had broken above London.

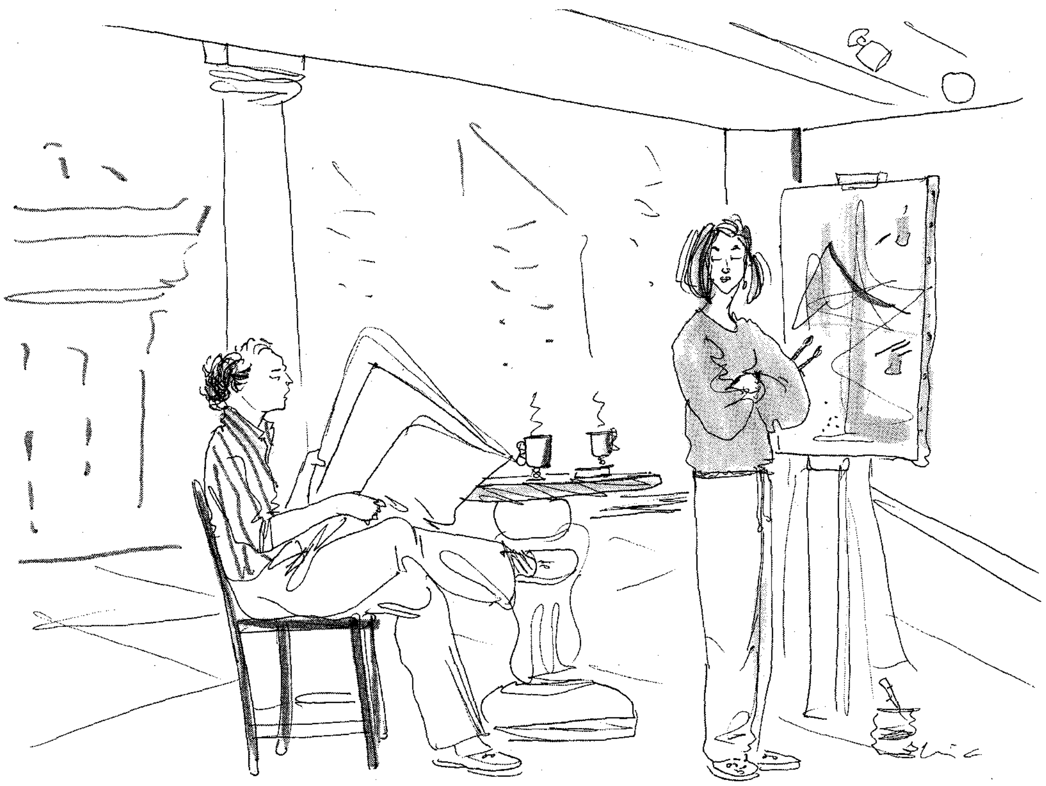
The strangest shrine of all was outside Harrods, which is owned, of course, by Dodi Fayed's father. Two matching giant images of Diana and Dodi hung side by side in the windows of the great middle-class department store, with heaps of cellophane-wrapped flowers and cards and bears piled up on the sidewalk outside, and protected by mesh bins.

And yet in the grotesque there was also something profound. The Jeff Koons-style kitsch carried a powerful, semiconscious reminiscence of Catholic ritual. The Princess's funeral was in many ways a triumph of the popular, intuitive version of the Old Religion, from the giant cross worn by her mother (who converted to Rome a few years ago) through the cultish atmosphere of inexplicable grace—through the creation of a saint who did not practice any particular virtues but in some mysterious way incarnated them. ("She identified with the neglected people of Britain." How, exactly? "Through her whole life.") The satiric Evelyn Waugh moments gave way to a sentimental Evelyn Waugh moment—in the excess it was possible to discern a glimmer of religious feeling, of a very traditional kind. (It's worth remembering that Tony Blair, though he is an Anglican, attends his wife's Catholic church.) If Diana's death, or the mourning for her, can be connected to an event outside itself, perhaps it is not to the death of Mother Teresa, whose bad timing made her the Groucho Marx of grief (Groucho, as nobody any longer remembers, died three days after Elvis), but, rather, to the Pope's big visit to Paris in late August, just before the accident. Popular Catholicism—the appetite for a cult of saints and their symbols, for emotional ritual, for a charismatic center—remains one of the most potent forces left in Europe at the end of the century.

Perhaps because the outpouring of emotion for Diana has been expressed in the garish terms of popular religiosity, it has been met by an equally strong, though until now less open, wave of dissent, expressed in equally violent and unhappy terms. It has become unexceptional for London intellectuals—or journalists, anyway—of both the left and the right to say that they "no longer recognize" their own country, that they believe they are living in an emotional atmosphere they cannot respect, or even understand. The hard-core republican left and the hard-core Tory right are in this respect closer to each other than to what appears to be the vast majority of their countrymen. The dissenters argued that the mourning had nothing whatever to do with its supposed subject, "the people's Princess," and her having met what one Labour grandee called, in private, "really a rather meretricious death"—in a limo, with her playboy, after declaring her eagerness to go and live in another country. And they worried that the enforced, regimented character of the public mourning was an enemy of real grief, cheapening it beyond recognition—"emotional fascism," one critic called it. There was a sense among many intellectuals that what the American and Americanized media were representing as a liberation from centuries of emotional frigidity was in fact a rejection of deep (and equally "emotional") national traditions of mourning, while what was being touted as a more "feeling" replacement was a kind of media-induced autism, an empty ritual repeated over and over in a kitchen corner. Many of these people believed that the English had even allowed themselves to be seduced into accepting an American caricature of their own manners and history. The idea that the country of Lady Macbeth and Little Nell and Johnny Rotten had a hard time "dealing with emotion" was bewildering. "It's as if Dunblane never happened," one woman said. Dunblane, of course, was the site of the massacre eighteen months ago of sixteen Scottish schoolchildren and their teacher; it led not only to a national grief at least as profound as this but to meaningful action, in the form of a permanent ban on handguns.

Americans also seem to believe that the monarchy is a kind of medieval hangover, encumbered by premodern notions of decorum; the reality is that the British monarchy, for good or ill, is a modern political institution—perhaps the first modern political institution. Since the end of the seventeenth century, it has been a servant of Parliament, having been reinvented to perform a particular political role. That role is, in a phrase, to resist popular emotion. "What is it that you want?" the Queen must have wanted to cry at some point. "A Queen or Miss Ellie from 'Dallas'?" What they wanted, of course, was a Queen from Dallas.

For the secular New Labour intellectuals in particular, the weeks of



"Rudy Giuliani says we're doing great."

• •

mourning were disconcerting, for they marked the discovery that Tony Blair, who understood, and even orchestrated, the national emotion perfectly, was a man whose pop religiosity was one of the strongest things about him. Blair dealt with the Princess's death so brilliantly that it is impossible to find anyone who doubts that he will be the man of the next decades. "He will be in power for a *long* time," one Tory stalwart said, not very gloomily. Yet some of Blair's most fervent followers were disturbed by what his success implied; even his having read the lesson at the funeral would in any other circumstances have been seen as a wild breach of constitutional order. Many people have called the funeral Tony Blair's Falklands, meaning that from it he has emerged all-powerful, like Mrs. Thatcher from the Falklands War. Both Mrs. Thatcher in war and Blair in grief managed to scare some of their supporters, who hadn't known that they were prepared to go as far as all that. In Blair's case, it was not his readiness to kill Argentine sailors that surprised his cohort but his readiness to embrace the Argentine style of politics. If it was evident from the moment of Diana's death that she would become the British Evita, it was less evident that Blair would become her Andrew Lloyd Webber. This was not the New Britain that many of Blair's supporters had envisioned only four months earlier. When they talked of the end of the deference culture, what they had in mind was Icelandic egalitarianism, or German long-termism, or possibly Italian brio. Instead, what arrived to fill the vacuum was American hysteria.

It is possible to argue that this was not hysteria but a real, unique outpouring of emotion. Yet this "outpouring of emotion" looks to American eyes like one more gusher from the permanent reservoir of delirium that lies just beneath the surface of modern societies, and which until now only Americans could tap reliably. The Diana frenzy seems too much like the Versace hysteria (which, in turn, seemed like the Simpson madness, which resembled the Clarence Thomas craziness, and so on and on, back to the starting point, in Dallas) to be taken as a singular event. Americans in London had to feel a little like drug pushers in a schoolyard: "See how good that makes you feel?" "But what do I take when it wears off?" "The same thing, only more of it."

Both Paris and London are capitals where people have spent a long time dreaming up ways to give democratic power the glamour of the old aristocratic order. The best French solution so far has been to elect a politician who is allowed to do almost anything, and hope that the exercise of power will give him the glamour of a king. The best British solution so far has been to pretend to defer everything to a king, and hope that the glamour of his position will be sufficient to make up for the fact that he is never allowed to exercise any power. The past year has been hard on both institutions. No one ever thought that the French President could come under attack for looking insufficiently monarchical, and no one ever thought that the British monarchy could come under attack for looking insufficiently irrational.

This new notion that a monarchy, or any government, can be led by the heart and popular emotion is not only incoherent but probably unsustainable. Sixty years ago, the politicians fired the last King Edward because he insisted on following his heart, and the long-term results of that pursuit justified the decision: first, your heart tells you that you need to marry a twice-divorced woman from Baltimore, and then it tells you that people are being unfair to that nice Mr. Goebbels.

Boswell once asked Johnson his opinion of an acquaintance (actually, it was Boswell's brother) who thought that church attendance could be freely mixed with whorehouse visits and whatever other heartfelt desires happened to stir him at the moment, since all that mattered was feeling. "Sir," came the reply, "there is no trusting to that crazy piety." "Crazy Piety" is, of course, the title of the Book of Hours at the century's end, and now the English, of all people, have written another chapter. ♦

ADVERTISEMENT

R.S.V.P.

reader service value program

AN INVITATION TO RESPOND DIRECTLY TO THE NEW YORKER'S ADVERTISERS

The Reader Service Value Program features New Yorker *advertisers who want to offer additional information. You are invited to respond directly by telephone (just look for the ©symbol) or by checking the corresponding number(s) and mailing the attached postage-paid card.*

announcements

Wild for Wilde

Fill in the missing portion of the Oscar Wilde adage and enter the Oscar Wilde "Gross Indecency" Contest for New Yorker Readers.

"The growing influence of ________ is the one reassuring thing in our political life"

All correct answers will be submitted for a drawing to win two tickets to an upcoming performance of "Gross Indecency: The Three Trials of Oscar Wilde" at the Minetta Lane Theater. Submit your answers on a 3x5 card or postcard and mail it along with your name and address to The New Yorker, c/o Wild for Wilde Contest, 20 West 43rd Street, New York, NY 10036.

NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. Enter as many times as you like. Must be 18 years or older as of date on entry. Entry cards must be received by October 20, 1997. Sponsor not responsible for lost or misdirected mail. All entries are non-returnable. Employees and their families of The *New Yorker Magazine, Inc. and all agencies and affiliates are not eligible.* Winners will be notified week of October 27, 1997. Odds of winning are based on number of entries received. Approximate retail value of grand prize is $150. Income and other taxes, if any, are the sole responsibility of the winners. Contest subject to all federal, state, and local laws and regulations. Contest void where prohibited. For the name of the grand prize winner, send a stamped self-addressed envelope to The New Yorker, *c/o Wild for Wilde Contest at the above address after October 27, 1997.*

Lladro

Join Lladro at Macy's for a private champagne reception
to celebrate the opening of the new Lladro Gallery
at Macy's Herald Square

Don't miss this opportunity to view
pieces from the Lladro Museum Collection

Sunday, October 19,1997
10:00 AM - 12:00 PM
Macy's Herald Square
Crystal on 8

Seating is limited.
For more information and reservations,
please call 1-212-494-3827

apparel & accessories

1. **DALLAS PRIDGEN JEWELRY.** We specialize in fine quality 14k gold and sterling silver jewelry. For a color catalog, please call 1-919-933-5759 or view our catalog at http://www.dallaspridgenjewelry.com

2. **ORIS MECHANICAL WATCHES.** Fine automatic watches made in Switzerland since 1904. For your free copy of the Oris High Mech book, call Oris at 1-914-347-6747.

3. Please send me information on all the numbered items in this category.

automotive

4. **AUDI A8.** Elegance without arrogance. Excellence without excess. Class without mass. For more information about the new *Audi A8, please visit us at* http://www.audi.com

5. **HERTZ.** Discover the real Europe with Hertz Affordable Europe! For a copy of our 1997 brochure with information on our flexible rental programs and quality service at over 2,500 locations across Europe, call 1-800-654-3001.

6. **LAND ROVER.** For information on all Land Rover vehicles, call 1-800-FINE4WD or visit our Web site at http://www.landrover.com

7. *Please send me information on all the numbered items in this category.*

books & publications

© **BOOKS ON TAPE, INC.** More than 3,500 full-length best sellers on cassette. Twenty-five new titles monthly. For information or a free color brochure, call 1-800-626-3333 or visit our Web site at http://www.booksontape.com

cultural attractions

8. **MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON,** 465 Huntington Avenue. ***Picasso, The Early Years, 1892-1902*** continues through January 4, 1998. ***Glass Today by American Studio Artists,*** through January 11, 1998. Call 1-617-267-9300 or visit the MFA homepage at http://www.mfa.org

financial services

9. **NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL LIFE.** Order a free consultation using Northwestern Mutual's proprietary "Business Planning Analysis." Visit http://www.northwesternmutual.com/business/analysis for a description or more information.

foods and beverages

10. **TROPICANA PURE PREMIUM WITH CALCIUM.** Send for your free "Calcium Close-Up" brochure to learn more about *calcium and bone health. Calcium rich recipes included.*

furnishings & accessories

© **ANDERSEN WINDOW & PATIO DOOR LIBRARY.** Whether you're building or remodeling, the Andersen Library has literature full of facts and tips to help you make the smart choice in windows and patio doors. Call 1-800-426-4261, or visit http://www.andersenwindows.com

© **JENN-AIR** offers a full line of innovative kitchen appliances under four sophisticated banners. For information about any of Jenn-Air's full line of upscale kitchen appliances, call 1-800-JENN-AIR or visit our Web site at http://www.jennair.com

health care

11. **AMERICAN COLLEGE OF SURGEONS.** The American College of Surgeons offers free brochures about retaining your right of "Patient Choice" as well as important information concerning other surgical care. Visit http://www.facs.org

on-line services

E-NEWS. Look for *The New Yorker* at The Electronic Newsstand on the World Wide Web and browse what's new from our advertisers. http://www.enews.com/magazines/new_yorker

travel

airlines

12. **LOT POLISH AIRLINES.** Fly LOT Polish Airlines to the *cobbled streets and vistas of Old Town, Warsaw. For information,* please call 1-800-223-0593.

13. **SWISSAIR.** Learn more about *Swissair* and *Switzerland*'s exciting and affordable vacation possibilities in our *Switzerland Vacation Planner*. For a free copy, call 1-800-GO-SWISS, ext. 25.

14. Please send me information on all the numbered items in this category.

cruises

15. **PETER DEILMANN EUROPAMERICA CRUISES.** Enchanting experiences and breathtaking beauty await you on a 7-14 day luxury cruise along Europe's most majestic rivers. Pre- and post- cruise stays. Call 1-800-348-8287 for a free brochure.

hotels & accommodations

16. **HELMSLEY HOTELS.** 5 fine hotels located right where you want them to be in New York. For information, call 1-800-221-4982; 1-212-697-8300 in New York.

© **Kiawah, Seabrook Isle of Palms, Wild Dunes and Sullivan's Island.** For a free 28-page color guide, please call 1-800-247-5050. Please mention Ad Code 302. Ravenel Associates.

17. **THE LIDO RESORTS.** *Unique in the Caribbean. Luxurious* accommodations, gourmet dining, 24-hour room service, premium liquors, unlimited water sports, tennis, everything's *included. No tipping. Free brochure. Free Weddings!*

18. **LONG BAY BEACH RESORT & VILLAS, TORTOLA, BVI.** *Our barefoot paradise features deluxe oceanfront rooms and* hillside villas. Enjoy the island's finest food, tennis and watersports. Call 1-800-729-9599.

19. **NAPILI KAI BEACH CLUB.** Maui's most Hawaiian resort. Swimming and snorkeling, low-rise ocean units with kitchens and private lanais. Call 1-800-367-5030.

20. **SCOTTSDALE PRINCESS.** The soul of Arizona. The heart of your vacation. Award-winning cuisine, spacious accommodations, and more. For information, call 1-800-223-1818.

21. **SOUTHAMPTON PRINCESS.** Bermuda's most luxurious resort introduces Dolphin Quest, a very special dolphin-human encounter program for the delight and education of guests. Call 1-800-223-1818.

22. **STEAMBOAT SKI & RESORT.** Last year we got 448 inches of snow. Need we say more? Call Steamboat Central Reservations at 1-800-922-2722 or visit us on the Web at *http://www.steamboat-ski.com*

23. **SWISSOTEL, THE DRAKE.** Last year we rescued *thousands of travelers from staying at ordinary hotels.* New Park Avenue Spa & Fitness. Call 1-800-63 SWISS.

24. *Please send me information on all the numbered items in this category.*

tourism boards

25. **BRITISH TOURIST AUTHORITY.** Unexpected Britain is vibrant, stylish, and fun—there's still history and pageantry—come visit! Call 1-800-357-2748 for your free vacation planner.

26. **CARIBBEAN COALITION FOR TOURISM.** The Ultimate CARIBBEAN VACATION PLANNER...with over 300 sun-soaked pages to help you plan your dream vacation in paradise. For your free copy, please call 1-800-356-9999, ext. 436.

27. **CLUB FRANCE.** Travel in style with unique benefits, upgrades, discounts, frequent-flyer miles, toll-free numbers and much more. (Annual dues $65.) For information, call *1-800-881-5060 ext. 475 or visit http://www.FGTOUSA.org*

28. **EUROPEAN TRAVEL COMMISSION.** Authoritative 68-page, full-color guide to 26 countries presented by the European Travel Commission. Covers important attractions, events, entertainment, transportation, food and drink. With maps and photos. Free. Call 1-800-862-6747.

29. **FRENCH GOVERNMENT TOURIST OFFICE.** Plan your trip to France with the French Adventure Kit including 1997 Discovery Guide, Mastercard destinations information and Air France holiday catalog. For information, call 1-888-665-4373.

30. **ISRAEL MINISTRY OF TOURISM.** This extraordinary destination has it all. History, culture, great food, shopping, beaches, and more. No one belongs here more than you. Call toll-free 1-888-77-ISRAEL.

31. **LOUISIANA.** In Louisiana, we do things a little differently. Come see for yourself. For your free tour guide, please call 1-800-753-7102

32. **MONACO GOVERNMENT TOURIST OFFICE.** Visit the enchanting land of Monaco in 1997 as the Principality celebrates 700 years of unbroken Grimaldi rule—where Princes still reign and dreams come true. For information, call 1-800-753-9696.

33. **ORLANDO/ORANGE COUNTY CONVENTION & VISITORS BUREAU, INC.** Planning a trip to Orlando? You can save over $1,000 on area attractions, dining, shopping and more with your free Orlando Magicard™. Visit our home page at http://www.goflorida.com/orlando

34. **OXFORD/FLORIDA STATE UNIVERSITY ADULT SUMMER PROGRAM.** Tired of the same old summer vacation? Want to come home with more than sore feet and a few photos? Meet new and interesting people while being immersed in 700 years of British history.

35. **PARK CITY CHAMBER/VISITORS BUREAU.** Park City, Utah. Hundreds of inches of fluffy Utah snows. Three distinct mountain resorts. *One charming historic town. Call 1-800-453-1360 for a FREE Winter* Vacation Planner or visit http://www.netpp.com/parkcity

36. ***THE POLISH NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE*** *provides* extensive information about Poland. For more information, please call 1-212-338-9412 or E-mail us at pntonyc@polandtour.org

37. Please send me information on all the numbered items in this category.

tours

38. **AJ CONGRESS INTERNATIONAL TRAVEL PROGRAM.** Discover your heritage...in Spain, Turkey, Morocco, Eastern and Central Europe. Extraordinary and luxurious expeditions into Jewish history and civilization. *For information, call 1-800-221-4694.*

39. **ORIENT FLEXI-PAX TOURS.** Travel with the specialists to Australia, New Zealand, Fiji and Tahiti. Join one of our deluxe customized programs, tailored just for you. For information, call 1-800-545-5540, ext. 249.

40. **RAIL EUROPE.** Choose Eurostar, the Channel Tunnel Train, linking London to Paris or Brussels, or our popular 5-country railpass Europass. Add a car for maximum flexibility. Call 1-800-4EURAIL.

41. **UNITED STATES TOUR OPERATORS ASSOCIATION (USTOA).** The smart traveler's planning kit...invaluable information about USTOA members, its $1 million consumer protection plan, and how to select a tour or vacation package. For your free copy, please call 1-800-GO-USTOA.

42. Please send me information on all the numbered items in this category.

ANSWERS TO 8 x 10 CRYPTIC NO. 15

ACROSS

1 WAR + D
4 DATA (*a tad* rev.)
9 IM + P + E + L
10 pOTTER
11 LEA(THE)RY
13 L.A. + OS
14 WELL
16 H + AIRLINE
18 CANOE (anag.)
19 ATHOS (hidden)
20 TOT + E
21 TO + N.Y.

DOWN

1. W + HOLE + W + HEAT
2. ANTE (*auntie* hom.)
3. DIETS (2 defs.)
5. AP(PEAL)ING
6. T + ERROR
7. ALLY S + HEED + Y
8. S(TAR)LIGHT
12. LE(A)N-TO
15. B + LAST
17. NOON (palindrome)

MONT BLANC

IF UNABLE TO REACH TELEPHONE LISTINGS, SEND REQUESTS, WITH ISSUE DATE NOTED, TO THE NEW YORKER READER SERVICES, 20 WEST 43RD ST., NEW YORK, NY 10036.
IF RESPONSE CARD IS MISSING, SEND YOUR REQUESTS WITH ISSUE DATE NOTED, TO THE NEW YORKER, P.O. BOX 5347, PITTSFIELD, MA 01203-9892. OFFER VALID UNTIL AUGUST 18, 1997.

© 1997 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc. All Rights Reserved

OUR LOCAL CORRESPONDENTS

BETWEEN THE CRACKS

Phoenix House succeeds with a new approach—recruiting teen-agers from the city's jails before they get lost in the system.

BY LIS HARRIS

AT a small gray metal desk in a narcotics courtroom of the Bronx Criminal Courthouse on a recent morning, two intensely busy men, Gilbert Acevedo and Jose Diaz, took turns talking on a phone to a stream of judges, assistant D.A.s, Legal Aid lawyers, private attorneys, and probation officers. After each conversation, they scanned their beepers, which alerted them to a fresh barrage of callers, and started working the phone again. From time to time, one of them, summoned by a judge, would rush away from the desk, steer a path through hallways teeming with anxious parents, sullen teen-agers, crying babies, and harried-looking court personnel, and hurry to another courtroom. Acevedo and Diaz, both of whom grew up in the South Bronx, work as counsellors for Phoenix House, the drug-treatment organization. The people they are speaking to are referring candidates to Phoenix House's Adolescent Court Outreach Program, an alternative to prison that provides residential treatment for felony-prosecuted and prison-bound nonviolent sixteen-to-twenty-year-olds with a drug problem. It is Acevedo and Diaz's task to interview prospective candidates, assess their suitability for the program, and snatch them from the maw of prison.

Jose Diaz and Gil Acevedo, an ex-con and an ex-cop, are the guys at the front end. Photograph by Maggie Steber.

The mere presence of the desk in the courthouse and the number of calls fielded by the two men represent a major victory for Phoenix House, which was founded thirty years ago this past May and is now the largest private, nonprofit drug-treatment institution in the country. (It has treated sixty thousand people with drug problems since 1967 and currently has some three thousand people under its care.) Though increasing evidence has revealed that chemical addiction is an illness rather than a crime, distrust of drug programs—and a lingering Calvinist disapproval of addicts—continues to be widespread. Addicts relapse often—so often that treatment is generally perceived to be a waste of time and money, and criminals with drug problems don't command much societal sympathy. Most of the time, according to "The Real War on Crime," the report of the National Criminal Justice Commission, sentencing judges are forced to choose between overwhelmed probation services and prison—a situation that the report likened to seeking relief from a doctor for a headache and being told that the only option was either baby aspirin or a lobotomy. The program that Acevedo and Diaz recruit for offers an alternative that is neither punitive nor palliative, and increasingly the New York City courts have been willing to send young defendants to it.

Phoenix House, whose headquarters are in an old mansion on West Seventy-fourth Street near Amsterdam Avenue, was founded in 1967 by six former heroin addicts and Mitchell Rosenthal, a charismatic child psychiatrist who was serving at the time as the deputy commissioner of the city's Addiction Services Agency. Rosenthal, who is still president of Phoenix House, passionately believes in the healing potential of drug-free, highly structured therapeutic communities, which he learned about through Synanon, a California-based drug-rehabilitation organization, when he was treating drug- and alcohol-addicted veterans during the Vietnam War.

From the start, drugged-out adolescents were a big part of Phoenix House's clientele, but it wasn't until the early nineties, a few years after the peak of the crack epidemic, that the organization became heavily involved with the courts. Dr. Rosenthal recognized that too many teen-agers who needed help were failing to get it: drug-addicted mothers were not seeking treatment for their addicted children, and the schools didn't make referrals to Phoenix House, because, as he says, "when the kid drops out, there are no mechanisms to bring the kid to us." He saw the courts as a last-ditch "point of intersection." At about the same time, a number of D.A.s, judges, probation officers, defense lawyers, and criminologists were beginning to think the same way. Adolescents arrested for minor drug offenses who were sent to prison were, by and large, getting out of prison only to get back on drugs and sell them. Prison was clearly neither the most appropriate nor the most cost-efficient place for nonviolent drug abusers. Construction of a new prison cell costs about ninety-six thousand dollars; the yearly cost of incarceration in a state prison is about thirty thousand dollars; and New York's Rikers Island costs sixty thousand dollars a year. Residential drug treatment costs about twenty thousand dollars a year.

On January 6, 1992, Dr. Rosenthal and Robert Brennan, a recovered addict, who heads Phoenix House's Court Outreach Program, met with three members of New York's criminal-justice system: Burton Roberts, the administrative judge of the Bronx Supreme Court; Robert Johnson, the Bronx D.A.; and Nestor Ferreiro, the chief of the Bronx D.A.'s Narcotics Bureau. All three were sympathetic to the idea of drug treatment for nonviolent felons and had been willing to work closely with Dr. Rosenthal in the past. Rosenthal and Brennan knew that the outreach program would need strong backing from the prosecutors and the judges, and, after a series of meetings, they got it.

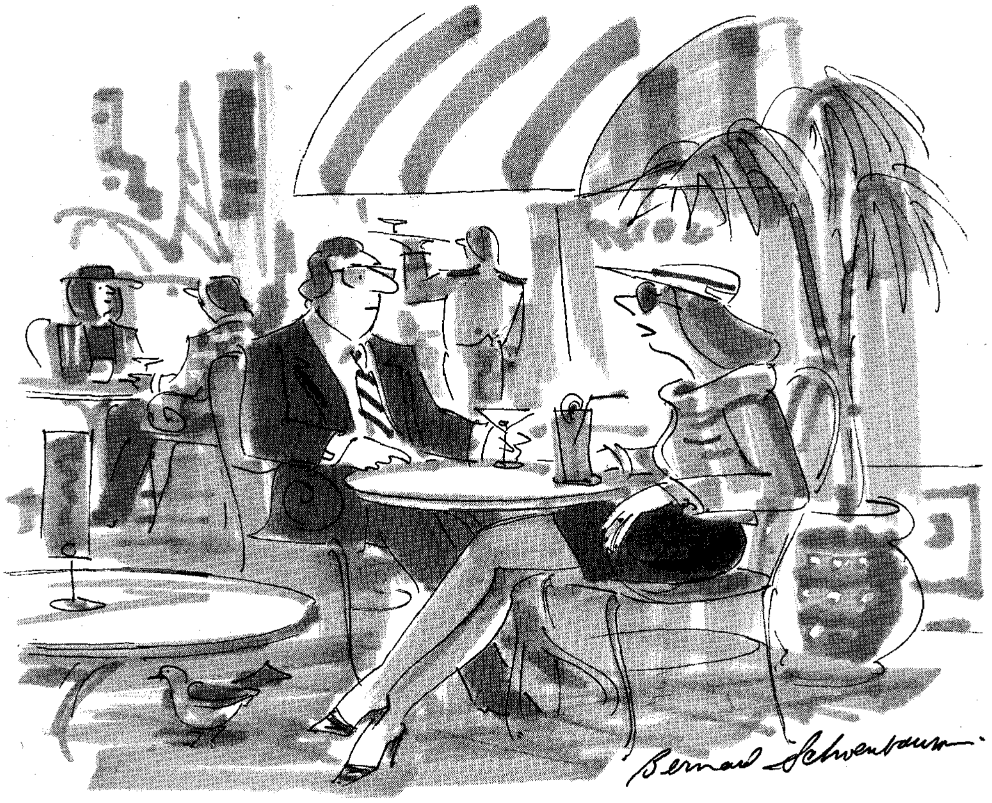
"A prosecutor mainly wants to prosecute, but prosecutors who ten years ago might have said, 'I ain't sending these kids for treatment—these are bad kids,' will now give them to us," Brennan, a slim, formidably focussed man with a Damon Runyonesque style, told me. "It's the credibility factor."

Today, the Phoenix House alternative-to-prison program operates in all the boroughs except Staten Island, and nearly four hundred and fifty adolescents have been admitted to it since 1992. It includes a series of rigorous requirements: attendance at Phoenix House's high school, the Phoenix Academy, in Yorktown, which is run by the Board of Education; computer-literacy classes; daily assigned chores; vocational training; and intensive therapy several times a week. There is also a tough proviso that if a defendant leaves the eighteen-to-twenty-four-month program before the courts and Phoenix House deem him ready the original sentence will be increased. So far, seventy-five students have graduated from the high school, a hundred are in residence, and thirty are being treated as outpatients. Though not every successful ex-resident completes every phase of the program (a resident may find a job, for example, before finishing the high-school course work, or may finish high school elsewhere after leaving the program), only about a quarter of the kids who have been admitted since its inception are either back in jail or have warrants out for their arrest. One of the reasons the program has gained the support of most local D.A.s and judges is its first-year forty-per-cent retention rate, which may not seem all that impressive until you compare it with the thirteen-per-cent national average for all drug programs.

IN large part, the success of the Court Outreach Program has depended on what Brennan calls "the guys at the front end"—a team of five outreach counsellors, four of them men, whom he assembled to work on site in the courts. All five are well known around the city courthouses, but Acevedo and Diaz, the team's most senior members, are the ones you are likely to hear about when you talk with graduates of the Phoenix Academy program or with kids who are still studying there. Both men are in their early forties. They have worked together for four years, but they arrived at their current profession along quite different paths: Acevedo used to be a New York City policeman and Diaz is an ex-con. Both are Phoenix House graduates, and have similar political views—rather conservative ones. And they are sharp dressers. (Among all the men on the team, there seems to be, as Acevedo once put it, "an unspoken tie contest.") As Acevedo and Diaz talk to judges in the narcotics courtrooms, or as they confer with court personnel, they sometimes finish each other's sentences and hustle to take each other's place when one of them is stuck in a courtroom and is needed elsewhere.

Acevedo's job includes supervising the four other counsellors and doing a great deal of rushing around from borough to borough to watch over the program's daily workings. "To some extent, this is Bob's baby," Acevedo says, referring to Brennan, his boss, "and to some extent I am his nanny." The cooler of the two counsellors, Acevedo has a sly sense of humor and the dark, glossy hair, high cheekbones, expressive eyes, and small frame of the Taino Indians, of Puerto Rico, who are his ancestors. He was a member of the N.Y.P.D. from 1980 to 1985, serving in his last years as an undercover narcotics officer. But the enormous drug caches that he and his colleagues seized on the job proved too tempting to resist, and after sampling small quantities for a while he took to skimming more and more. He became addicted to cocaine, and eventually he got caught. He was given five years' probation and went to an outpatient drug program, but it didn't take. To support his habit, Acevedo began to steal from his parents. When they threw him out, he was forced to live in a city shelter. "It was a frightening, dangerous place," he told me. "The guards were selling cocaine. So, since I was involuntarily undomiciled," he said, ducking his head and laughing, "I moved into my mobile home, the No. 2 train."

Acevedo found his way to Phoenix House because he needed a place to stay. (Few people show up because they think they need help.) "Bob Brennan conducted the assessment interview, and these people told me they would give me a bed and three



"Let's face it. The money's gone out of our marriage."

meals a day—'three hots and a cot.' So I said, 'I can do this.' But you don't really buy into the process right away; I didn't, for nine months. I treated the whole thing as a kind of social-research experiment." By graduation time, however, he had decided to stay on as a staff member, and in 1991 Brennan hired him for his present job. He finds it "overwhelmingly stressful and overwhelmingly rewarding," and he has been at it ever since, except for a one-year leave in 1995 to care for a newborn daughter. (His wife is a court reporter, and he has three stepdaughters from her previous marriage.)

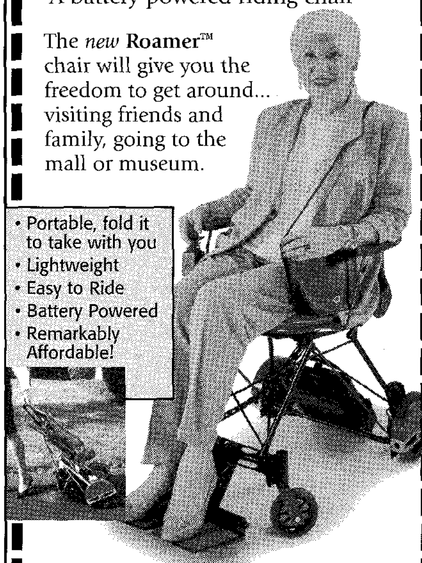
Jose Diaz, who has dark, thick brows, a shy, easy smile, and a gentle manner, also wanted to be a cop when he was growing up, in the South Bronx—a crooked cop. In the early seventies, when he was the president of a division of a black-jacketed, chain-festooned gang called the Savage Skulls, corrupt cops seemed to have it made. "They would beat up anybody they wanted to, and they had plenty of money from the drugs and bribes they grabbed," he told me. His second career choice was the same as that of most of the neighborhood boys—drug dealing. While he was still in his teens, he began selling heroin.

He remembers the day he sniffed it for the first time—November 25, 1978—because it was the day that his first daughter was born, and he gave out heroin bags instead of cigars. He was twenty-two. By then, he had spent two and a half years at Elmira State Prison, an experience that he says gave him the equivalent of a Ph.D. in drug trafficking. "I didn't go to prison thinking, Oh, now I'll change. I went because I got caught, but it proved to be a great opportunity, because when I was there I met many more drug dealers. I became real good at it." When he came out of Elmira with the newfound connections and the skills he'd honed there, he began averaging two thousand dollars a day from drug sales. His street name was Jazz or Jazzy D.

When he was sent to prison for the second time, in 1983, however, he began to fear that he might die. It was not an unreasonable expectation. "My family had already taken out a life-insurance policy on me when I was seventeen," he told me, "because they wanted to be sure to have enough money to bury me with. All the time I was there, I kept hearing that guys I'd been running with had been shot or killed; I had a kind of vision of a safer, saner life." In 1986, he was paroled directly into a Phoenix House facility in the Bronx. Today, he is happily married and has three small daughters. Gratitude and God figure prominently in Diaz's recollections, and, having spent so much of his youth in prison, he feels particularly well qualified for his work of recruiting adolescents.

When Acevedo and Diaz and their fellow-recruiters arrive at the court bullpens for interviews, they are rarely greeted with enthusiasm. Though most of the particulars of the Phoenix Academy's program—rising at six, lights-out at eleven, military neatness in rooms, strict adherence to eighteen Rules and Regulations of the House (including the unequivocal No. 4: "Acceptance of authority")—may not be known, word of its general tenor has got around. While the program's rigidity is difficult for some people to swallow, it is thought by many in the social-service world to account for its success with kids who have lived their lives in chaos. "Change can come about with both high- and low-pressure methods," I was told by Polly McCall, a social worker who has treated addicted people for more than twenty years. "But you can combat addiction, especially among adolescents, only with structure, because addiction is an impulse-ridden behavior." Nonetheless, for a good number of the kids a stretch in an upstate prison, where drugs will probably still be available and a few of their friends may well be around, is, initially, a more easily assimilable prospect. And sometimes the Legal Aid lawyers discourage their clients from taking advantage of it, because they don't want them to have to do the harder time they would face if they dropped out.

Acevedo and Diaz check a candidate's rap sheet for records of any violent crimes, to make sure that there isn't a history of rape, homicide, attempted suicide, or arson, and, beyond that, they use common sense to gauge the character of the boy or girl before them. The two recruiters have different styles, but they share the concern that a newly admitted member might jeopardize the safety of the kids who are already at the academy. Like the D.A.s, the judges, and the court programs—such as Treatment Alternatives to Street Crime, or TASC, and Drug Treatment Alternative to Prison, or DTAP—who have sent the kids to them, they base their de-



Can't Walk Far?
Ride!

A battery powered riding chair

The *new* **Roamer**™ chair will give you the freedom to get around... visiting friends and family, going to the mall or museum.

- Portable, fold it to take with you
- Lightweight
- Easy to Ride
- Battery Powered
- Remarkably Affordable!

Call us TOLL-FREE,
1-800-544-8566
for a FREE brochure.

ROAMER™ Technologies, Inc.
Lancaster, Pennsylvania

UNCONDITIONAL MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE
VISA, MASTERCARD, AMERICAN EXPRESS accepted

MILLENNIUM MARKERS
Gemstone rings hand forged in sterling by
arin™
ruby/sapphire/emerald
ea. ring $119
peridot/amethyst/garnet
$79
Sizing & shipping included
Unconditionally Guaranteed
Catalog: www.arin.ca
VISA/MC/AMEX/MO
CALL TOLL-FREE 1-888-892-2746
ARIN DESIGN/TEMPLAR
530 - 21, 10405 Jasper Ave.
Edmonton, Alta. Cda. T5J 3S2

"The Legend of Loomis Langdon"
THIS STORY MESSES WITH TEXAS!
A Texas Ranger deserts to help the Comanche Indians and stirs-up a controversy... thrilling myth or true story?
Send $25 check to K. Blackson, 807 E. Marshall • Longview, TX 75601

LightenUP
Free boutique catalog of Mica, Mission, Prairie and Tiffany style lamps for your home and office. Prices and service that will brighten your smile.
(Lamp shown: Beanpot by Mica Lamp Co.)
The Bright Spot, Inc.
Phone 800-736-0126
Fax 800-736-1329

Healthy Solutions *for* Losing Weight
STRUCTURE · HOUSE ·
◆ PHYSICAL HEALTH
◆ EMOTIONAL RENEWAL
◆ BEAUTIFUL SURROUNDINGS
◆ PERSONAL SUPPORT
800.553.0052 ◆ http:www.StructureHouse.com

cision to accept kids in part on the degree of societal stress the kids have previously caused. A boy who has preyed on an elderly person is not likely to be chosen; someone who has been issued warrants many times and not responded to them will not be passed along to the recruiters, nor will someone whose sentence is expected to be extremely long.

Acevedo and Diaz tend to ask many of their questions obliquely, and they always leave the kids an "honorable avenue of escape from the tough ones," as Acevedo put it. They'll say, "When was the last time you remember setting a fire?" rather than "Are you an arsonist?" If they feel unsure about a candidate, they will set up a second interview, and someone else will conduct it. And they always talk to the family or the mate of the candidate for corroboration or additional information.

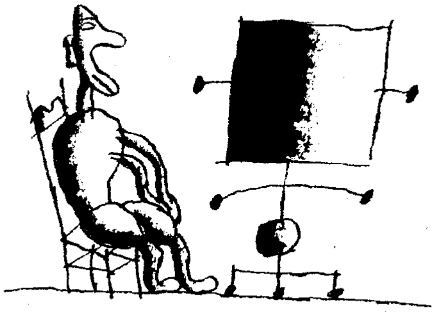
The majority of the kids they talk to, who have been shuttled to the Bronx from Rikers Island for their court date, are African-American or Hispanic and have been arrested for selling drugs. Between fifty and sixty per cent of them have been physically or sexually abused; most have had little or no guidance or structure at home; and, typically, they slipped away from school after eighth grade. Few believe that they have a drug problem, because, as they say, they "only smoke weed." When they appear in court, however, "their eyes are so shiny and glazed you can comb your hair in them," Ferreiro says.

According to John Galea, the director of the Street Studies Unit of the New York State Office of Alcohol and Substance Abuse Services, which has been monitoring changing drug mores among the young for nearly twenty years, "what the kids tend not to admit is that the marijuana is frequently laced with something else." Nowadays, kids smoke mostly "blunts"—short White Owl or Phillies cigars that have been emptied of tobacco and then filled with marijuana, often laced with crack, powdered cocaine, or, more recently, heroin, which has become more affordable and is making a comeback in a purer, sniffable form. On the street, the name for a cocaine-laced blunt is a "woola," or "woolie," and a blunt that has been dipped in beer, dried, and then filled with marijuana is called a "B-40." Young kids trying to look bad sometimes smoke small, dark Indian cigarettes called "bidis," which look a bit like joints; when they're sprinkled with PCP, they are known as "illies."

Though Acevedo and Diaz are as eager as any college recruiter to attract the young, strung-out defendants referred to them, their manner holds no element of cajoling. "Don't lie to us about your history," they say, "because if you do we won't be back." But they explain, too, that, although the program is a tough one, it will give them a chance to improve their lives vastly and that those who successfully complete it will have the charges against them dismissed or reduced.

FORTY-SIX adolescent defendants left jail to enter the Phoenix Academy during the two and a half months I spent accompanying Acevedo and Diaz on their rounds. Most of their interviews and "extractions" from the court went smoothly, but the ones that didn't revealed a lot about the complexity of the recruiters' task. One early May morning, Brennan, Diaz, and I waited in Judge Steven Barrett's courtroom in Bronx Supreme Court for a young man whom I will call Richie Ortiz. Richie, who had traded a one-to-three-year sentence for the program, was about to be released, then accompanied by subway to the Phoenix House headquarters, and driven from there to the academy. At the last minute, however, his release was stalled, because his Social Security number was needed and no one had it. Richie, looking dazed, was clueless. He had had a job bagging groceries once, his girlfriend told me, but he had rarely been called upon to produce his Social Security card, much less learn its number. Judge Barrett agreed to postpone the release until noon if Richie's girlfriend thought she could find his Social Security card at home and return before the court adjourned for lunch. She agreed and, to everyone's relief, brought it back an hour later.

During the lunch break, Brennan and Diaz wolfed down rice-and-beans takeout and bantered with the court officer and with a guard who was passing by their desk. Then they hurried back to Judge Barrett's courtroom. Richie was ready to leave, though he was disturbed because his girlfriend hadn't returned after lunch in time to say goodbye. All the way into Manhattan on the subway, he was distracted. Diaz talked softly to him, trying to help prepare him for what he might expect to happen over the next day or so, but he couldn't seem to focus on what Diaz was saying. By the time we reached the Phoenix House headquarters, he seemed really depressed, and a half hour later, when he was left alone briefly in a room with a busy receptionist, he excused himself to go to the bathroom and fled. Because the program is voluntary, even someone standing next to him couldn't have stopped him, and Diaz told me that both he and Acevedo had sometimes seen their young charges flee the moment they walked out onto the courtroom steps. Diaz searched the corridors and stairwells for Richie and came back looking frustrated.



"If only the girlfriend had shown up on time," I said, probably a bit wistfully.

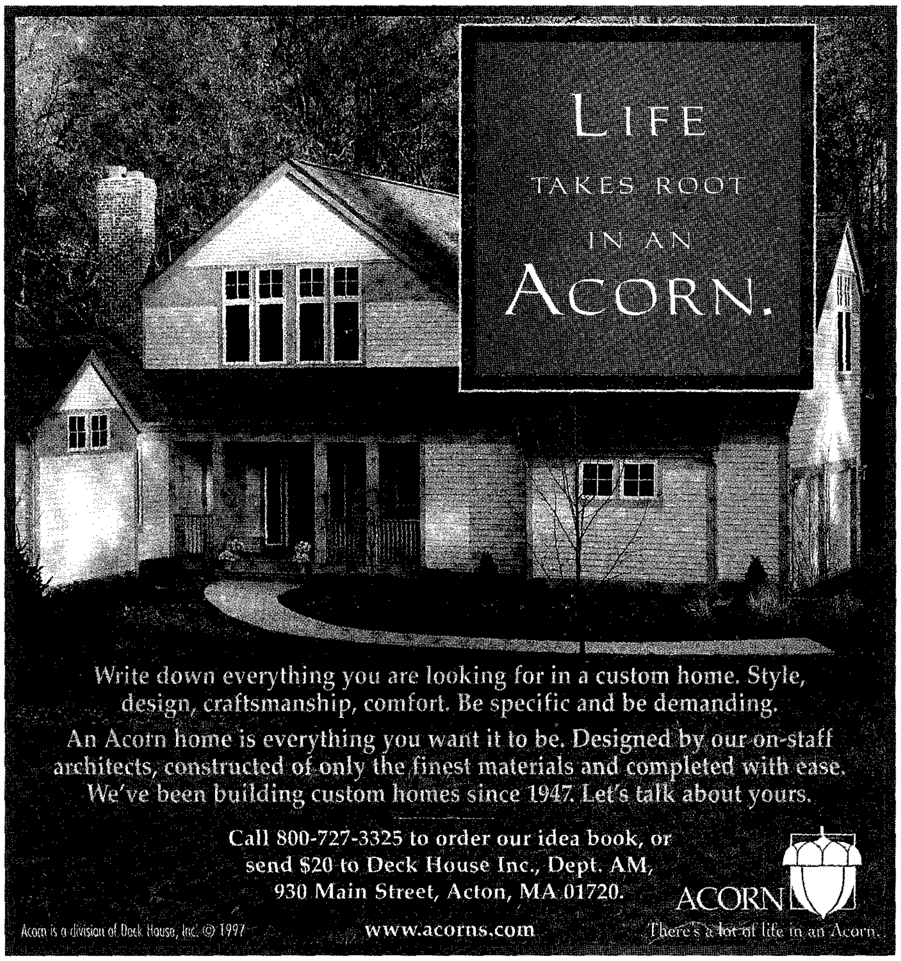
The two men exchanged knowing looks. "The thing is, to a kid who's high all day, consequential thinking is not his long suit," Brennan said.

"You know," Diaz said, "it could be he wants to see his woman, it could be he wants one last hit, it could be almost anything that occurs to him that he thinks he needs to do or to have."

"The main thing," Brennan said, "is that he is definitely not concentrating on the fact that, as a result of his activities, the warrant-squad guys are now going to find him, take him away in shackles, and put him in prison for a very long time." Occasionally, they find the kids right away, Brennan went on to say. "There was one kid that, by the time he gets home, he finds the warrant-squad guys sitting at the table with his family, having dinner." More often, it takes longer; there are at present three hundred and fifteen thousand warrants out in New York. In mid-June, Richie was found and is now in prison, serving the longer sentence Judge Barrett gave him when he was brought back to court—two to six years.

ON another spring morning, not long after Richie's disappearance, Acevedo headed toward one of the bullpens of the Bronx Supreme Court. Though they are on the building's upper floors, they feel as if they were in the deepest bowels of the city. No police show had adequately prepared me for the zoolike press of bodies crammed together on the cell benches or lying on the floors, or the heavy aura of dread, anger, and fear that pervaded the narrow bullpens. All those people were there waiting to be summoned to a courtroom. That day's prospective candidate, a slight seventeen-year-old Latino, had been caught selling drugs near a school. He was wearing expensive clothes—a Tommy Hilfiger shirt, Polo jeans, and Timberland shoes. (Hippolito Alexander Gomez, a likable twenty-two-year-old who has completed most of the Phoenix House program and now works as a senior computer operator for an investment-banking firm, described to me his terror in the "bin," as he watched the stronger, tougher boys wait for the guards to walk away and then descend "like vultures" on whoever was wearing expensive clothes.) The boy whom Acevedo was interviewing that day greeted him sullenly across a plain metal table and gave monosyllabic answers to some of Acevedo's routine questions: "Have you ever thought about suicide?" and "What's the worst thing you've ever done to someone?" He was convinced, erroneously, that the judge had offered him a deal that involved neither prison nor treatment. Acevedo, who spoke softly but kept his eyes locked on the boy's, tried to explain the reality of his situation to him but gave up after a while when he saw that the boy refused to believe him. After trying one last time to break through the boy's resistance, he urged him to talk to his lawyer. Then he called "On the gate!" to a nearby guard and the boy was taken away.

The next day, a second interview with the boy took place—this time, in a more crowded room, in which a metal grille separated inmates from outsiders, and the sound of five or six loud lawyer-client conversations put an added strain on the process. By then, the boy knew how things stood but seemed able to focus only on issues other than the one that bore most pressingly on his future. He complained about the early hour he had been awakened by the guard at Rikers Island—4 A.M.—the discomfort of his cell, and the fact that he didn't have a warm enough jacket. And all the time he was talking he strutted back and forth on his side of the grille with his arms arched in


LIFE TAKES ROOT IN AN ACORN.

Write down everything you are looking for in a custom home. Style, design, craftsmanship, comfort. Be specific and be demanding.

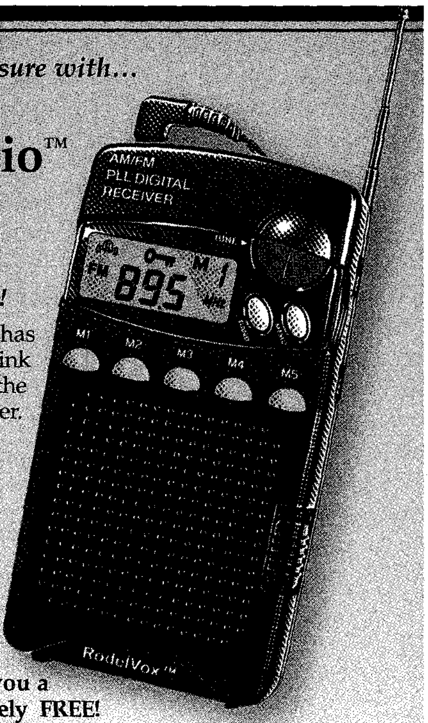
An Acorn home is everything you want it to be. Designed by our on-staff architects, constructed of only the finest materials and completed with ease. We've been building custom homes since 1947. Let's talk about yours.

Call 800-727-3325 to order our idea book, or
send $20 to Deck House Inc., Dept. AM,
930 Main Street, Acton, MA 01720.

www.acorns.com

ACORN
There's a lot of life in an Acorn.

Acorn is a division of Deck House, Inc. © 1997



A whole new world of listening pleasure with...

MR-307A PLL Digital AM/FM Radio™ by RodelVox™ only $59.95*

But read this ad for an even better deal!

This breakthrough shirtpocket radio has sound so clean and crisp that you'd think you were in a concert hall. Here are some of the great features of this breakthrough receiver.

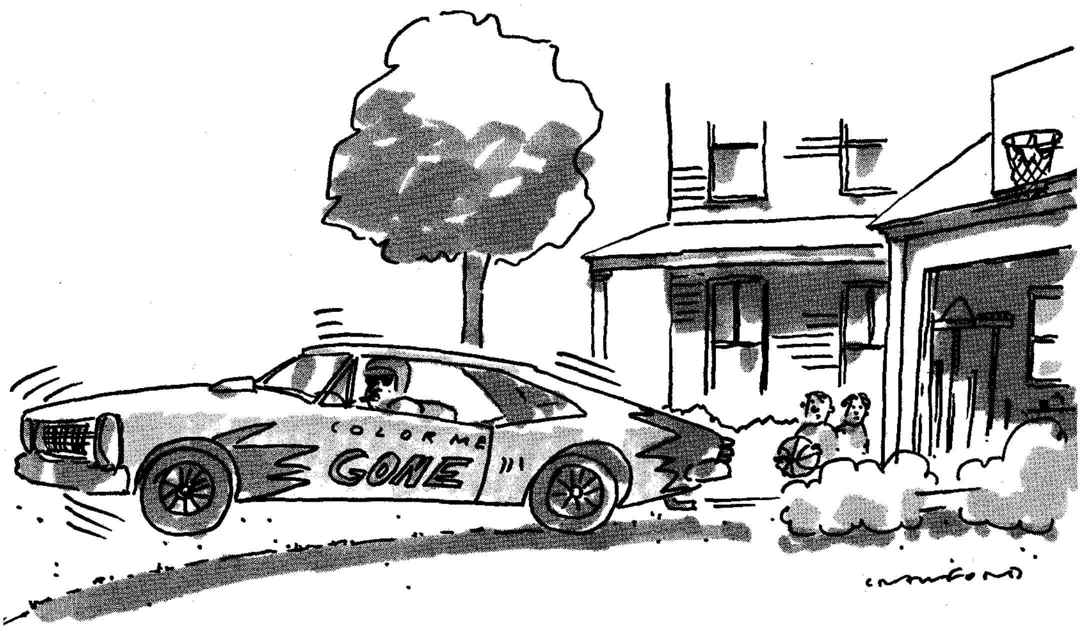
- PLL Synthesized Tuning
- Built-in Speaker
- High-Impact Case
- State-of-the-Art Technology
- 10 Memory Presets
- Stereo Earphones
- Stereo Phone Jack
- Stereo/Mono Switch
- Key-Lock Function
- Telescope Antenna
- Last-Tuned Station Retained
- Batteries Included

***And here is the "even better deal": Buy two *PowerVox IV*™ for $119.90 and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!**

You may order by toll-free phone, by mail, or by fax and pay by check or Visa/MasterCard. Please give order number **#1050D114.** Add $4.95 for ship./ins. and sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30-day refund and one-year warranty. We do not refund postage.

since 1967
haverhills®
185 Berry St., San Francisco, CA 94107

Order by toll-free phone: (800) 797-7367 or by fax: (415) 546-7808



"Your dad seems really focussed on his own journey."

front of him. Next, he said, "I'll just do my time, you know what I mean? I'll just do what I have to do. I'll be out in six months. I don't have to take any of this shit." Acevedo asked him what his mother had said. He shrugged and said, "She's not talking to me since I been here. She's mad because I got arrested." Acevedo briefly described for him what prison would be like, but the boy remained adamantly nonresponsive, so once again Acevedo called to the guard, shouting over the cacophony of voices.

Another seventeen-year-old whom Acevedo interviewed—this time in the Brooklyn pens, where the mesh of the interview-room grille was so thick that it was difficult to make him out—was a sad, spacey Puerto Rican boy, who had been bounced around in foster homes and described himself as definitely not retarded, but slow. He had been arrested for selling. He was thin and pale and sorry-looking, but there was a flicker of hope in his eyes. One of the standard questions in the interview is "If you could have three wishes granted, what would they be?" and his were to get out of jail, to get off drugs (in his case crack and marijuana), and to stay out of jail and off drugs. But it was hard for the boy to understand a lot of the interview questions, and, though Acevedo's voice got gentler and gentler, the boy was clearly so upset by his circumstances that he began to weep.

When Acevedo asked the boy to add eight plus eight, he couldn't, and when Acevedo held up a brochure and asked the boy if he could read it, he couldn't do that, either. Acevedo was plainly moved by the interview and looked glum as we left. The boy seemed too far behind to cope with even the generously remedial level of the high school at Yorktown, and too fragile to handle its large size and sink-or-swim therapeutic approach. "This is a tough one," he said. "We'll try to get him into some other program, but he's the kind of kid who is in danger of falling between the cracks." A few weeks later, I learned that he was going to prison.

PHOENIX HOUSE'S strict approach to therapy—an approach that it shares with other therapeutic communities—is looked upon with ambivalence by people familiar with the less than wholesome history of some of the groups. All therapeutic communities believe in the effectiveness of encounter sessions led by former addicts, and are convinced that destructive life patterns can be changed through work and clear-cut rules, with swift sanctions imposed on those who break them. Before clinically trained staffs began to be integrated into the communities, abuses were inevitable. Participants were often unnecessarily humiliated or assigned meaningless Sisyphean tasks, in an effort to humble them. Because the groups were tax-exempt and nonprofit, government oversight was minimal. It was after Synanon was revealed, in the late seventies, to have developed into a dangerous cult that the therapeutic communities began to increasingly professionalize their ranks. Phoenix House, perhaps because of Dr. Rosenthal's background, has probably always had a greater share of licensed counsellors. Its group-therapy sessions are indeed raw, direct, and confrontational, but they seem carefully modulated and especially well suited to getting past the kids' hypermasculine and deadpan posturings.

Some critics worry that Phoenix House, with its high visibility and the support it receives from many friends in public life and from the media (including the editor of this magazine, who sits on its board), overshadows programs with smaller budgets and different philosophical emphases. Ethan Nadelmann, who is the director of the Lindesmith Center, a drug-policy research institute supported by George Soros, is particularly concerned with harm-reduction programs, which do not focus on abstinence but favor a more gradual, take-people-as-they-are approach. (Needle-exchange programs and special drug courts are both examples of harm-reduction policy.) "Phoenix House looks very good compared to incarceration," Nadelmann said, "but down the road it may not look so good compared to a whole range of alternatives." Mentioning the success of methadone programs, he went on, "For some people, abstinence is the only way to get self-control, but for many others it is not."

One of the best-known advocates of harm-reduction programs is Edith Springer, a social worker and the clinical director of a group called New York Peer AIDS Education Coalition, or NYPAEC. "The therapeutic communities believe that drug addicts have a problem with their character," she told me. "That they are not moral, good people. And that the way to work with them is to break down their personalities and rebuild a new, honest personality." Springer believes that the best way to work with adolescents is "to love them unconditionally and give them some important work to do, and start to develop their egos, to empower them." She explains, "We don't tell kids to stop using drugs and we don't tell kids to stop prostituting. We focus on developing the kids; the rest of it comes along."

When I mentioned my conversation with Springer to Acevedo, about a week later, he shook his head. "Of course there need to be a lot of different programs around, to suit people's different needs, but the idea of not telling an adolescent that he has to get off drugs, or that he will be all right with a 'reduced drug habit'—that's like seeing a kid with a gun with eight bullets in it and taking out six of the bullets and giving him back the gun."

Whatever misgivings critics of the Phoenix House court program may have, according to a Vera Institute of Justice report (one of the few follow-up studies that track the success of New York City's court-mandated drug-treatment programs), it is a model that works. The study is based on data from DTAP. As Susan Powers, the Brooklyn deputy district attorney who designed DTAP, told me recently, "The premise of all these programs is that the defendants will return to society in a better position to resist drugs and crime after treatment than if they had spent a comparable time in prison at twice the cost. And that is what has happened."

Justice Rena K. Uviller, who used to head the American Civil Liberties Union's Juvenile Rights Project and since 1983 has sat on the bench of State Supreme Court in Manhattan, has sent many defendants into court-mandated drug-treatment programs. In a recent telephone interview, she said, "When defendants come back to court for their periodic progress reports, and they're doing well, it is like seeing people come back from the dead."

ON any given weekday, the Phoenix Academy's long cream-colored hallways are filled with kids, predominantly boys, on their way to classes. They wear school uniforms: white shirts, red ties, and gray slacks for the boys, white shirts and navy skirts for the girls. (After school they may wear their own clothes, but are forbidden street-culture regalia.) The student I spent the most time with was Ronald Williams, a twenty-two-year-old who was nearing graduation. Tall, serious-looking, and bespectacled, Ronald, who has a toothy smile, was eight when his mother became addicted to cocaine.

When I asked Ronald what his household had been like, he said, "We didn't have a household." Now, he said, his mother was in recovery and in school, and he was "a hundred and fifty per cent proud of her."

In the most active period of his drug life, Ronald got out on the streets early in the morning from the first of the month to the fifteenth, when the welfare and S.S.I. checks came and business always boomed. "So now I'm rockin', buying jewels, I've got a pocketful of money," he said. "I think I'm happy." In all this, he was treading in the footsteps of three older brothers, who actually tried to discourage him from following their example. All three have done time "upstate"; James, who is Ronald's favorite, was the main family provider. "The life he was living, the fast life—I got stuck on that. That life style always attracted me, the glimmer."

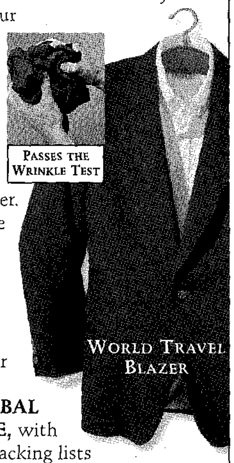
His father, also named Ronald, is a tall, strapping former security officer and bodyguard for the Rolling Stones, who hadn't been around much when he was a boy, Ronald said. "He come to see me now and then."

These days, Ronald visits his father frequently, and brings along his two-year-old son, also named Ronald, whom he had with a former girlfriend. (The child lives with Ronald's mother.) "My dad went to the Phoenix Family Program, and now we're getting a little bit of a connection," Ronald told me one day during a visit to his father. Eventually, he wants to be a computer programmer. In the meantime, with some savings he'll have after completing vocational training in barbering and with some help from his stepmother and a friend who sells cars, he plans to open a unisex barbershop. His father smiled at the idea of the barbershop. He said that he and his son didn't know each other very well and had a difficult history, but "we're not doing bad at all right now."

Later that evening, as we were walking toward the subway, Ronald said, "I look at the crack heads in my old neighborhood, where my moms is, and see the kids spaced out. I used to walk right by, and it was like nothing to me. It looks different now. Even I look different. Sometimes I get up in the morning, and I just stare at my face in the mirror, and I know it's the same face but different." ♦

How To Be Well Traveled Without Looking That Way

Travel can enrich your life. Unfortunately, it can also mess up your wardrobe. But not once you've gotten your hands on our **FREE CATALOG**.
At TravelSmith, we've assembled a fantastic collection of easygoing, easy-to-pack, easy-care clothes for men and women that help you travel lighter and smarter. With versatile items like our Wrinkle-Free Travel Blazers and Triblend Travel Shirts, you'll be ready for anything without packing everything. When you call for your free catalog, we'll include our **FREE GLOBAL OUTFITTING GUIDE**, with detailed packing lists for every kind of trip from a European tour to a jungle safari. Find out why TravelSmith is the official outfitter to more than 80 of the world's most respected travel companies. Order your free catalog today. It's a whole new wrinkle in wrinkle-free travel.



TRAVELSMITH

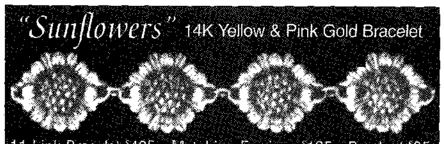
FREE CATALOG

TRAVELSMITH®

60 LEVERONI CT • NOVATO, CA 94949 • WWW.TRAVELSMITH.COM

1-800-950-1600 DEPT NYO440

"Sunflowers" 14K Yellow & Pink Gold Bracelet



11 Link Bracelet $495 • Matching Earrings $125 • Pendant $95
Unconditionally Guaranteed 1-888-764-3100
THOUGHTWAVE 527 3rd Ave. NY, NY 10016 Major Credit Cards

Antique Posters

Visit our on-line Gallery and view over 350 original posters Chéret, Lautrec, Mucha and other Masters of the poster.

www.yaneff.com

Send for our free 28 page color catalog.

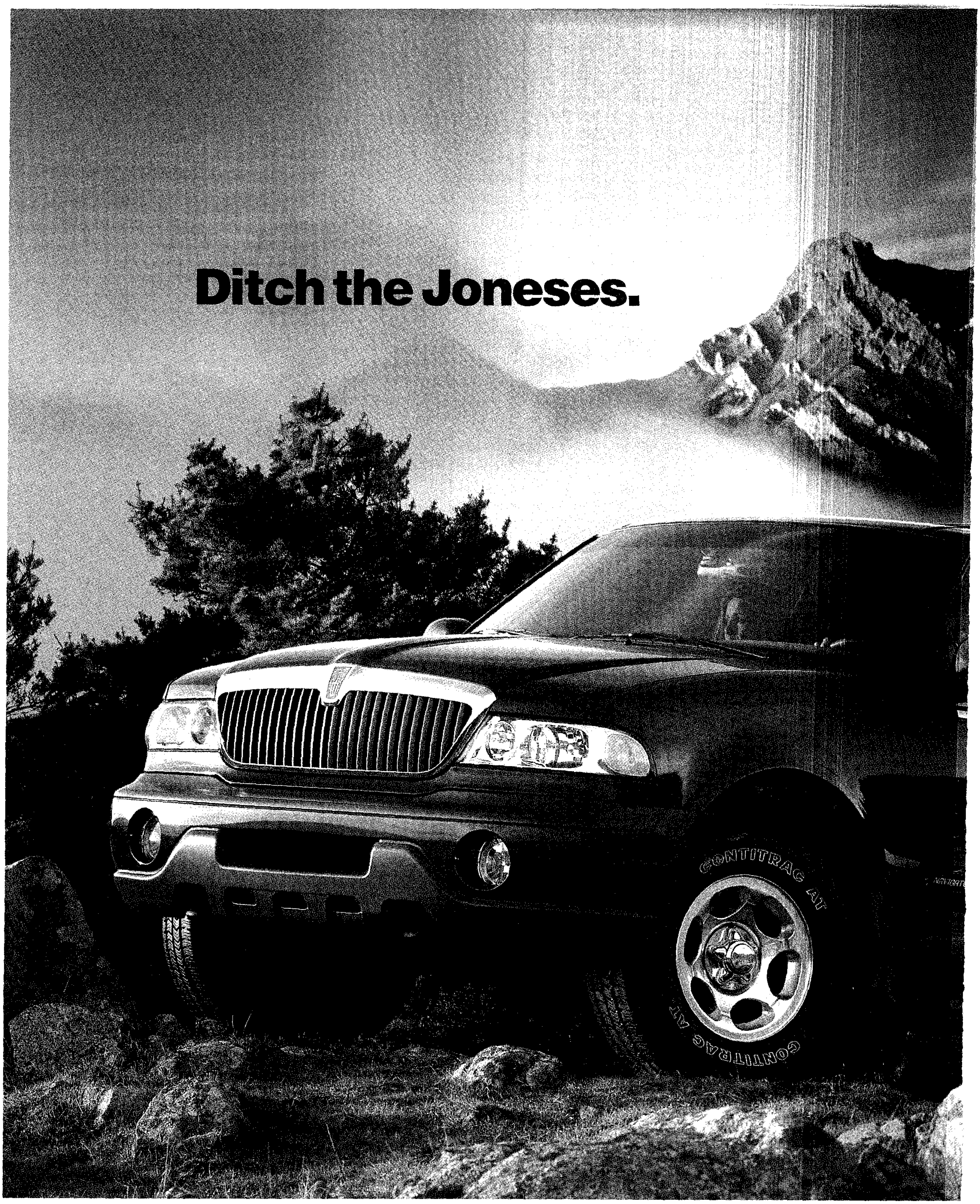
Yaneff International, 18949 Centreville Crk. Rd. Caledon E. Ont. Canada, L0N 1E0 (905) 584-9398 fax (905) 584-9569

RENT YOUR OWN

IRISH CASTLE

FULLY STAFFED PRIVATE 40 ACRE LUXURY ESTATE
AVAILABLE A FEW WEEKS EACH YEAR FOR FAMILIES OR GROUPS OF 8-24. GREAT GOLF, FISHING, HISTORIC WHITE DEER HERD. FROM $12,500PW.
CALL OWNERS @ 202-547-7849 FAX 011-353-224-2132

LONDON FLATS
personally selected by
FARNUM & CHRIST
800-366-2048 • 423-652-2048


Ditch the Joneses.
CONTITRAC AT
CONTITRAC AT

Although there's something to be said for getting ahead, the new Navigator has more to do with getting away. And taking life's luxuries with you. With up to 8,000 pounds of towing capacity. Available Control-Trac 4WD with load-leveling suspension that lowers the vehicle for easier entry.

LINCOLN

And a 5.4L V-8 to escape civilization, Joneses and all (nothing against anyone named Jones). For information about this full-size luxury SUV, call toll-free 1 888 2ANYWHERE (1 888 226-9943), visit our web site at www.lincolnvehicles.com or see an authorized Lincoln Navigator dealer.

Navigator from Lincoln. What a luxury [ ] should be.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1524

Landfall

THE CHOICE OF DECISION MAKERS

The greatest rewards come to those who make the right moves at the right times. And now is the time to make your move to Landfall, while choice homesites and club memberships are still available. Choose Landfall for the beauty, the coast and the climate. Jack Nicklaus and Pete Dye golf. Cliff Drysdale tennis. And now, an exciting new clubhouse. Enjoy the best of country club living at Landfall.

Homesites from $75,000. Homes from $295,000. Call 1-800-227-8208 for a brochure. Landfall Associates, 1801 Eastwood Road, Wilmington, North Carolina 28405.

Obtain the Property Report required by federal law and read it before signing anything. No federal agency has judged the merits or value, if any, of this property. This advertisement shall not be deemed an offering in any state where prohibited by law. 88/16-138/1 NJREC. This project is registered with the New Jersey Real Estate Commission. Registration does not constitute an endorsement of the merits or value of the project. Obtain and read the New Jersey public offering statement before signing anything.

EQUAL HOUSING OPPORTUNITY

CATAMOUNT

CAFÉ

Extraordinary dining
Fine wine - dancing
in a streamside,
mountain forest setting
Catskill Corners
RT. 28 MT. TREMPER, NY
(914) 688-7900

THE POKE BOAT®

IT'S EVERYTHING A CANOE ISN'T.

It weighs only **22 pounds**. You can buy more than a canoe.

606-986-2336

DUKE

Safe, serious weight loss through lifestyle change.

Diet and Fitness Center

Duke University Medical Center, Durham, NC
HTTP://dmi-www.mc.duke.edu/dfc/home.html

800-362-8446

PERSONAL HISTORY

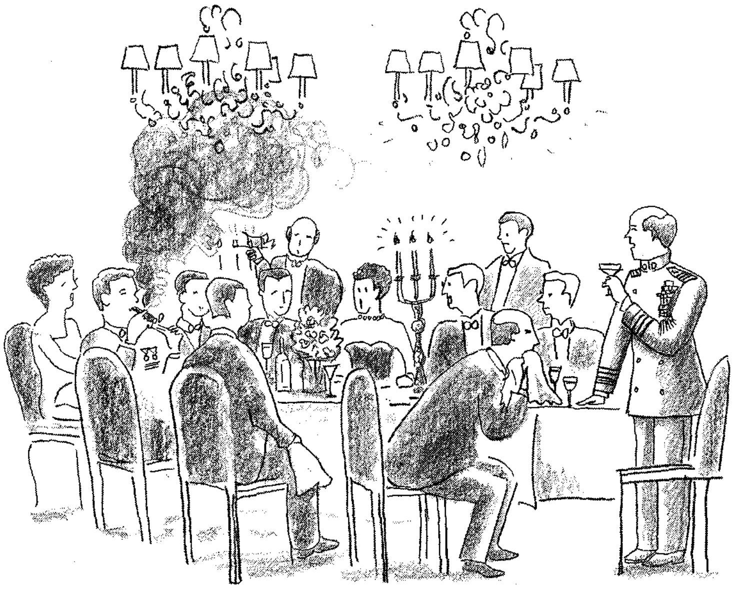
PARTY PROTOCOL

Confessions of a Washington hostess.

BY SALLY QUINN

IN the beginning, when Washington consisted mostly of boarding houses and livery stables connected by muddy streets, surrounded by tidal swamps, and overshadowed by the Roman-ruin marble of the half-built Capitol, few routes to influence were open to women. You could be a political wife (if you happened to be married to a politician rich enough to afford a household with servants), or you could run a boarding house, or you could be a madam. There were elements of all three in what eventually evolved into the phenomenon of the Washington hostess, and for many decades to be a hostess was virtually the only way a woman could acquire power in what Henry James called the city of conversation. By the nineteen-seventies, though, when women began claiming new roles for themselves, it became a point of honor to say, "I never entertain." To say "She's a Washington hostess" was as dismissive as "She's a housewife." So quickly had the Zeitgeist changed that Barbara Howar, who had been one of the great partygivers of the L.B.J. era, remarked, "If I thought my epitaph would read 'hostess' I'd refuse to die."

She didn't die, but the Washington hostess did. Nobody mourned her, at first. But in the late eighties and nineties, the Washington party, sans hostess, has made a modest comeback. At galas and gatherings inside the Beltway, political gossip is again being dished along with the vol-au-vents and quail's eggs, to the accompaniment of small swing bands and clinking glasses; but the parties lack the element of personal charm that the harried hostesses bestowed. Brunches and luncheons, dinners and fêtes that once bore the imprint of one charismatic woman are now merely *events*, coördinated by a bevy of caterers, sponsors, cohosts, and special interests. And those of us who remember the days of the Washington salons know that even though everyone is having a good time, a certain element of fun, and intimacy, is missing.



One of the deadliest sounds in Washington is the tap, tap, tap on the hostess's glass.

SUSAN DAVIS

MY mother grew up in Savannah, and my father on the eastern shore of Maryland. So I was brought up to value hospitality in general, and Southern hospitality in particular. Years ago, when my father was in the Army, stationed in Greece, my parents were invited to a dinner given by a British admiral. It was extremely formal, with a footman behind every chair. There were cigarettes and ashtrays on the table, and my father lit up after the main course, as was the custom at the time. The admiral, a dour-looking man with a long face, leaned toward my father, who was seated at the other end of the table, and said in a reproachful voice, "General Quinn, in this house we do not smoke until after the sweet."

"Admiral," my father replied, leaning toward his host, "in my house a guest can do no wrong."

My father, a two-star general, was no stranger to protocol. But in his gruff way he was on to something: the partygiver's equivalent of "The customer is always right." His hosting philosophy was put to the test several weeks later, when the admiral came to dinner at our house, and fell off his chair, inebriated, before the sweet.

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR., has written that Washington is a city "where the sternest purpose lurks behind the greatest frivolity." And Pamela Harriman, refining the point, said that one should never give a party without having a serious agenda. That's ridiculous, of course—a party is its own excuse for being. But Washington is a town that lives by agendas, and people feel more comfortable if they think they have one. That's why so many Washington parties have a stated purpose—to honor somebody, or to celebrate some civic anniversary, or to mark some shift in power relationships. Even a profoundly *un*serious agenda will do.

I once had a Valentine's Day party at which the guests were greeted at the door with "love potions." I don't remember what was in the glasses, but after an hour or so men in black tie and women in evening gowns were giggling on the living-room floor. I had hired a palm reader to tell people about their love lives (or whatever else they cared to ask about), and had installed her in an upstairs bedroom. Once her presence was announced, the line that formed at the bottom of the stairs included William Webster, the director of the C.I.A.

AT a Washington party, where power, curiosity, conviviality, and alcohol all get mixed together, someone is apt to spring a leak. One solution is simply never to invite reporters, but since many of my friends happen to be reporters I can't imagine a party without them, and I've had to trust that my V.I.P. guests will arrive forearmed. One guest whose armor shows no signs of wearing thin is Colin Powell.

At a New Year's Eve party my husband and I gave to usher in 1991, all the talk was about whether or not President Bush would order air strikes against Saddam Hussein in retaliation for his invasion of Kuwait. General Powell, who was the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, was bombarded with questions about the government's plans. He played the Sphinx throughout most of the evening, but finally, toward midnight, the Washington *Post* columnist Richard Cohen asked Powell whether he thought it a good idea for him to plan a reporting trip to Iraq.

"No," Powell replied solemnly. "Not unless you want to come home in a body bag."

Word of this exchange spread through the room, and over the next few days there was a rash of stories in the papers confidently asserting that the United States was preparing to go to war.

IN Washington, a hostess has to be versatile enough to handle V.I.P.s who R.S.V.P. that they can't stay for dinner but would like to stop by for drinks. But when those V.I.P.s are the President and the First Lady, and they end up having too good a time, the whole thing can get tricky.

This happened a few months ago at a birthday party I attended for Kati Marton, the writer, who is the wife of the diplomat Richard Holbrooke. When people arrived at eight, they found the Clintons relaxing in the living room. It was clear that the President and the First Lady were unwinding from a long day and were having a very good time. With forty guests to get around to—and the President on crutches—it took quite a while for the Clintons to circulate. Finally, around ten, the beleaguered hostess let it be known that they were welcome to stay for dinner.

It was only then that the Clintons, realizing how late it was, said good night. The main course may have been a bit too well done, but the evening nonetheless exemplified an unbeatable recipe for Washington dinner-party success: the President and the First Lady come for cocktails and then leave before dinner, so that everyone can talk about them for the rest of the evening.

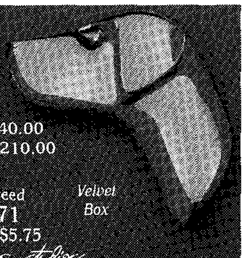
ONE of the deadliest sounds in Washington is the tap, tap, tap of the hostess's fork on her glass, signalling that we are now going to talk about, say, the Burmese political situa-

RHINO
What's missing from your record collection?
"I know I sure didn't feel whole until I had some dope-peddling, masochistic, pigeon-poisoning, element-rhyming musical satire."
-David McLees, an admitted Rhino employee

Songs & More Songs by Tom Lehrer

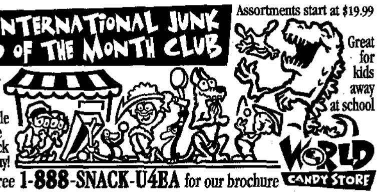
Songs & More Songs By Tom Lehrer. The first two albums by the master of social and political satire - finally on one CD.
Available at BORDERS
BOOKS • MUSIC • CAFE

Retriever
Pin
Sterling Silver $40.00
14k Gold $210.00
Satisfaction Guaranteed
1-800-235-0471
Visa, MC, AMEX S/H $5.75
Velvet Box
ROGER NICHOLS Studios
17 NW Irving Ave.Bend, OR 97701
Actual size



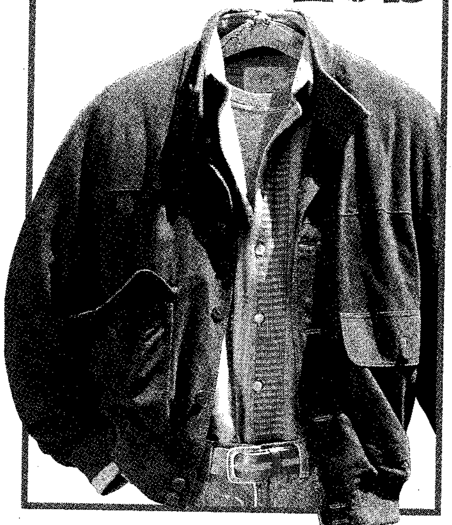
The Women's Travel Company
Exclusive tours for women
Small groups of 12 - Europe a speciality
Including the finest in boutique hotels, dining, cooking courses and beauty treatments at top spas.
Call 1-800-778-5877

THE INTERNATIONAL JUNK FOOD OF THE MONTH CLUB
Assortments start at $19.99
The candy, cookies, chips & cake people around the world snack on every day!
Great for kids away at school
Call toll free 1-888-SNACK-U4EA for our brochure
WORLD CANDY STORE



For the discriminating vacationer
a commitment to excellence
Kiawah Island
Rentals and Sales
Pam Harrington Exclusives
803-768-0273 1-800-845-6966

PART SNOB
Part Slob



THE TERRITORY AHEAD
exceptional clothing for men & women
1·800·686·8178
CALL FOR A FREE CATALOG
www.territoryahead.com DEPT. E

Sensual Stories on CD or Audiocassette
"AudioErotica"™
Sexy stories, adventures and fantasies.
One 60 minute recording mailed monthly. Discreet packaging. Subscription is $84/year for 12 tapes or $114/year for 12 CDs (plus $14 s&h). Thirty-day money back guarantee.
1-800-298-3008
This material is explicit. You must be 21 or older to purchase. Residents of FL add sales tax. VISA, MC, DC, AE. Or send check with signed statement of age to: Dept.W5552, Shop By Phone, X-Tapes,Inc, 777 So State Rd 7,Margate, FL33068-2823.
SHOP by Phone

Cat Bracelet (Six Links)

Velvet Box
Satisfaction Guaranteed
1-800-235-0471
Visa, MC, AMEX S/H $5.75
Sterling Silver $165.00
14k Gold $595.00
ROGER NICHOLS studios
17 NW Irving Ave • Bend, OR 97701

CRUISE BY FREIGHTER
Europe, S. America, Africa, Australia, New Zealand, Caribbean. Deluxe accommodations for just 12 passengers. Reasonable prices.
TravLtips
Cruise & Freighter Travel Association
Box 580218-D4, Flushing, NY 11358 (800)872-8584
check our web site: http: //www.travltips.com

tion. It's not that I'm not interested in Burma. It's just that I don't appreciate having somebody demand that I say something intelligent on the spot. Such evenings always leave me feeling stupid, either because I've clammed up or because I haven't. But the clink on the glass does not always presage disaster. One occasion when it didn't was a recent party given by the actor and activist Ron Silver on Inauguration Day. At dessert, Silver got up to offer a toast and remarked that there were a number of people present who had given something important to their country. He then asked all who cared to do so to talk about what they thought their greatest sacrifice had been. Nearly everyone answered.

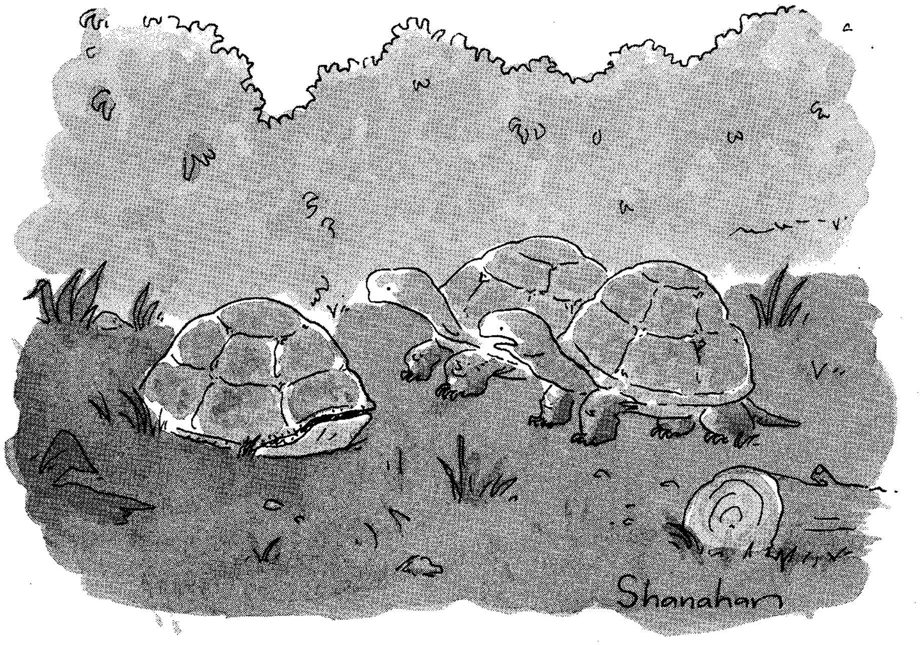
Much of what was said was remarkably moving, especially the words of Senator Bob Kerrey. A Vietnam veteran, who had been awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor in 1970, the Nebraska Senator surprised everybody by saying that he had never actually worn the medal in public until that very day, having felt that to do so would have been ostentatious and that, in any case, it had been given to him not so much for what he had done in combat as for the sacrifice of others. This prompted an interruption by General Powell, who, in a voice filled with emotion, said that he wanted to reinforce Senator Kerrey's point: the important thing to realize, he said, was that one didn't "win" the Medal of Honor, one "received" it on behalf of one's comrades.

ALL of us have known—and some of us have been—the kind of hostess who is a nervous wreck. She hyperventilates, she pushes you from group to group, she tells you to have a drink, try these hors d'oeuvres. But in the unforgiving, Darwinian jungle of Washington parties, jitteriness can be socially fatal. If you're too highly strung, you can get strung up.

A sad case in point was that of Sondra Gotlieb, the wife of Allan Gotlieb, who served as the Canadian Ambassador in Washington during the nineteen-eighties. Almost single-handedly, the couple had revived Embassy Row, which had been virtually moribund since the Six-Day War, in 1967, shut down party-giving at the free-spending Arab embassies. On that particular evening, the Gotliebs were throwing a bash for the Canadian Prime Minister, Brian Mulroney.

Vice-President Bush was running late, so Sondra Gotlieb suggested that we all begin moving out to the garden, where tables had been set on a boarded-over swimming pool. (I was at the deep end and didn't draw a relaxed breath all night.) Sondra seemed agitated as she headed for the front door and took her place outside to wait for the Bushes. The press corps was also stationed in the driveway.

As Sondra waited, she turned to her social secretary and asked what had hap-



"At least he died at home."

pened to Richard Darman, President Reagan's Deputy Secretary of the Treasury. When the secretary informed her that Darman had dropped out at the last minute, the overwrought hostess slapped her across the face, in full view of the press. Needless to say, the story made the papers. In New York or Los Angeles, the incident either would have passed unnoticed or would have prompted the hostess's friends to urge her to take a vacation. But in Washington, what was quickly dubbed The Slap put a sudden, brutal end to Sondra Gotlieb's career as a successful hostess.

MANNERS in Washington change with the times—just a bit more slowly, perhaps, than they do in other parts of the country. I remember being taken by my parents to a cocktail party given by the legendary hostess Gwen Cafritz back in the fifties, when I was seventeen. It was a classic Washington summer-evening reception, held on a spacious lawn filled with congressmen, senators, ambassadors, members of the Cabinet, and White House officials. After mingling awhile, my mother and I headed for the buffet table. As we were reaching for the shrimp, both of us jumped and let out a shriek. Senator Strom Thurmond, grinning from ear to ear, had one hand on my behind and the other on my mother's. As I recall, we were both quite flattered, and thought it terribly funny and wicked of ol' Strom.

Jump ahead to the mid-seventies, when the role of women had supposedly become less exclusively ornamental, and a night when my husband and I were invited to Averell and Pamela Harriman's for a dinner in honor of Senator Frank Church, who was contemplating a run for the Presidency. After dinner, Pam tapped her glass and announced that the ladies would be joining her for coffee upstairs, and the men would go into the living room to hear Senator Church discuss his political plans. The *Post* had assigned me to write a profile of the Senator, and I was wild at the notion that I was to be prevented from hearing him. As the ladies dutifully trooped out behind Pam, I followed the men, only to be stopped by Governor Harriman. He glared at me, and commanded, "Miss Quinn, the ladies will go upstairs." Before I could respond, he bellowed, "Miss Quinn, this is my house, and in my house the ladies go upstairs after dinner." This, remember, was twenty years after the publication of Betty Friedan's "The Feminine Mystique," ten years after "women's lib," and five years after a woman (and a "Washington hostess" at that), Katharine Graham, had helped bring down a President of the United States. I said, "Good night, Governor," and walked out—defiant in my raised consciousness, and shaking like a leaf.

WASHINGTON dinner parties can be intimidating, even to battle-hardened veterans of social combat. Perhaps that's why some of the most enjoyable parties are the ones where something goes slightly wrong. I count among my most successful parties a dinner I gave many years ago for Fleur Cowles, the founder of the great, short-lived magazine *Flair*, who was visiting from London. Among the guests were the former Ambassador to Great Britain David Bruce and his wife, Evangeline, a celebrated hostess of the day, and various journalists, television personalities, and diplomats.

My mother taught me two things: "Never cook something for company that you haven't cooked before" and "Always prepare as much as you can in advance, so you'll have time to spend with your guests." Accordingly, the main course I chose was one of her standbys, called Johnny Mazetti—a simple casserole of baked noodles and ground beef with lots of olives, cheese, and tomatoes. All it needed was heating up at the last minute.

At eight, the guests arrived, and the party took off. I put the Johnny Mazetti in the electric casserole cooker. At nine, I went into the kitchen to get the food on the table. The noodles were stone cold. I turned up the temperature and poured more drinks. At nine-thirty, the noodles were still cold. More drinks. At ten, I checked again—no progress. Finally, one of the men came in and discovered that I had neglected to plug in the cooker. Dinner was served at eleven, but by then no one, least of all the ditzy hostess, was sober enough to care. The Ambassador, who was nearly eighty, was sprawled in the bedroom next to Barbara Howar. Nobody ate the Johnny Mazetti. And Evangeline Bruce maintained for the rest of her life that it was the best party she had ever been to. ♦

RARE DALI PRINTS

If you own, or are considering the purchase of a Salvador Dali print....

SALVADOR DALI
A RETROSPECTIVE OF MASTER PRINTS

Our exclusive catalog features full-color pictures of more than 500 signed limited edition Salvador Dali prints. Each print is fully documented by **Albert Field**, curator of the Salvador Dali Archives, and guaranteed authentic. The catalog, "Salvador Dali: A Retrospective of Master Prints," is a must for anyone interested in works signed by Dali. Call now and we will rush you a **free** copy of "The Salvador Dali Collector's Newsletter". ($15 per issue)

1-(800) 275-3254
ask for Dept. NY

http://www.daligallery.com • FAX 310-454-2090
Brana Fine Art • 15332 Antioch St., # 108, Pacific Palisades, CA 90272

MISSING A PIECE OF YOUR PATTERN?®

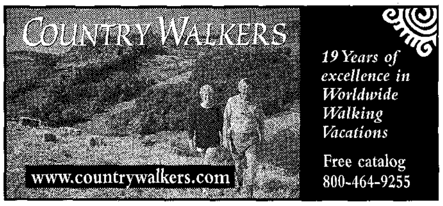
Replace pieces or add to your sterling silver at up to 75% off retail. We specialize in new and used flatware and holloware. Over 1,200 patterns in stock. Call or write for a free inventory of your sterling pattern. *(We buy sterling silver, with a careful appraisal for maximum value.)*

Pattern shown: Chantilly by Gorham.

Beverly Bremer
SILVER SHOP
3164 Peachtree Rd., Dept. NY, Atlanta, GA 30305 / Mon.-Sat. 10-5
404 261-4009

Kiawah
Seabrook & Wild Dunes
Free 28-Page Golf Guide
1-800-247-5050 Ad #202
Near Historic Charleston, SC
Ravenel Associates, Kiawah Island, SC 29455

BREADS BY MAIL
Old Style European, Specialty Breads, and Holiday Stollen
SHIPPED FRESH TO YOUR DOOR
800-9-BAKERY (7-7 EST)
SHEPHERDSTOWN SWEET SHOP BAKERY
P.O. Box 1672 Shepherdstown, WV 25443



COUNTRY WALKERS
19 Years of excellence in Worldwide Walking Vacations
Free catalog
800-464-9255
www.countrywalkers.com

A New Yorker Exclusive!
Olde World .....
Full Strength Worcestershire Sauce
3 Lg. Bottles plus FREE Recipes & Gift!
$19.95 plus shipping & handling
1-800-299-0081 OR FAX 803-781-4986
All Credit Cards welcome. www.worcestershiresauce.com

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE DEAD ZONE

Seven bodies buried in the Arctic tundra might solve the riddle of the worst flu pandemic in history—and might help us prevent it from happening again.

BY MALCOLM GLADWELL

I—PERMAFROST

On September 24, 1918, three days after setting sail from Norway's northern coast, the Forsete arrived in Longyearbyen, a tiny mining town on one of the Norwegian islands north of the Arctic Circle. It was the last ship of the year, before ice made the Arctic fjords impassable, and it carried among its passengers a number of fishermen and farmers going north for the winter to earn extra money in Longyearbyen's coal mines. During the voyage, however, the ship had been hit with an outbreak of flu. Upon landing, many of the passengers had to be taken to the local hospital, and over the next two weeks seven of them died. They were buried side by side in the local cemetery, their graves marked by six white crosses and one headstone:

OLE KRISTOFFERSEN
February 1, 1896–October 1, 1918

MAGNUS GABRIELSEN
May 10, 1890–October 2, 1918

HANS HANSEN
September 14, 1891–October 3, 1918

TORMOD ALBRIGTSEN
February 2, 1899–October 3, 1918

JOHAN BJERK
July 3, 1892–October 4, 1918

WILLIAM HENRY RICHARDSEN
April 7, 1893–October 4, 1918

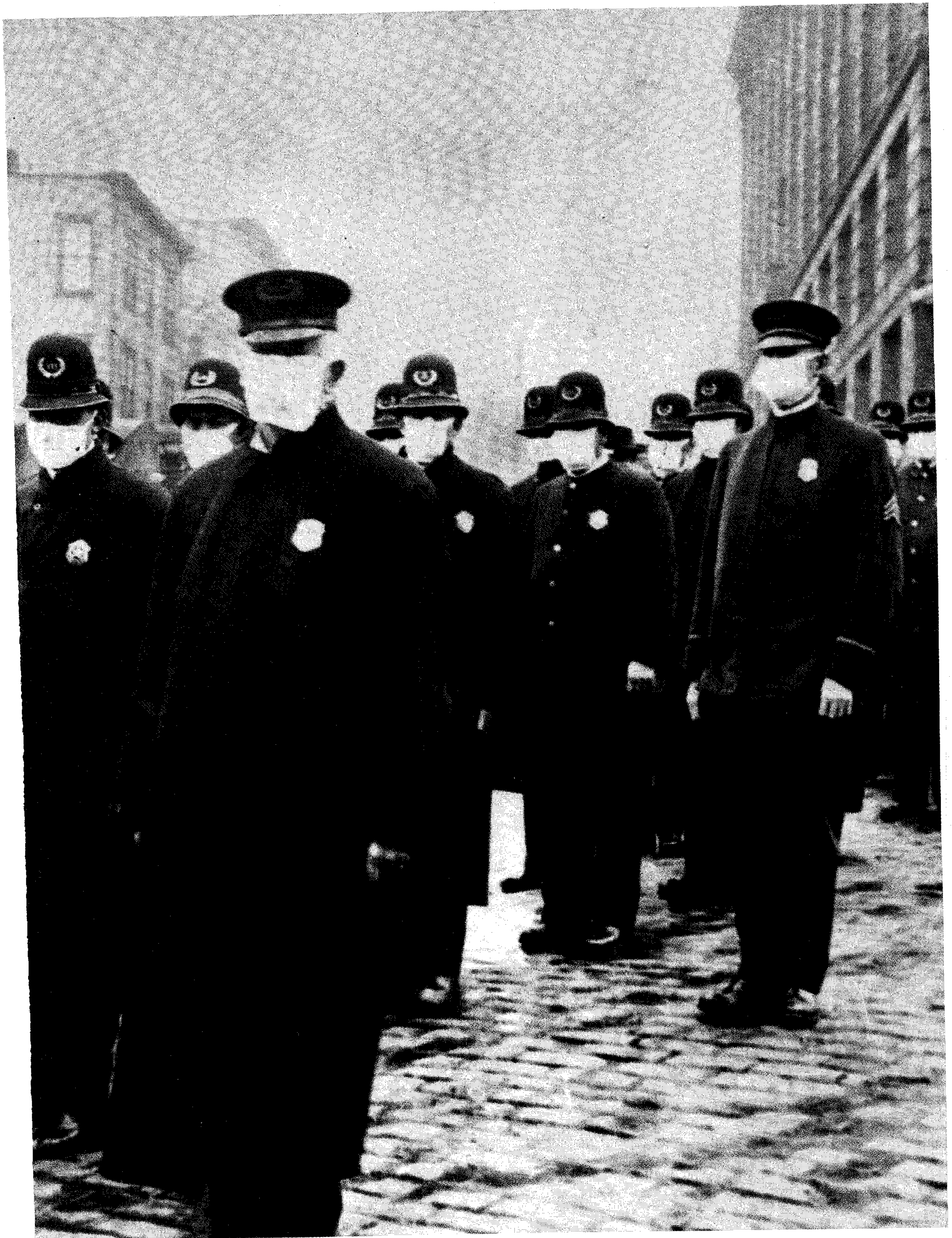
KRISTIAN HANSEN
March 10, 1890–October 7, 1918

The Longyearbyen cemetery is at the base of a steep hill, just beyond the town limits. If you look up from the cemetery, you can see the gray wooden skeleton of the coal mine that used to burrow into the side of the hill, and if you look to your left you can see the icy fringes of a glacier. Farther down the mountain are a shallow stream, a broad shale plain, and then, half a mile or so across the valley, Longyearbyen itself: a small cluster of red-roofed, brightly painted frame buildings. There are no trees, because Longyearbyen is many miles above the tree line, and from almost anywhere in the valley the cemetery is in plain view. Each grave site is slightly elevated and surrounded by rocks, and there are well-worn pathways among the rows of crosses. A chain-link fence rings the periphery. When I was there in late August, the ground had been warmed by the Arctic summer sun and was soft and spongy, carpeted with orange and red and white lichen. In the last row I found the miners' graves—seven deaths separated by six days.

It is possible to go to almost any cemetery in the world and find a similar cluster of graves from the fall of 1918. Between September and November of that year, as the First World War came to an end, an extraordinarily lethal strain of influenza swept the globe, killing between twenty million and forty million people. More Americans died of the flu over the next few months than were killed during the First World War, the Second World War, the Korean War, and the Vietnam War combined. The Spanish flu, as it came to be known, reached every continent and virtually every country on the map, going wherever ships sailed or cars or trucks or trains travelled, killing so many so quickly that some cities were forced to convert streetcars into hearses, and others buried their dead in mass graves, because they ran out of coffins. Of all those millions of graves, though, the seven in Longyearbyen stand apart. There, less than eight hundred miles from the North Pole, the ground beneath the lichen is hard-frozen permafrost. The bodies of the seven miners may well be intact, cryogenically preserved in the tundra, and, if so, the flu virus they caught on board the Forsete—the deadliest virus that the world

The Spanish flu of 1918 reached virtually e

CULVER PICTURES



ıtry, killing so many so quickly that some cities were forced to convert streetcars into hearses. Seattle police wore masks during the pandemic.

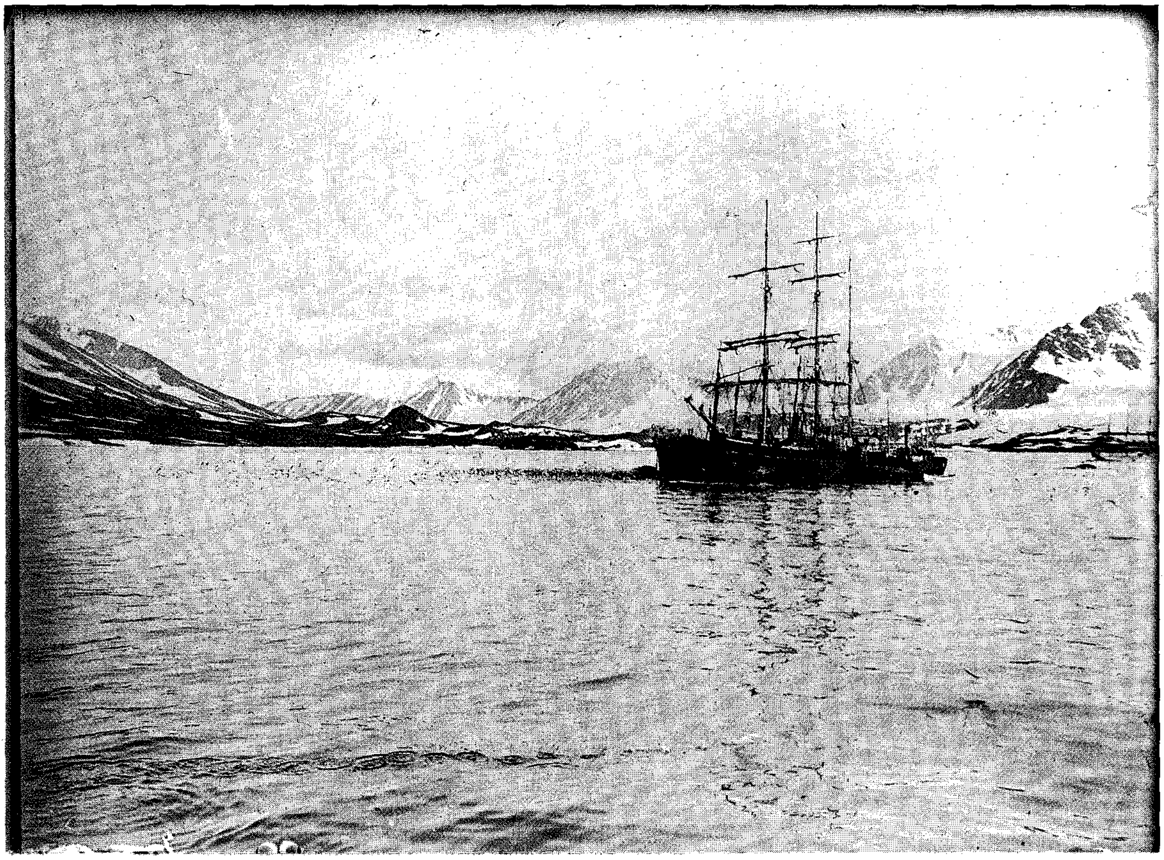
has ever known—may still be down there with them.

At the beginning of next month, a scientific team led by the Canadian geographer Kirsty Duncan will fly to Longyearbyen and set up a workstation in the church graveyard. The team will map the site, and then scan it with ground-penetrating radar, passing what looks like a small black vacuum cleaner over the tundra to see how deep the bodies are buried. If the radar shows that they are below the active layer of the permafrost—that is, below the layer that thaws each summer—the team will return next fall with enough medical equipment and gear to outfit a small morgue. The site will be prepared with tarpaulins and duckboards. Pavement breakers—electric jackhammers—will be used to break up the tundra, and the chunks of earth will be scooped out with a shovel. As the excavation gets close to the coffins, the diggers will don biohazard spacesuits, and a dome or a tent will be erected over the operation.

To minimize the possibility of infection, the bodies will be left where they are, in their coffins, and autopsies will be performed in the ground. If the clothes on the corpses are frozen to the skin or tightly matted, someone on the team might run a hair dryer over the material to loosen it up—but only briefly. "If the bodies are thawed out and this material is taken out, it will melt, and then there is always the chance of the spread of microdroplets," Peter Lewin, one of the team members, told me. Lewin is a pediatrician at Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children who doubles as a medical archeologist, and he has earned international renown for his pioneering CAT scans of Egyptian mummies. (He helped determine that Ramses V died of smallpox.) "Say you're doing an autopsy"—he gestured to indicate a body spread out on the desk in front of him—"if it melts, there may be a mucousy, secondary blood product—some type of liquid exudation. The liquid seeping out of that material may suddenly, by mistake, be aerosolized and someone inhales it. You just don't want to take any chances."

From the ad-hoc morgue in the Longyearbyen cemetery, the samples will be flown to a BSL-4 facility—4 is the highest level of biological containment—either in England or at the United States Army's infectious-disease research facility, at Fort Detrick, Maryland. There's a small possibility that what scientists will find is a live virus—a virus that, once thawed, could be as deadly and infectious as it was in 1918. If they don't, the hope is that they'll at least be able to recover the virus's genetic footprint—what scientists call RNA residue. Samples of the virus will then be sent to laboratories around the world. Its genetic code will be sequenced and compared with every major sample of the flu virus on file in the world's virological centers.

This task has a certain urgency. Scientists know that global outbreaks of deadly influenza go back at least four hundred years, and that there have been two more since 1918—the Asian flu, of 1957, which killed seventy thousand Americans, and the Hong Kong flu, which killed thirty-three thousand during the winter of 1968-69. With luck, we'll be able to anticipate the next Spanish flu before it does much damage. The problem is that we're not really



One of the virus's peculiarities was that it killed the young and healthy more than the old and the infirm; the seven miners who were fatally stricken en route to Longyearbyen were between the ages of nineteen and twenty-eight.

BROWN BROTHERS

sure what to look for. No one kept a sample of the virus in 1918, because the flu virus wasn't isolated until fifteen years later. And, because influenza mutates so rapidly, there's almost nothing to be learned about the peculiarities of the 1918 virus from looking at the influenzas in circulation today. The only way to find out about the 1918 virus is to find the 1918 virus.

"We've designed core-biopsy-removal equipment to take core samples," Peter Lewin said. "You drill into the body, because it's solid. It's a technique taken from forestry. You use what's called a hole-saw tube." He drew a diagram on the back of a file folder, outlining a long, hollow cylinder, with circular, screwlike grooves on its outside, a serrated edge on its tip, and a T-shaped handle at its other end. "It's about nine inches long, about a quarter inch in diameter," he went on, explaining that as the tube is twisted into a body it will collect a long cross-sectional sample of tissue. "We'll probably take four core samples of the lung"—he pointed at the upper and lower chambers of his left and right lung—"one of the brain, one of the trachea, perhaps two of the bowel and liver."

Lewin was raised in Egypt, where his father was a British military officer—two of Lewin's schoolmates were Adnan Khashoggi and the future King Hussein—and he has the unflappable, genteel air of a nineteenth-century colonial explorer. He ticked off the details of the exhumation in Longyearbyen as if he were reciting a grocery list. "We're doing some practice runs on frozen material—basically, on frozen pigs—to see if this thing works. We were initially going to use a drill. But the drill goes so fast that it heats the tissue up, and, of course, we don't want that. So why not just slowly twist it in?" He rotated his hand. "They use hole saws on trees to get core samples of rings. They're very useful. But no one has ever used them here. I mean"—he laughed—"how often do you do core samples of frozen bodies?"

II—THE SECOND WAVE

THE first known case of Spanish flu was reported on March 4, 1918, at Camp Funston, in Kansas. By April, it had spread to most cities in America and had reached Europe, following the trail of the hundreds of thousands of American soldiers who crossed the Atlantic that spring for the closing offensives of the First World War. The spring wave was serious but not disastrous, and by midsummer it had subsided. A month or so later, however, the Spanish flu resurfaced. It was the same virus in the sense that if you'd got the flu in the spring you were resistant to it in the fall. But somehow over the summer it had mutated. Now it was a killer.

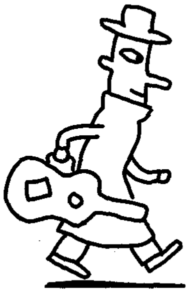
The first case of the second wave was recorded on August 22nd, in Brest—a major port for incoming American troops. Within days, it appeared simultaneously in Boston and Freetown, Sierra Leone, carried in the former case by returning American soldiers and in the latter by H.M.S. Mantua, a British Navy ship. The virus crossed Europe in a matter of weeks. It attacked Spain through Portugal, in the west, and across the Pyrenees, in the north, lingering long enough to be dubbed—erroneously, as it turned out—the Spanish flu. Scandinavia was infected by England; Italy was infected by France; and Sicily was infected by Italy. Allied soldiers coming to the aid of anti-Bolshevik forces during the Russian Revolution carried the flu to the White Sea area of northwestern Russia. European and American ships brought the flu to Iceland in mid-October, and American ships brought the flu to New Zealand at around the same time. In India, the virus came by sea and raced inland along the country's railroad lines. As many as half of all those who died in the pandemic died within India's borders. In America, an estimated six hundred and seventy-five thousand people died. In Philadelphia, seventy-six hundred people died within fourteen days. Putrefying bodies were stacked up three and four deep in the corridors of the city morgue, creating such a stench that the morgue was forced to throw open its doors for ventilation. In "America's Forgotten Pandemic" (1976), a definitive history of the Spanish flu, the historian Alfred Crosby offered this description of the flu's advance on Alaska:

> On or about November 1 the virus reached the finest medium for its propagation in Nome and vicinity, the city's Eskimo village. Few Eskimos escaped infection. In a single eight-day period 162 of them died. Some Eskimos, hounded by superstitious horror, fled from cabin to cabin, infecting increasing numbers with disease and panic. The temperature fell below freezing, and when rescuers broke into cabins from whose chimney came no sign of smoke, they found many, sometimes whole families, who had been too sick to renew their fires and who had frozen to death. When a number of Eskimos were rounded up from their separate cabins and placed in a single large building so they could be cared for efficiently, several of them responded to what they apparently perceived as incarceration in a death house by hanging themselves.

This was not the flu as we normally think of it. Typically, influenza infects the inner lining of the respiratory tract, damaging the air-filled cells of the lungs known as alveoli. Sometimes it brings on pneumonia. Usually it passes. This was much worse. "If you autopsied some of the worst cases, you'd find the lungs very red and very firm," said Jeffery Taubenberger, a pathologist at the Armed Forces Institute of Pathology, in Washington, D.C. "The lungs are normally filled with air, so they are compressible. These would be very heavy and very dense. It's the difference between a dry sponge and a wet sponge. A normal piece of lung would float in water because it was basically filled with air. These would sink. Microscopically, you would see that the alveoli would be filled with fluid, which made it impossible to breathe. These people were drowning. There was so much liquid in the air spaces of their lungs that patients would have bloody fluid coming out of their noses. When they died, it would often drench the bedsheets."

Without sufficient oxygen, patients would suffer from cyanosis—a discoloration of the skin. "Two hours after admission they have the mahogany spots over the cheek bones," a physician wrote at the time, describing the epidemic at Camp Devens, Massachusetts. "And in a few hours you can begin to see the cyanosis extended from the ears and spreading all over the face, until it is hard to distinguish the colored man from the white." Nurses would triage incoming flu patients by looking at the color of their feet. Patients whose feet were black were considered as good as dead.

Something else was strange about the 1918 strain, and that was its choice of victim. Flu epidemics kill mostly at the demographic fringes—the very old, whose immune systems are the least robust, and the very young. Other adults do get sick, but they rarely die. In 1918, however, the usual pattern of mortality was reversed. The Longyearbyen seven, for example, were all between the ages of nineteen and twenty-eight, and that was by no means unusual. In the United States, men between twenty-five and twenty-nine died of the Spanish flu at several times the rate of men between seventy and seventy-four. This wasn't just a deadly infectious disease. It was a deadly infectious disease with the singular and terrifying quality of being better at killing the young and healthy than the old and the infirm.



III—PROCESS OF ELIMINATION

KIRSTY DUNCAN, the leader of the Longyearbyen expedition, is a medical geographer and climatologist by training, with dual appointments at the University of Windsor and the University of Toronto. We met in her parents' house, a bungalow in the Toronto suburb of Etobicoke, she on one side of the family dining-room table, I on the other. Between us were five overstuffed black binders, filled with the results of four and a half years that Duncan had spent searching for frozen flu victims. In the kitchen behind us, Duncan's mother prepared lunch. Whenever the phone rang, or the banging from the kitchen got too loud, or Duncan was coming to a critical part of her story, she dropped her voice almost to a whisper, so that I had to lean forward to hear what she saying. She has large dark eyes and straight dark-brown hair that runs so far down her back that once when she got up her hair got caught in the chair. She's thirty, but she looks much younger. When I first walked up to the house, I approached a woman watering the flowers and said, "Professor Duncan?" The woman replied, "Oh no. I'm her mother. Kirsty's inside."

Duncan's obsession with the Spanish flu began when she read Crosby's book on the pandemic. "I was absolutely fascinated—horrified, more than anything—that we didn't know what caused this disease," she told me. "I said to my husband, 'I'm going to find the cause of the Spanish flu.' " The logical place to start, it seemed to her at the time, was Alaska, so she wrote to the Alaska Bureau of Vital Statistics and had it ship her records from 1918. "I went through thousands of death certificates, and I found all kinds of cases of Spanish flu. The problem was trying to decipher where the permafrost was." In 1951, the Army had led a secret expedition to a grave site near Marks Air Force Base, in Nome, to dig up 1918 corpses, but the mission—code-named Project George—failed for that very reason: the bodies weren't in permafrost, and they had melted and decomposed. After Alaska, Duncan thought of Iceland. "But, of course, with all that geothermal energy it's too warm," she said. "Then I had a friend returning from Norway, and he mentioned permafrost, and I became excited, because I knew flu had been in Norway."

Duncan's focus was on the huge archipelago of islands, about six hundred miles north of Norway, that is known as Svalbard—and, in particular, on the town of Longyearbyen, a settlement of just over a thousand people which has served as Svalbard's major port for the better part of the century. "I knew that people used to do coal mining in Svalbard," she said. "I contacted the Norwegian Polar Institute. But they told me I had a really difficult task ahead of me. There are no medical records, because the hospital was bombed in the Second World War; no church records, because the first minister didn't come out until the nineteen-twenties; and no government records, because Svalbard didn't officially become part of Norway until 1925. They said there are these diaries, though, that the coal company kept." Duncan called the coal company, which referred her to a schoolteacher in Longyearbyen. She called the schoolteacher. He found, in the 1918 entries, a record of the deaths of seven young miners from Spanish flu. "So now I knew that there were seven bodies, and that they were buried in the churchyard in Longyearbyen," Duncan said. "I contacted the minister at the church. I said I wanted to know if the graves were marked. He said they were."

THE bodies of the seven miners are not, in all likelihood, perfectly preserved. Prolonged freezing desiccates soft tissue, so the best Duncan's team can hope for is, essentially, natural mummies. "In a frozen state, the fluids in the body simply evaporate," Michael Zimmerman, an anthropologist at the University of Pennsylvania and an expert on mummification, explained to me. "The process is called sublimation. It's the change from the solid state to a gaseous state without going through a liquid state. If you put a tray of ice cubes in your freezer and go back two weeks later, they're a lot smaller. That's what we're talking about." Zimmerman estimated that the Longyearbyen seven, if they had been properly buried, would probably be down to about half their original weight, and maybe even less, so that their skin would be stretched tight over their bones, and every one of their ribs would be showing, as if they had been deprived of food for an extended period. "The eyes collapse, because there is a large fat pad behind the eye that's mostly water, and when that dries the eye falls back into the socket," he said. "Like everything else, the lips will tend to retract, so the teeth will become more prominent." Nonetheless, Zimmerman thought that a full autopsy would still be possible. "I don't see a problem," he went on, "especially given that these bodies were buried only about eighty years ago. The tissues are probably still fairly flexible. They're not like Egyptian mummies. Their tissues are like old leather, like an ancient book, and unless you're careful they'll crumble. Frozen bodies, since they don't completely desiccate until they've been frozen for a thousand years, are still flexible. You can get big pieces out pretty easily."

There is a catch, though. During the summer months, the top layer of the permafrost thaws. In Longyearbyen, that layer is between one and 1.2 metres deep. If the miners were buried in that layer—if the gravediggers in 1918 hadn't gone to the trouble of blasting or pickaxing their way deep into the tundra—the bodies would be dust and bone by now. "I contacted the Norwegian authorities and asked what depth the bodies would have been buried, and they said, 'Well, no one knows,'" Duncan went on. "Back then, that was no man's land. But they assumed they would have followed the practice of the time, which was about two metres. The church minister believes they will be at two metres."

This was more than simply a guess. In the permafrost, anything buried in the active layer will, over time, "float"—that is, be pushed up toward the surface by the continual expansion and contraction of the ground. For that reason, it's relatively common in the hills around Longyearbyen to stumble across skeletons.

"If you go places where trappers are buried, you often see the coffin, open on the ground," Kjell Mork, a Longyearbyen high-school teacher who serves as the town's unofficial historian, told me. Mork is the man who gave the coal-company diaries to Duncan. He's a dead ringer for the novelist Robertson Davies, and has in his house a polar-bear pelt that takes up almost an entire wall. "I see it all the time. Back in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, the trapping teams had only two or three people, so they couldn't take the effort to bury the bodies deep enough. Up at the northwest corner of the fjord, there used to be plenty of them. But now there's a new ethic—to cover them up again. I think the polar bears were going there." In the Longyearbyen churchyard, however, nothing has ever floated. Next to one of the crosses, just a few feet beyond the fence, I had seen a pile of fairly sizable white bones, including what looked like a human-size femur. But when I asked Mork about this he shook his head. "I think that's just reindeer," he said. "They come down the mountain to die."

Duncan's next big problem was to find out what had happened to the bodies before they were buried. The flu virus, after all, is notoriously unstable. It's an RNA virus, as opposed to a DNA virus, and that means that instead of being composed of double strands of genetic code it has just one strand, and is much more vulnerable. The moment someone dies, enzymes are released that begin breaking down these nucleic acids and the genetic information they carry. A DNA virus, like herpes or hepatitis, could probably last in a body for a few days before being totally destroyed. But an RNA virus, like flu, would last between twelve and twenty-four hours at the most. The diaries kept by the manager of the coal company show that the bodies of the Longyearbyen seven were not buried until October 17th, ten days after the last of them died. What happened in those ten days? Did the bodies start to decompose before they were buried? Duncan was told that orderlies at the Longyearbyen hospital would have taken the bodies to an outdoor morgue while they waited for the graves to be dug. For there still to be RNA residue, the weather would have had to have been cold enough in those first two weeks of October to keep the RNA-dissolving enzymes at bay. She checked the weather records. The average temperature in early October was minus five degrees Celsius. Duncan had her bodies, and she knew where to find them.

IV—WAX MUSEUM

THE Spanish-flu virus has been glimpsed just once, and that was in a scrap of lung tissue found two years ago in the National Tissue Repository, a division of the Armed Forces Institute of Pathology. The repository is in an annex of the Walter Reed Army Medical Center, in Maryland, just across the District of Columbia line, in a windowless corrugated-steel building behind a former elementary school. At the side

"Care to stick your head out the window, sir?"

are a parking lot and a loading dock, and there is an ill-kempt lawn out front. It looks like an industrial warehouse. Inside, there are three rooms, the largest of which is filled with rows of tall metal shelves, all stacked high with small brown cardboard boxes. Inside each of those boxes are pieces of human tissue about the size of a fingernail which have been preserved in formaldehyde and encased in a block of transparent paraffin wax. The repository holds more than two and a half million samples—some pressed between glass slides, some in boxes, some fully preserved organs—from autopsies on soldiers dating back to before the First World War. It's the world's largest library of death.

The supervisor of the repository is Al Riddick, a powerfully built black man in his mid-forties with a bald head, a gold chain, and glasses. When I toured the repository in late summer, Riddick took me to the back of the main room and pulled out a cardboard box from one of the shelves. Inside it were seventeen wax blocks, measuring roughly an inch by an inch by half an inch. "This is from a 1958 autopsy," he said. He picked up one of the blocks, tilting it so that I could see a speckled, bright-orange sliver of tissue embedded in the wax. "That's a brain block right there," he said. Then he picked out another block, this one encasing a dark-reddish pockmarked rectangle that looked like a dried scab. "I would say that's liver."

Next, we walked into an adjacent room, where the Army keeps its collection of organs. On a lab bench was a plastic Ziploc bag with a heavy-looking, linen-wrapped object inside. "That's a large surgical case," Riddick said. "Could be a breast. Could be a lung. It's big. Looks like a lung." He picked it up in his hands, and began to knead the package delicately, as one might check a mango for ripeness. "No, there's some bone in there." He was as matter-of-fact as Peter Lewin had been in describing how to use a hole saw on a frozen corpse. I asked Riddick whether he was ever spooked, working in roomfuls of human parts. He shook his head. "Son," he said. "I'm a Vietnam vet. It's the people who *move* that bother me."

In March of 1995, Jeffery Taubenberger, who heads the institute's division of molecular pathology, called over to the repository to see whether it had any tissue samples from Spanish-flu victims. Taubenberger is not a "flu man," meaning that he is not one of the small circle of scientists who have devoted their lives to influenza research. But he is one of the world's experts in the arcane art of recovering genetic information from preserved tissue samples, and it occurred to him that he stood as good a chance of finding the Spanish flu as the scientists looking for frozen bodies. The archivists told Taubenberger that they had a hundred and twenty autopsy samples of flu victims. Some, though, were just microscopic slices of tissue between glass slides, and they didn't give him enough material to work with. Taubenberger wanted wax blocks, which reduced his choices to seventy. Taubenberger and Ann Reid, a technician who worked with him on the project, randomly selected the medical records of thirty of those seventy cases. Of those, in turn, they rejected all the soldiers whose disease had not progressed rapidly, on the theory that those victims were less likely to have had the virus in their lungs when they died. That left them with seven cases. They were ready to begin.

Taubenberger and Reid started by taking lung samples from all seven and slicing off a microscopically thin sliver from the end of each block. "You take that slice and put it in a test tube and get rid of the wax," Taubenberger explained. "And you take that tissue and spin it really fast, so it all goes to the bottom of the tube. You digest it in chemicals to chew up the membranes and the proteins, you go through a series of chemical purifications, and what you end up with is something highly enriched with the RNA." Over an entire year, Taubenberger, Reid, and other members of their team worked to perfect a method of genetic analysis that could isolate the right material and stretch the tiny pieces of tissue they had as far as possible. Given the fragility of RNA, it was not an easy task. No one had ever recovered RNA from a sample so old. Early last year, they began testing the seven samples. One turned up positive.

Taubenberger is wiry and intense, with thick dark-brown hair and a patient, precise manner. He speaks in complete sentences and strings them together in complete paragraphs, until he has made even the most abstruse point crystal clear. I met him and Ann Reid in

---

AT THE MUSEUMS

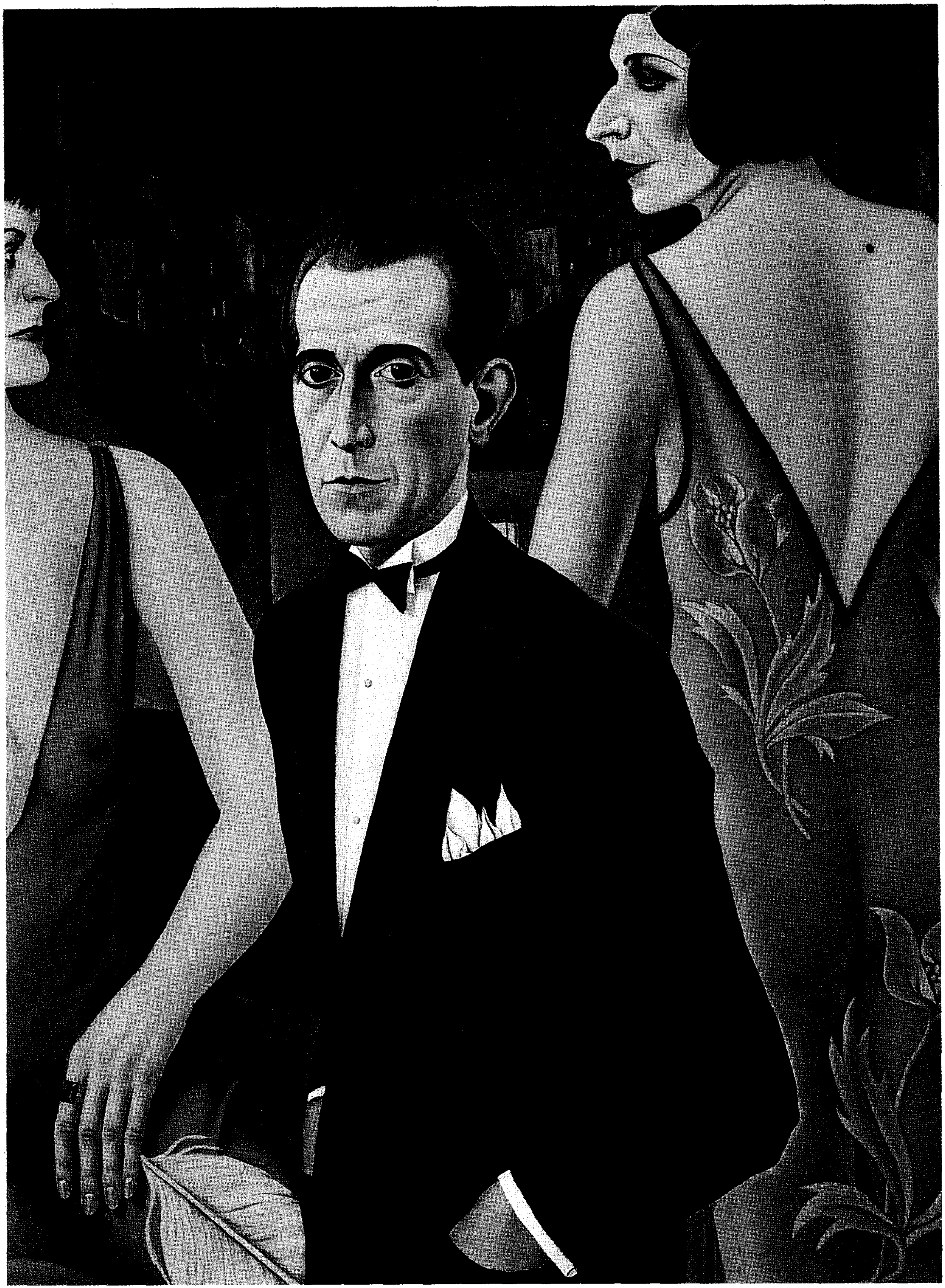
URBANE DECADENT

THE background is Montmartre, but the mood and the characters in Christian Schad's portrait "Count St. Genois d'Anneaucourt" are ultra-Viennese. It is 1927, and we are hip-deep in the Neue Sachlichkeit (New Objectivity), that coldhearted reaction to both Expressionism and abstraction in German art. Schad (1894-1982) lacked the savage satiric bite of his more famous contemporaries Otto Dix and George Grosz, but his portraits, currently on view in a retrospective at the Zurich Kunsthaus, may bear truer witness to the era's decadent sophistication. (A concurrent Neue Sachlichkeit show, including work by all three artists, is at the Galerie St. Etienne, in New York.)

Schad painted the mixed and restless societies of Rome, Vienna, and Berlin, mingling the haut monde and the demimonde on canvas as they mingled in life, steering a narrow course between vérité and caricature. His highly stylized portraits, with their subjects' overlarge, expressionless eyes and static poses, tend to glamorize but rarely to flatter the sitters, and the frequent note of ambiguous sexuality stops short of eroticism. A painting of two women on a bed, oblivious of each other as each separately masturbates ("Zwei Mädchen," 1928), is clinical in its detachment. A Schad self-portrait shows the artist, in a transparent green shirt, seated next to a nude female who has a nasty-looking, recently sutured gash running down one cheek. Does this sensibility ring a bell? As a portrait artist, Schad seems to have been the Andy Warhol of his day.

Count St. Genois d'Anneaucourt was a Viennese aristocrat from an old family—"someone who could live only in a metropolis," Schad wrote in a later note on the painting. "So I placed him, in a dinner jacket . . . between an older, somewhat masculine woman and a well-known transvestite in transparent clothes, from the Eldorado in Berlin. Why? I thought it was the right thing at the time, and even today I don't find a better solution." —CALVIN TOMKINS

© GÜNTER A. RICHTER ROTTACH-EGERN



his office at the institute, a squat, five-story concrete bunker originally built as a nuclear shelter for President Eisenhower. The building has no windows, only a battered concrete doorway, and the walls inside are covered with tiles of a disorienting government-issue yellow. Taubenberger, Reid, and I sat in a circle, and the room was so small and cluttered that our feet were nearly touching. "He was a twenty-one-year-old Army private," Taubenberger said. "We know he died in South Carolina, at Fort Jackson. I believe he was from the state of New York. He had no prior medical history. He got sick at the height of the pandemic at Fort Jackson and had a fast downhill course. He presented with massive pneumonia and died six days later, on September 26th, at six-thirty in the morning. His autopsy was performed around noon."

V—VIRAL SEX

ONE would think that, with the soldier's sample in hand, many of the questions that surround the Spanish flu could be answered. In a certain sense, that's true. Taubenberger and Reid have so far decoded about fifteen per cent of the genes in the soldier's virus, and their work has made possible a few preliminary conclusions about the Spanish flu. It had already been hypothesized, for example, that the Spanish flu originated—at least, in part—with a bird, probably a wild duck. Waterfowl are what virologists call the "reservoir" for influenza. They carry most of the known subtypes of influenza—without apparent ill effect—and excrete them all in their feces, thereby spreading them through land and water to the rest of the animal kingdom. All animals that get the flu—horses, ferrets, seals, pigs, among others—and human beings probably get it originally from birds.

"At this time of the year in Canada, if you look at the wild ducks that are about to migrate south before the winter, around thirty per cent probably have the flu," I was told by Robert Webster, a leading flu expert at St. Jude Children's Research Hospital, in Memphis. "They're popping it out in the water. If you sampled the lakes in Canada, you'd find all kinds of avian influenza." At some point prior to the spring of 1918, then, a flu-carrying duck must have shed feces while flying over or nesting in some inhabited part of the world. If, in fact, the pandemic started in the place where the first case was reported—Camp Funston—the precipitating event was probably somewhere in or around Kansas.

"Irrational exuberance, Miss Billings—and Alan Greenspan take the hindmost!"

That bird virus probably didn't directly infect a human being, though, because human beings generally can't catch flu directly from birds. Viruses are particular in that way. A virus infects and takes over a cell by latching onto what is called a receptor, but—as far as we know—there isn't a receptor for avian flu in human beings. So how did the 1918 virus get from ducks to people? One possibility, according to Taubenberger's analysis, is through pigs—one of the genes he studied looks like classic swine flu. This makes sense, because pigs, uniquely, have both human and avian flu receptors; they're the perfect bridge between species. So perhaps the flu-contaminated duck feces dropped into a barnyard, whereupon a pig became infected while nosing in the dirt and passed the virus on to a farmer.

It's not quite as simple as that, though, since another of the flu genes analyzed by Taubenberger looks very much as if it came from human flu. This wasn't just bird flu passed on by a pig, in other words. This could well have been bird, pig, and human flu that somehow got mixed up together. The pig must have already been infected with one flu when it picked up the other: what it passed on to the farmer was a hybrid.

This is not as far-fetched as it sounds. A flu virus consists of eight gene segments that are so loosely bundled that they are like pieces of a jigsaw puzzle thrown together in a bag. If a pig got infected with avian and human flu simultaneously, the eight jigsaw pieces from the duck and the eight jigsaw pieces from the human being would be thrown together, and an entirely new puzzle could emerge.

Some scientists call this process of two viruses combining "viral sex," which is an apt term, because, as in human reproduction, offspring split the genetic inheritance of mother and father. According to many influenza experts, this flukish interaction of separate species is probably how almost all the pandemic strains that periodically sweep the world first arise. The Hong Kong flu, for example, consisted of seven genes from an everyday human virus and one gene from a duck that combined inside a pig to create a nasty new hybrid. The Asian flu resulted from the same kind of reassortment.

"I don't see one damn thing we haven't eaten before."

Taubenberger couldn't tell from his sample, though, what everyone really wants to know, which is what made the Spanish flu so devastating. It is possible to look at the flu strains that have proved deadly in domestic poultry and to explain their lethality almost entirely by pointing to an insertion mutation in one of the genes—a curious genetic glitch that allows the virus to attack almost any cell. One idea had been that the Spanish flu shared this same mutation. But Taubenberger showed that this wasn't the case. The relevant segment of the soldier's virus showed no such anomalies, and that meant that the secret of the Spanish flu's lethality is probably somewhere else. Perhaps it lies in one of the genes that Taubenberger and Reid haven't looked at yet. Or perhaps it's not one mutation at all, but several, all combining in some subtle way.

"One thing to keep in mind is whether the virus that Taubenberger has is just a precursor," Webster pointed out. "We've only got one virus so far. It might have been early in the pandemic's evolution. Have we yet looked at the nasty bastard? We need more than one virus. One's not enough." With an earlier or later sample, Taubenberger could see what specific changes the virus made over the summer to become a killer. Just as good would be to find a strain from another part of the world which might have had a slightly different evolution, so that Taubenberger could eliminate the differences, and focus only on what the viruses had in common. But finding that second virus has proved difficult, since only the United States Army seems to have been so assiduous in hanging on to autopsy samples from the First World War. One famous pathology archive in Germany was destroyed in the Second World War. A handful of samples found in England have yet to turn up anything. Taubenberger has put out feelers to Spain and Italy, and found nothing. I asked him about Russia, since the Russians were also pioneers in medical record-keeping, but at that he and Reid burst out laughing. "There is an epidemiologist at the Centers for Disease Control who is Russian, and I spent some time talking to him about this when I was down there," Taubenberger said. At this point, he dropped his voice an octave, imitating a thick Russian accent, and said, "October, 1918. Very bad time for Russia. Very bad time."

This spring, Taubenberger met Duncan at a conference on the Spanish flu at the Centers for Disease Control, in Atlanta, and agreed to join her team. His lab will analyze whatever frozen samples she collects. The best hope for another copy of the Spanish flu, a second copy that will help make sense of the first, may well be lying in the permafrost of Longyearbyen.

VI—DRIFT AND SHIFT

EVERY year, early in the winter, the Food and Drug Administration hosts what some call the Flu Meeting, to insure that if the Spanish flu ever happened again we would not be unprepared. This year, the meeting took place on January 30th in the Versailles Ballroom of the Holiday Inn in Bethesda, Maryland, beginning at eight in the morning and ending at four. At the front of the auditorium, twenty or so medical experts sat behind a long table. Off to the side was a lectern, where throughout the day officials from the Centers for Disease Control and the World Health Organization gave presentations. The audience was large—well over a hundred—and included public-health officials from around the world, and vaccine manufacturers eager to get guidance from the government about what kinds of flu strains to put in the upcoming fall flu shot. Video cameras recorded the proceedings for those who couldn't attend. Of the dozens of daylong conferences that the F.D.A. hosts every year, none are as important.

The first two speakers at this year's meeting were from the surveillance section of the C.D.C.'s flu division—the eyes and ears of the flu world. Flu surveillance is critical because the flu virus comes in so many shapes and varieties. All flu viruses wear a kind of protective coat—an outer covering made up of two proteins known as hemagglutinin (h) and neuraminidase (n). That's how you can tell a flu virus under a microscope. But there are at least fifteen varieties of h and nine varieties of n, and any one of the former can combine with any one of the latter to create a different virus family. For the past twenty years, the world has been dominated by two of these flu families—the descendants of the Hong Kong flu of 1968 and the Russian flu of 1977—and every year each of them spawns dozens of offspring: genetic variants that result as individual viruses spread from person to person and change to stay one step ahead of the human immune system. Whenever a new offspring emerges, virologists say the virus has "drifted." At the same time, there is always the possibility that another avian strain will get mixed up with a human strain inside a pig and an entirely new family will emerge. If that were to happen, virologists would say the virus had "shifted."

It's this constant drifting and shifting that makes the flu so dangerous. If the flu stayed the same each year, you could be vaccinated against it the way you can be vaccinated against polio—for life. But, since the flu is always changing, the World Health Organization has had to set up a far-flung international surveillance network. Every day, in Moscow or Berlin or Iowa City or some distant Chinese province, doctors take nose and throat samples from flu sufferers, pack them in plastic vials, and send them to laboratories to be tested. The labs send isolates of the most interesting cases to the C.D.C. or to one of three other national labs working with W.H.O., in Tokyo, Melbourne, and London, for complete analysis, from which virus family trees are constructed.

Every known subtype of h and n has been identified and numbered, and every known strain has been labelled as well, with the city or the place-name where it was first isolated. If you got the flu last winter, for example, chances are you came down with h3n2 A/Wuhan/359/95; that is, a virus with No. 3 hemagglutinin, No. 2 neuraminidase, which was the three-hundred-and-fifty-ninth sample isolated from the Wuhan area of China in 1995. (The Wuhans were very big last year.) If you got the flu two years ago, on the other hand, chances are that you came down with something very similar to h3n2 A/Johannesburg/33/94.

FREE TIBET

Trekking in Tibet I meet the Dalai Lama.
Hello Dalai. Hello David. After some
hesitation and small talk, I ask him
what kind of washer-dryer combination
to buy. He says, "What is your universe
of choices?" Basically, it's down
to ASKO, the Swedish import, and Maytag,
the quality American product. The snow
contrail winging off Chomolungma turns
east toward Bhutan. A sign? I explain
that the ASKO duo is friendlier to all
living things—uses less electricity, water,
bleach, detergent—and gets clothes cleaner,
purples purpler, but costs twice as much.
The Maytag is spartan, righteous, renounces
superfluity, cleans O.K., but throws repairmen
out of work. The Dalai Lama nods, sips
his yak-butter tea, and eyes a frisky dzo
in the yawn of Tingri Plains distance. I

At the Flu Meeting, the C.D.C. presented a road map of where the virus had travelled, and what forms it had taken during the previous year. It's a fantastically detailed account, in which the flu virus comes across as a malevolent hitchhiker, stopping only to infect the locals before moving on. "February, there was a ship outbreak, the U.S.S. Arkansas, so severe that they brought the ship back into port," Helen Regnery, the chief of the C.D.C.'s surveillance section, told the meeting as she explained the travels of the h3n2 strain throughout America last year. "The people on board the ship, almost one hundred per cent, were ill, with varying degrees of severity of illness." On an overhead projector was a list of all the known offspring of the American h3n2 family, and Regnery pointed to another strain. "The Alaska/02 was an isolate in July. It is from a sporadic case and it has been sequenced, and will be on the sequencing tree. Hawaii in July had a nursing-home outbreak and increased activities. . . . Wisconsin, at a university, had an outbreak in September. New York/43 is from an H.I.V.-positive patient in November." New Jersey followed, and then Indiana and Texas.

Regnery's road map was intended to give the F.D.A. and vaccine makers a guide to the upcoming flu season. Vaccines consist, essentially, of a dose of virus that has been chemically deactivated, so that it will stimulate the immune system without causing disease. She was helping them to decide what virus strain to use. But if you want to inoculate a hundred million people you've got to grow enough virus to make a hundred million flu shots, and that takes time. Drug companies grow the virus in chicken eggs, injecting a microscopic droplet of flu virus into the air sac above the embryo and the yolk. There, in the nutrient-rich membrane of the sac, the virus grows until, after two or three days, the original droplet has become a tablespoonful. At that point, the tops of the eggs are lopped off and the virus is suctioned out. Mary Ritchey, an executive at Wyeth-Ayerst, one of the nation's biggest flu-vaccine makers, told me that her company might use a hundred and fifty thousand eggs at a time, from which it might harvest two hundred and fifty gallons of pure virus. To supply the entire country with enough virus, vaccine makers have to do dozens of those batches, totalling millions of eggs. Then they have to purify the virus, test it, run it by the F.D.A., and then have it packaged, labelled, and sent to clinics around the

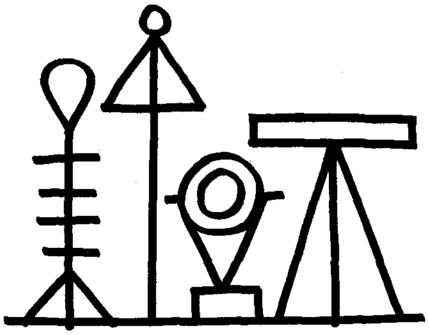
consider his silence. Is this a reproach?
While waiting, and waiting, for his answer
I ponder *his* baggage: the Swedes had come
through with the Peace Prize, overdue, granted,
but still. Plus he's quite green, definitely
pro-planet. Is a dear object more material
than a cheap one? Would the "Buy American"
motive be dismissed as empty nationalism?
And yet who rides higher, astride his kiang,
with the banner of the nation-state, than he?
The huge head of Richard Gere, a tsonga blossom
in his hair, comes floating like a Macy's
Parade balloon above the snowcapped summit
of sacred Kailas. The Dalai Lama coughs,
reaches for a peppermint lozenge not yet
spoiled by the Chinese occupation, and says,
"Sometimes a belonging that doesn't work
properly creates suffering for us."

—DAVID BRESKIN

country—all of which takes at least six months.

If the drug companies are going to have a flu shot ready for the fall flu season, then, they have to be told what strains to use by February or March. That means that the W.H.O.'s international surveillance teams have to guess what's going to happen in the fall based on what they have seen the previous winter. There was a time, ten or twenty years ago, when this process was notoriously inexact: a flu shot might be prepared in the summer that offered only marginal protection against the flu strains that surfaced the following fall. With an improved surveillance system and more sophisticated genetic analysis, though, that has now changed. Every year, the C.D.C. gives itself a grade based on how closely the guesses made at the Flu Meeting correlate with the actual flu in the fall. For the last four years, those grades have been perfect.

If something like the Spanish flu ever came back, this is the system we are relying on to protect us. Right now, virtually all the flu in the human population is either h1n1 or h3n2, so the road map presented by the C.D.C. at the Flu Meeting was almost entirely an account of genetic drift within those two families. The minute that the C.D.C. or a W.H.O. laboratory received a flu that didn't fall into the h1n1 or h3n2 families, it would sound the alarm. The surveillance system is also specifically focussed on those parts of the world where flu is prevalent and the interspecies movement that creates pandemic strains is more likely to occur. That means China, where there are as many ducks as people, and where pigs are often raised on farms in close proximity to wild and domestic poultry. China has been the source of the last two pandemics, and most observers think it likely that the next will be from there as well, possibly arising out of the marshy resting sites for ducks both along the nation's eastern seaboard and inland in an arc extending from Gansu Province to Guangxi, on the southern coast. Over the past few years, the Centers for Disease Control has funded ten flu laboratories in China. The number of strains sent to the C.D.C. from China every year has now reached two hundred, up from about a dozen several years ago.



Perhaps more important, flu-watchers have a sense of when to be on the lookout for new and vicious flu strains, because any kind of major social upheaval can serve as a pandemic breeding ground. This is probably what happened with the Spanish flu: the 1918 virus was the result of a shift to h1n1. But that alone doesn't explain its lethality. In the 1957 Asian-flu epidemic, h1n1 shifted to h2n2, and not nearly as many people died. The difference was probably the First World War.

As the Amherst College biologist Paul Ewald argues in his brilliant 1994 book, "Evolution of Infectious Diseases," under normal circumstances the mildest offspring of any flu family will always triumph, because people who are infected with the worst strains go home and go to bed, whereas people infected with the mild strains go to work, ride the bus, and go to the movies. You're much more likely, in other words, to catch a mild virus than a nasty virus because you're more likely to run into someone with a mild case of flu than with a nasty case of flu. In 1918, Ewald says, these rules got inverted by the war. The Spanish flu turned nasty in the late summer in France. A mild strain of flu spreading from soldier to soldier in the trenches stayed in the trenches because none of the soldiers got so sick that they had to leave their posts. A debilitating strain, though, resulted in a soldier's being shipped out in a crowded troop transport, then moved to an even more crowded hospital, where he had every opportunity to infect others. Wars and refugee camps and urban overcrowding give the worst flu strains a huge evolutionary advantage. If there were ever again a civil war in China, flu-watchers would be on full alert.

It doesn't take much, however, to see that our pandemic preparedness is not foolproof. What if, for example, the new strain emerges not in the spring but in midsummer? How, under those circumstances, could a vaccine be made in time for the fall, which is when—for reasons that are unclear—any flu in temperate zones tends to strike in earnest? And what if it didn't emerge from China, where there is good surveillance, but from Africa, say, where neither the C.D.C. nor any other W.H.O. center has the infrastruc-

"Congratulations! Owing to the responsible way in which you've handled your drinking, the management has increased your limit."

• •

ture to monitor flu strains? Most troubling, though, is that knowing a virus's type and source doesn't tell you nearly enough.

On May 10th of this year, for example, a three-year-old boy from Hong Kong's New Territories came down with the flu. He died on May 21st with what looked like an unusual and severe case of viral pneumonia, compounded by Reye's syndrome. A routine respiratory sample was taken from the boy's body and analyzed at Hong Kong's Queen Mary Hospital. It didn't seem to be either h1n1 or h3n2, though, and the doctor, puzzled, forwarded the sample to the Centers for Disease Control in early July, and also to other flu labs in the Netherlands and London. "The doctor said she had a virus that was reacting differently with the reagents," the C.D.C.'s Helen Regnery told me. "This happens sometimes, and all viruses that don't behave well are sent here right away. But at the time the kind of reaction was such that we thought it might be a human strain. Then we got another batch from Hong Kong reacting the same way. Now it was a red flag: she'd identified two others. She E-mailed me, asking if we could confirm that particular isolate." This was on the first Friday in August. The lab staff worked through the weekend. On Monday, Regnery got a call from researchers at the flu lab in the Netherlands. They had identified the boy's virus. It was a pure avian flu, one that had never been seen in humans before: h5n1. "He may have had direct contact with chickens that were sick," Regnery said. "They had chickens at his preschool. We found this out in a conference call the other night. The epidemiologists we have over there tracked down the day-care center, and they found some sick chickens."

When I visited the C.D.C. recently, Regnery and other senior C.D.C. officials I spoke with were careful not to be alarmist when they discussed the case. The two subsequent isolates sent from Hong Kong turned out to be human flu, they told me, and none of the other children at the preschool got sick. Some members of the boy's family had mild respiratory ailments immediately before his death, but none appeared to have caught the same flu. A C.D.C. team of three epidemiologists and a virologist recently returned from a three-week trip to Hong Kong and mainland China to help the local health authorities investigate and collect serum samples to see if anyone else was exposed, but so far nothing has come up. "For there to be a pandemic, there has to be a strain to which all or most of the population has no immunity, and that is capable of spreading from person to person," Nancy Arden, a senior epidemiologist at the C.D.C., told me. "So far, this doesn't meet the second criterion."

Nonetheless, the situation was a little disturbing. Ducks fly across virtually every continent in the world, dive-bombing the landmass with flu virus. They pass it to chickens and chickens come in close contact with humans every day—on farms, in poultry markets, in chicken-processing plants. If avian flu can't infect humans, of course, this is irrelevant. But what if the Hong Kong case means that there may now be strains of avian flu which can infect humans directly? Arden said, "There's still a question of whether avian strains may be evolving to the point where they can replicate in humans and where a strain could be transmitted from bird to person. And, once an avian virus gets into a mammal, it's possible that the evolution would be speeded up. No one's so alarmed that they're saying this is the start of the next pandemic. But it's not something anyone would want to be complacent about."

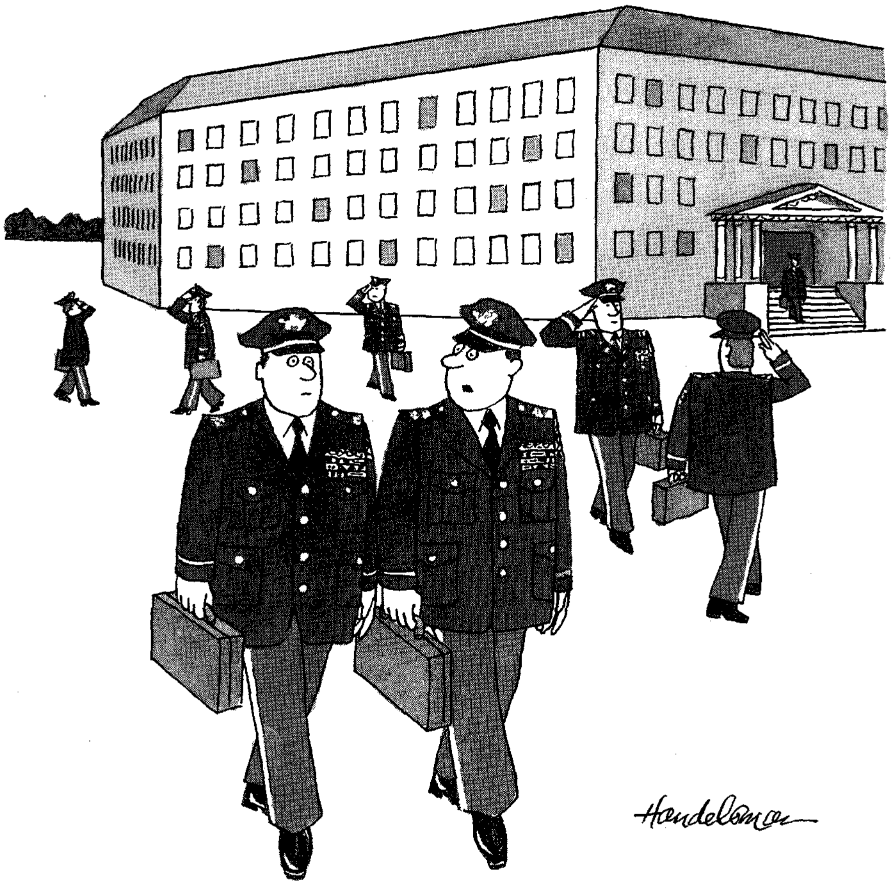
Then, there's the type of flu the boy got. Avian h5 is famous among virologists as the strain that passed to domestic chickens in Pennsylvania in 1983, apparently from wild ducks. Originally, it was harmless. But as it raced from chicken to chicken in the giant commercial chicken warehouses it underwent an unusual mutation. Instead of just infecting the cells of the chicken's intestinal tract, the virus became systemic—capable of infecting all the cells in a chicken's body. The eyes of the chickens became swollen. The chickens had difficulty breathing. They stopped laying eggs. They became weak, and in some cases blood spots appeared in their eyes and on their legs. Upon autopsy, it turned out that they had been hemorrhaging throughout their bodies. In a matter of months, seventeen million chickens died or had to be destroyed. "It was chicken Ebola," the flu expert Robert Webster told me. The little boy's h5 doesn't seem capable of the same destruction in humans. But is there any other type of h5 that would be? And, if there is, what genetic clues in the virus would tip us off? This is the big unanswered question behind our plans for the next pandemic, and it is also, of course, the big unanswered question that drives the search for the Spanish flu. What is it, specifically, that turns influenza into a killer?

To get to Longyearbyen, you fly from Oslo for about an hour and a half to Tromsø, a small town on Norway's northern coast, and then for another ninety minutes over the Norwegian Sea to the Longyearbyen airport. The second leg of the trip retraces by air the route that the Forsete took seventy-nine years ago. It is an extraordinary journey. First, the choppy, frigid waters of the Norwegian Sea and then, out of the Arctic mist, the forbidding mountains and glaciers of Svalbard. Longyearbyen is at Svalbard's southernmost point, huddled on the fringes of the island of Spitsbergen, a small gray stain in a blanket of white. On a clear day, from the air, it seems as if you could see the North Pole.

All this, of course, is what is so strange about the Spanish flu—that after killing so many it must now be sought out at the ends of the earth. Crosby, in the final chapter of his book on the pandemic, wonders about the disappearance of the pandemic from the American memory as well. In the Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, 1919-21, he reports, there are thirteen inches of column space devoted to citations of baseball stories, forty-seven inches devoted to Prohibition, twenty inches devoted to Bolshevism, and eight inches devoted to the flu. John Dos Passos, who crossed the Atlantic on a troopship on which soldiers were dying of the Spanish flu every day, has just one reference to the flu in his novel "1919" and a brief mention of the pandemic in his fictionalized war memoir, "Three Soldiers." The pandemic is largely absent from the writing of Fitzgerald, Faulkner, and Hemingway as well, all of whom witnessed its savagery at first hand. "The average college graduate born since 1918 literally knows more about the Black Death of the fourteenth century than the World War I pandemic," Crosby writes. He offers a number of explanations for this. In the end, though, he concludes that the virus's figurative disappearance is of a piece with its literal disappearance, that we don't remember it because we can't find it. The Longyearbyen expedition is, if nothing else, an attempt to recover our memory of the Spanish flu.

Kirsty Duncan made the trip to Svalbard for the first time last spring. She had written to the governor of Svalbard seven months before, who had, in turn, approached the Norwegian medical-research community, the church in Longyearbyen, the church council, the bishop, the town council, and the victims' families and secured approval from each. She flew to Norway in May. "I had been in Longyearbyen about a day before I went to see the minister of the church, and I was really concerned about meeting him, because of what I was asking to do," she told me. "I introduced myself, and I said, 'I hope in no way have I offended you or the church,' and he said, 'No. This is exciting, this is important work. It has to be done,' and I was so relieved, and then he asked me if I had been to the cemetery, and I said no, that I had no right to go there until I had spoken to him, and he said, 'You go.' "

The cemetery is a ten-minute walk from the church, along a gravel road that runs parallel to the mountain. You walk away from the water and the docks, and toward the glacier, and for the entire walk the cemetery is straight ahead—a lonely stand of crosses climbing up the side of the mountain. When Duncan talked about that walk from the church to the graveyard, she looked away, her eyes misting up and her voice catching with emotion. "It was May, and everything was completely ice-covered. Completely white. Longyearbyen is in a valley, and the cemetery is up on the side of the valley floor. I knew that the seven graves I was interested in were the last seven graves at the top of the cemetery, and walking up there"—she stopped for a moment—"walking up there was really hard. I was just one year older than the oldest of them, and going to look at them made me realize that they had just come of age. You think about how they were just beginning their lives. And then you see those crosses." ♦


Handelsman

"Anti-personnel land mines pose no threat to people, Colonel. Only to personnel."

LETTER FROM LOS ANGELES

A CITY ON A HILL

The new Getty Center is a triumph of nineteenth-century ambition.

BY KURT ANDERSEN

ONE bright weekend afternoon earlier this year, on a mountaintop in Brentwood, the architect Richard Meier—tall, commanding, magnificently white-haired—was giving a pre-opening tour of his new Getty Center to a few billionaires he knows. (During the past six months, the private pre-opening Getty tour has become an in-the-know V.I.P. perk, the backstage pass of the beau monde.) Aside from Meier, who has spent a week or two every month for the last ten years in a funky, rat-infested house on the construction site, only one member of the group was a local—David Geffen, the entertainment mogul. The group had wandered over acres of gorgeous Italian stone, through impeccable thirty-five-foot-high galleries, and past dozens of glass-walled scholars' offices with dumbfounding Pacific Ocean views, when, as Meier tells it, Geffen suddenly blurted, "This is too good for Los Angeles." He went on to explain, "I love it, but people here won't appreciate it. There's nothing else here that can stand up to this. Look around—everything's transitory. And this is solid. This is permanent."

John Walsh, the vigorous, Waspy director of the Getty Museum, tries to be indulgent of reactions like that. "There are people around here who are nostalgic about the feckless, charming, hedonist Los Angeles of the twenties and thirties," he says. "But Los Angeles is putting a kind of support underneath the cultural structure that was built hastily out of recycled and sometimes cheap parts over its first hundred or so years. We're part of that. This is a process of growing up."

New York passed through its own boomtown phase more than a century ago. The Metropolitan Museum opened at its current site in 1880, surrounded protectively by Central Park, across Fifth Avenue from what was shaping up to be the city's gentry neighborhood. The Met's expansion was underwritten by the Gettys of that era. Los Angeles has just come through half a century of fantastic growth, and now the Getty Center is opening across the San Diego Freeway from that city's gentry neighborhood, atop a hill near the intersection of two of L.A.'s busiest highways, the 10 and the 405, surrounded protectively by its own square mile of nature.

The last construction project in Los Angeles to get so much attention was Aaron Spelling's fifty-six-thousand-five-hundred-square-foot château, which he built for almost fifty million dollars in Holmby Hills, back in 1991. The vast pseudo-Norman home of the man who produced "Fantasy Island," "The Love Boat," and Tori Spelling is, of course, an irresistible symbol of Geffen's default L.A.: profligate, kitschy, stage-set swank in the land without taste. The Getty, which will have cost around a billion dollars (or twenty Spelling Units) by the time it opens officially, in December, is both extreme and very pretty, like so much in Southern California. But, curiously, the Getty's extremism is of a very old-fashioned kind: it's the well-meaning arrogance of liberal-minded patricians and missionaries. Unlike the Spelling house, the Getty actually intends to be a symbol: it means to represent a new and improved L.A.—tasteful, civilizing, and irreproachable, a post-Venturian, post-perverse L.A. The pristine headquarters that I. M. Pei designed for the Creative Artists Agency in Beverly Hills a few years ago derived from a similar hunger for respect, for class. But it would be a mistake to dismiss the new Getty as nothing more than a monumental affectation; it's simply too anomalous, too fine, too astonishing.

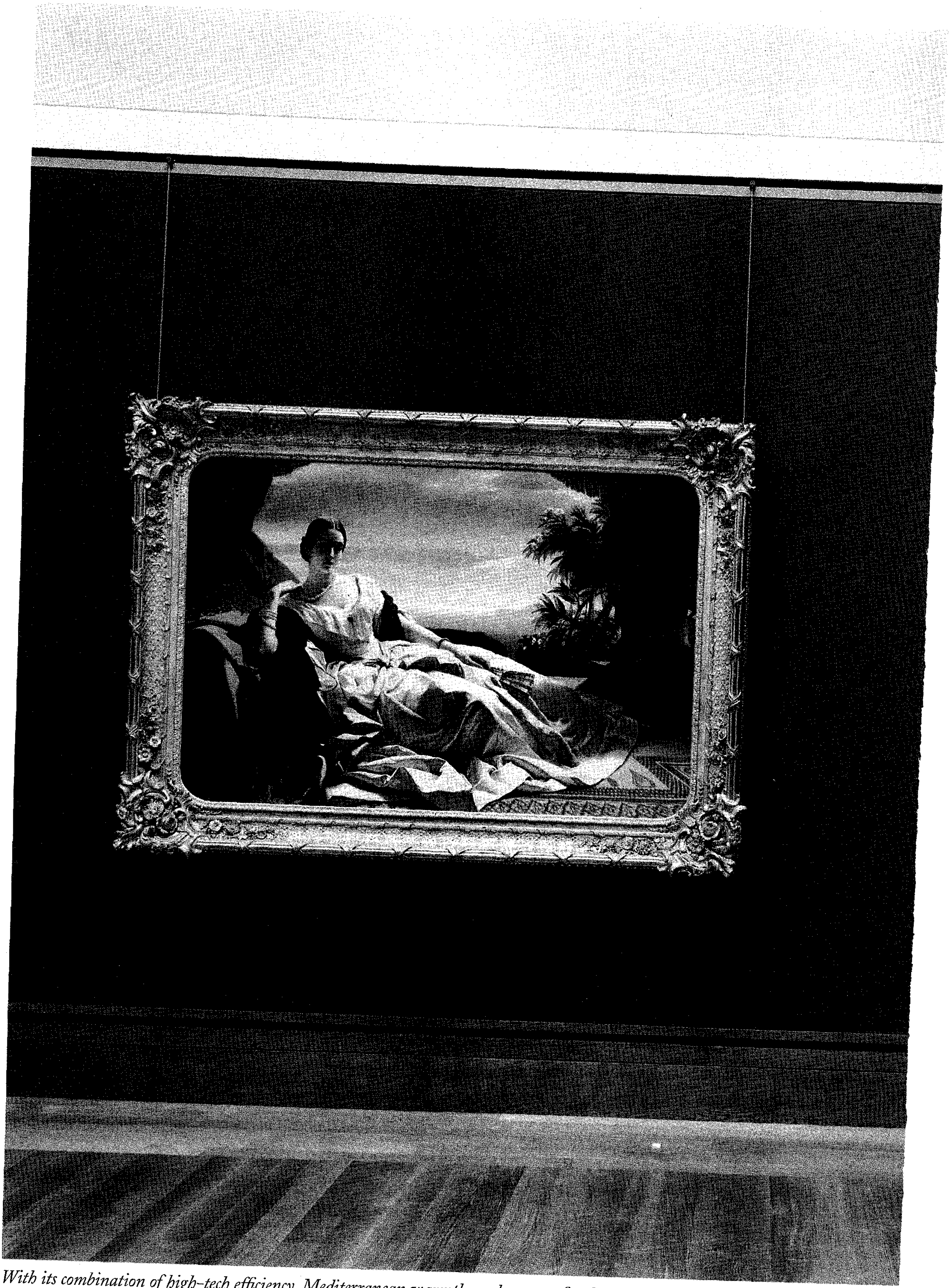
Among people in the museum and the fine-arts world, the name Getty had for years been considered ludicrous and distasteful. J. Paul Getty was a capitalist caricature, reclusive and mean. When, in the early seventies, he built a replica of the Villa dei Papiri in Malibu to house his art collection, the high-culture establishment concluded that he was also a vulgarian crackpot. Back then, before architectural postmodernism had made columns and pediments chic, he was the Aaron Spelling of his day, Fortune 500 division.

Getty died in 1976, and in his will left four million shares of Getty Oil stock to the museum, which was run by the J. Paul Getty Trust. When the estate was settled six years later, the trust inherited $1.2 billion, and the art world's bemused disrespect hardened into envy, resentment, fear, and loathing. "When I came here, we had no credibility," says Harold Williams, who had been chairman of the Securities Exchange Commission before becoming the first president of the Getty Trust, in 1981. "We were upstarts with a hell of a lot of money. There was a concern we were really going to mess things up." The chief concern was that the Getty Trust, with its monstrously deep pockets and a determination to build a world-class museum collection, would overpay for art. As it happened, 1982 was an excellent moment to inherit $1.2 billion; thanks to the bull market that began that year and hasn't ended yet, the trust now has its brand-new billion-dollar campus, more than a billion dollars' worth of art, and a $4.3-billion endowment—a sum almost six times as big as the Metropolitan Museum's.

GETTY was both terse and vague about the purposes of the trust he established before his death. So Williams and his colleagues not only were put in charge of an enormous sum of money at a time of general civic retrenchment but were also given the opportunity to dream up acceptable ways of spending the money—to invent a huge new institution as they were constructing it. Meier compares the enterprise with Thomas Jefferson's building of the University of Virginia two centuries ago. In 1983 and 1984, all the important Getty dice were cast: Walsh was

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT POLIDORI

Critics have derided the Getty Center's ambitious scale and its European focus as an élitist sneer at the city down below.



With its combination of high-tech efficiency, Mediterranean warmth, and super-refined modernism, the Getty Center is like a “Star recruited from Boston's Museum of Fine Arts; five independent Getty institutes (devoted to research, conservation, education, information, and museum management) and a grant program were established; a seven-hundred-and-forty-two-acre site was assembled (for only twenty million dollars); and Richard Meier, one of the most illustrious architects of his generation, was hired to design the whole thing.

Since the nineteen-sixties, undertakings of such scale, let alone grandeur, have been unfashionable and unaffordable in this country. It has been left to parvenus in the Middle East and in Southeast Asia—oligarchs enriched by companies like Getty Oil—to create giant cultural institutions out of nothing. Indeed, with dead-rich-white-male values besieged in America, the particular philanthropic hubris of the Getty seems impossibly, thrillingly nineteenth century: a new first-rate museum of old European art and antiquities, plus an expansive scholarly facility, both of them built in fifteen years by a major architect living among a thousand construction workers, and both lavishly underwritten without a single fund-raising gala.

Onward and upward, never breaking a sweat: such was the ideal course of Western civilization, before the populist, pluralist late twentieth century interrupted. Walsh, after Williams the most influential person at the Getty, is cast to type: tall, handsome, smart, ironic, smooth. (Williams, the older of the two, is more like Yoda: rumpled and courtly, but surprisingly tough-minded.) Last spring, when parts of the complex were still construction sites, Walsh would wear his own special hard hat, a pith helmet covered with brown rattan, as he roamed the hilltop. One day, striding into a new Renaissance-sculpture gallery, and brushing past a fifteenth-century bust of a saint submerged in Styrofoam pellets in a plastic shipping crate, he spotted a statue of Neptune freshly installed. "Oh!" he said. "The first guy is down!"

Walsh explains, "Because of the accident"—the accident of Getty's having endowed an arts trust with a fortune—"we've been able to do something very big, very fast." The Getty had a hundred and ten million dollars to spend on art and archival material in 1996 alone, which is many times what other large museums spend. The collections of antiquities, decorative arts, manuscripts, and photography are suddenly among the finest any-

le about Periclean Athens. A daylit gallery, with a portrait by Franz Xaver Winterhalter.

where. The paintings and sculptures are more than respectable. "We have been buying many of the best Renaissance and Baroque sculptures on the market for the last twelve years," Walsh says, and many of them haven't yet been exhibited. "When it opens, it's going to be a jolt." Among the museum's pictures are Michelangelo's "The Holy Family with Infant St. John the Baptist," a couple of Rembrandts, a Monet haystack, Cézanne's "Still-Life with Apples," and "Christ's Entrance Into Brussels in 1889," by James Ensor.

But, unlike most museum directors, who are obliged to be promiscuous marketers, Walsh can afford to remain above it all—an old-fashioned aesthetic purist. At a press luncheon in New York earlier this summer, he neglected to mention one of his most costly acquisitions, van Gogh's "Irises." (He bought it in 1991, reportedly for close to fifty-four million dollars.) Nor did he mention it during the tour of the new museum I made with him, and when I asked about it he said, a little grudgingly, "Oh, it's going to be in that big room—with the Ensor." Williams says, "We'll leave the blockbusters to the other museums."

But if the Getty's billions bring with them some holier-than-thou smugness, so what? In an era when PBS is hawking "Lord of the Dance" videos to recruit new members and the Guggenheim attaches sponsors like Hugo Boss to its shows, the Getty *is* holier than they are. The Getty's Conservation Institute is preserving Buddhist grottoes in China, footprints of prehistoric people in Tanzania, and a Brancusi sculpture in Romania. Its Research Institute, having amassed more than seven hundred thousand books, is on its way to becoming the world's largest fine-arts library. "I thought I'd died and gone to Heaven," says Lynn O'Leary-Archer, the associate director of the Research Institute, when she saw a new refrigerated storage room she'd been given just to hold photographic negatives. The Conservation Institute also has a climate-controlled room, designed especially for antique clocks. "We have a lot of clocks," Walsh says with a happy shrug. At the no-frills end of a Philistine century, Walsh and the directors of all the institutes made up wish lists, and most of those wishes were granted.

THIS is just how the future was supposed to be. From the parking garage at the bottom of the hill, it's a winding five-minute ascent on robot tram cars, past groves of California live oak and rusticated stone ramparts, to the Getty Center itself. The combination of microprocessed Epcot efficiency, permanently sunny panoramas, and Meier's highly classicized modernism is like a dream, or a "Star Trek" episode about Periclean Athens in a parallel universe.

The serenity is intense. A grand utopian peacefulness was the intent, and the process of the designing and the building was accordingly slow and steady. When Williams phoned Meier, in 1984, to tell him he had the job, Williams asked, according to the architect, "Can you finish it in three years?" In fact, it was seven years before the final design was unveiled. During his first year on the project, he, Walsh, Williams, and others from the Getty went on several world tours in which they visited libraries and research centers and, in southern Europe, wandered together through gardens and citadels, village squares and hill towns, seeking inspiration.

And so the dense, complicated cluster of Getty structures—there are eleven, occupying a hundred and twenty-four acres—is reminiscent, in its spick-and-span abstract way, of some Old World settlement. Given the traditionalism of the Getty's collection, the hilltop site, and the Southern California climate, the Mediterranean model was irresistible. There are six non-museum buildings, which are clad mainly in Meier's familiar white enamel-covered aluminum panels (*off*-white was his concession to the client and the neighbors), but the five-building museum complex is covered mainly in travertine from a quarry near Tivoli, north of Rome. Over the past two decades, it has become standard to paste thin stone veneers on high-rise office towers, as a kind of attenuated allusion to prewar architecture—class on the cheap. At the Getty there are three hundred thousand substantial chunks of travertine, most of them two-and-a-half-feet square and almost three inches thick. No wonder the original three-hundred-million-dollar construction budget doubled, and finally tripled.

Big modernist buildings, even great ones, are monomaniacal: their modernism consists in a machined-looking repetitiveness, and the effect can be oppressive. Any compound designed and built all at once—visit the Microsoft campuses in Redmond sometime—tends to be dreary. At the Getty Center, Meier has impressively avoided the problem. The buildings all have a strong family resemblance in scale and form and materials, but they are not clones. The center also proves, by counter-example, that the terrible thing about most postwar modernism was not the style but the budgets (too small) and the scale (too big).

Maybe because Meier designed the Getty just as the influence of postmodernism was waning, he was more open to its salutary influences. Postmodernism's most useful contributions have been to urban planning rather than to architecture: more than fetishizing antique styles, "new urbanism" regards the scale and the density of old towns as fundamental. And so the Getty Center, with its several piazzas and steps and odd angles, is an apt microcosmic simulacrum of Western civilization as well as its repository. There are quirks built in—moments of serendipity and pleasure. Connecting the separate museum pavilions are outdoor bridges and balconies that provide for sunny, breezy respites; this alone will make the Getty the pleasantest art museum on the planet. A brook runs a hundred yards downhill through the three-acre central garden to a reflecting pool. A smooth travertine wall is interrupted by a single cleft-cut block; conversely, a rough cleft-cut wall is punctuated by a couple of perfectly smooth pieces. Boulders are plopped in the fountain in the museum's central piazza. "It surprised me," John Walsh says of Meier's flecks of irrationalism, of fun. "You do not think of this artist as playful." In the center of the strictly off-white Getty Center, right between a tram station and a restaurant, sobersided Richard Meier has put a lavender steel trellis, color-coded for wisteria. "A whimsy," he says, smiling.

Entering the Getty galleries is a bit disorienting, like walking into eighteenth-century rooms in the eighteenth century—they're obviously brand-new but feel deeply old-fashioned. The walls are covered in oak panelling, elaborately tinted plaster, damask. The gallery spaces are traditional: high, windowless cubes, with upper walls canting inward and skylights equipped with computer-controlled louvres. After decades of SoHo loft renovations and Musées d'Orsay, we're used to inhabiting blond modernist interiors implanted within grand nineteenth-century shells. In the Getty galleries, that pattern is reversed: from within the Getty's old and faux-old rooms, one can glimpse in the distance bits of the grand new blond modernist shell that contains them.

This experience of discontinuity is a fresh one—maybe a twenty-first-century one.

THE weave of new and old turns out to be pleasantly strange, but it is the result of a decade of struggle, as well as collaboration, among the people creating the Getty. According to acquaintances of both men, Harold Williams and John Walsh have never been especially close. Walsh is thrilled with his new museum, but when I asked him in June if he was excited by the prospect of living Williams's grand Getty dream—curators and historians and conservators and pedagogues brilliantly commingling—he smiled thinly, looked away, and said, "In theory."

The occasional conflicts between Walsh and Richard Meier were more explicit and ideological. Both are ruddy, bespectacled Ivy Leaguers of strong convictions. Both are aesthetic conservatives, but while Meier's golden age is the nineteen-twenties and thirties, Walsh is very much a pre-twentieth-century man. As Michael Palladino, Meier's younger partner, who has worked on the Getty project since the beginning, puts it, "We like terraces, curves, and openness. But for this director and for this collection that wouldn't work." Williams and the trust hired Meier, as he had hired Walsh, but when disagreements arose he tended to side with Walsh. The architect says that his relationship with Walsh "is like a marriage, with its ups and downs," and he laughs. Walsh buys the marital analogy: "It's true. It's true. We gingerly approached some of the potentially divisive subjects."

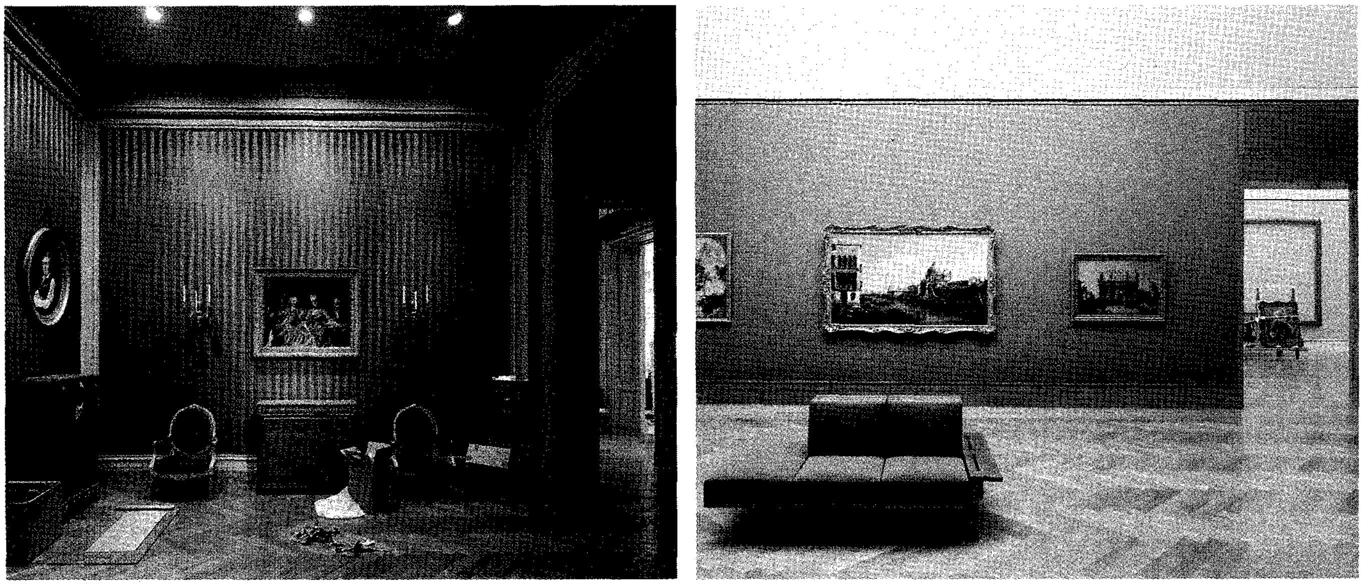
Meier accommodated Walsh's insistence, for example, on picture galleries lit only from the top. But Meier says he finally couldn't accommodate Walsh's desire for "period rooms that looked like period rooms—I was not the person to do it, and I would not do it." As a result, in the late eighties Walsh hired the architect Thierry Despont, an eclectic classicist, to design the interiors of the fourteen decorative-arts galleries, four of which have panelling from actual eighteenth-century rooms. And three years ago, with Walsh and Meier continuing to clash over the interiors, Despont was given the job of choosing the finishes and decorative details for all the gallery interiors.

"I mean, it wasn't going to be love at first sight," Despont told me over coffee in his Tribeca office. "Did he welcome me with open arms? No. Obviously, Richard's idea was to keep it as white as he could. Neither the museum nor I personally thought that was the best way." Despont, who has just finished Bill Gates's extravagant new house in Seattle, said he became a kind of middleman negotiating between the museum director's traditionalism and the building architect's modernism. "Frankly, when I came in, I think John and Richard were quite far apart," he told me. "I pulled both sides together." He said he persuaded Walsh, for instance, that chair rails and cornices would be gratuitously literal. "I enjoyed arguing with Richard," Despont went on. "I have my idiosyncrasies, and he has his. In the end, it is Richard's opus. He has the last word."

Not really. Meier's contract stipulates that his designs must meet Walsh's requirements as a curator. As Meier explained to me one day over lunch at his extremely white loft offices on Tenth Avenue, "I thought I could convince John about my view of the world. But I guess that was somewhat naïve, because John has maintained his view. Some of the painting galleries have fabric on the walls." Meier sounds appalled. "I don't like fabric—I've never liked fabric on the wall. John wants fabric on the wall, he got fabric on the wall."

Meier's other main antagonist has been Robert Irwin, the San Diego artist whom Williams hired in 1992 to design the elaborate central garden, which will lie on a slope between the museum and the Research Institute. Meier regarded the garden as his prerogative. The client, however, wanted something more Southern Californian than Meier seemed likely to provide. Williams explains that he "wanted it to be an artistic event unto itself," and that Irwin represents "a significantly different attitude toward art from Richard. It's not as disciplined. It's more alive." Irwin's garden will include a waterfall, a floating maze of azaleas, a canopy of London plane trees and crape myrtle, and five hundred flowering plants. "Richard must have given you an earful on Irwin," Michael Palladino said to me. "If you put two artists together and ask them to paint on the same canvas, there are going to be problems."

When it comes to defending the Getty Center against outside criticism, however, Williams, Walsh, and Meier maintain a united front. In emphatically multicultural Los Angeles, where the freeways have signs directing motorists to a Museum of Tolerance, the Getty Center is routinely derided as élitist. By élitist, the critics seem to mean that it is physically very grand,



The Getty has reversed the usual pattern of putting a modern interior within a nineteenth-century shell. One of the museum's fourteen decorative-arts galleries (left) and one of its European-paintings galleries.

that you can’t park right at the front door, and that the collection consists overwhelmingly of works from the European premodern canon. The fact that Meier is a New Yorker and Despont is French probably adds to the sense of élitism. Although a city bus stops at the museum, there is parking space for only twelve hundred automobiles, and each parking space requires a reservation. About this crime against the car-loving people of Los Angeles, Walsh says, “We want to make a place that has a kind of unforgettable intimacy that’s peaceful. And it can’t be peaceful if it’s overcrowded.” The élitism charge, Meier says, “is a straw man, a false polemic.”

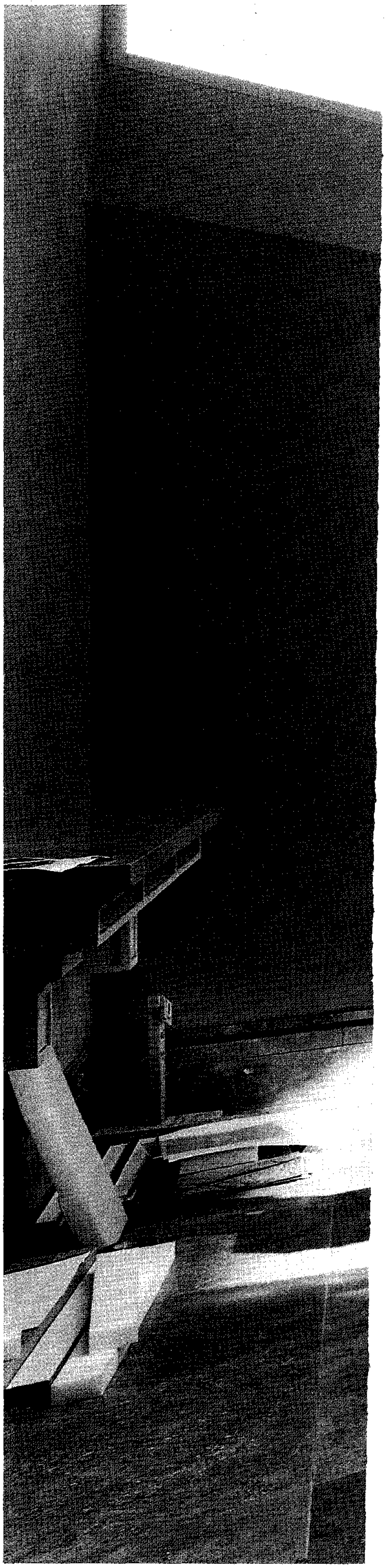
Frank Gehry, the quintessentially L.A. architectural genius, celebrated for radical shapes and materials, has been among the most hyperbolic polemicists. “Williams spent one billion dollars on that hill, and he ignored Los Angeles,” he told a reporter. “It would take him six lifetimes to undo the damage that that one gesture will do to the fabric of Los Angeles.” Gehry had failed even to get short-listed for the Getty Center, and I asked Harold Williams if he thought his critique was sour grapes. “Sure,” he said, smiling. He added, “Frank sent me a very apologetic letter.”

Given the attacks, it’s ironic that the place is so reflexively P.C. in so many ways. Of the five program directors whom the Getty Center flew to New York this summer for a press lunch, Walsh was the only American-born male. At the lunch, the director of the Education Institute declared that a major mission was to convince businesspeople of “the value of arts education to workforce readiness.” She and the Information Institute director loaded their speeches with phrases such as “community-networking initiative” and “consensus building.” The Research Institute has sponsored a seminar on the legacy of the Black Panthers and its P.R. material refers to the South Central riots as “the Los Angeles rebellion” and “the April 1992 uprising.” Even the museum is irredeemably Californian. When some members of the curatorial staff felt traumatized by the move from Malibu to Brentwood, Walsh says, special “listeners” were recruited and workshops organized to help the staff members feel better.

THE Getty Center should make Angelenos in general feel a little better, in part by making Los Angeles seem more like a real city. To begin with, there’s the view: from the old downtown to Century City and over to the Hollywood Hills and on to the ocean, this is one of the rare local spots from which a person can survey the whole megalopolis. More obviously, the Getty Center will enable culturally ambitious citizens to weather the Woody Allen jokes. “I grew up in Los Angeles at a time when the only art that was around was Gainsborough’s ‘Blue Boy,’ at the Huntington,” Harold Williams said when I asked about his arts background. “It’s time we began to think of Los Angeles as something different from earthquakes and fires and Tinseltown.” (Tinseltown has been quite pointedly kept out of the Getty Center, which doesn’t need its money and doesn’t want its glamour: the only Hollywood trustee is a little-known Disney public-relations executive.)

“I think the Getty Center is going to change what actually happens and what appears to happen in Los Angeles,” John Walsh says. “I think it will make it easier for serious people to persuade themselves they might come and live in Los Angeles. It will bring tourists here, and that will change the caricatured view of Los Angeles.”

Of course, Disneyland and Sunset Boulevard and Rodeo Drive still dominate the brand image. It will take decades for the Getty Center to give L.A. the full measure of upper-middle-brow respect that Williams and Walsh and Meier want. But, having spent the last fifteen years getting this far, all of them are focussed on the long view, although their moods seem bittersweet. Three weeks after the center opens, Harold Williams will retire. Meier is down to the very last tweaks and fixes. “I’m happy and I’m sad,” he says. “I don’t know anymore what I expected. Once in a while, something gets planted while I’m in New York, and it’s ‘God, that’s wrong—I don’t know how that got by me.’ Even if it’s just this patch of ground cover. That’s there forever.” As for the interior décor, such as the hated damask walls, he says, “Those are things that can change. In ten years, someone could come in and say no.” That might happen, since it doesn’t sound as if Walsh is permanently ensconced. Because of rumors that he has considered leaving for a big job at an East Coast museum, I asked him how long he planned to stay at the Getty. He laughed, then said, “I’d love to be here for . . . a time—to operate this amazing machine that we’ve built. This is only a dozen years out. We have centuries ahead of us. Centuries.” ♦



“It’s time we began to think of Los An

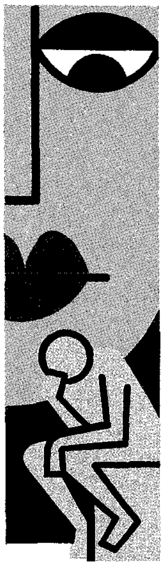
ething different from earthquakes and fires and Tinseltown," Harold Williams, the president of the Getty Trust, says.

FICTION

MARÍA DE COVINA

A teen-ager in the glorious world of women.

BY DAGOBERTO GILB



I'VE got two sports coats, about six ties, three pairs of dressy pants, Florsheims I polish *a la madre*, and three weeks ago I bought a suit, with silk lining, at Lemonde for Men. It came with a matching vest. That's what made it for me. I love getting all duded up, looking fine, I really do. This is the thing: I like women. No, wait. I *love* women. It's not like I do anything different when I'm around them. I'm not, like, aggressive, going after them, hustling. I don't play that. I don't do anything except have a weakness for them. I don't ask anybody out. I already have my girlfriend, Diana. Still, it's like I feel drunk around them. Like they make me so *pedo* I can't move away. See what I'm saying? So, yeah, of course I love working at the Broadway. Women's perfume is everywhere, and I'm dizzy while I'm there.

Even if what I'm about to say might not sound right, I'm saying it: it's not just me, it's them, too, it's them *back*, maybe even first. O.K., I realize this sounds bad, so I won't talk about it. But why else did they put me in the Gifts department? I didn't know *ni nada* about that stuff, and I noticed right away that most customers were women. And I'm not meaning to brag, but the truth is I sell, they buy. They're almost always older women, and rich, because the things we have on the racks—*cositas como* vases and statues and baskets and bowls, from Russia, Germany, Africa, Denmark, France, Argentina, everywhere—are originals, and they're expensive. These ladies, maybe they're older but a lot really look good for being older, they come in and they ask my opinion. They're smiling when they ask me what I'd like if it was for me. I try to be honest. I smile a lot. I smile because I'm happy.

You know what? Even if I'm wrong, *no le hace*, I don't care. Because when I go down the escalator, right at the bottom is Cindy in Cosmetics. She says, "Is your mommy coming for you tonight?" Cindy's almost blond, very pretty, and way out there. She leans over the glass to get close to me. She wears her blouses a little low-cut. She's big for being such a *flaquita*.

"Maybe," I say. "Maybe not."

"Don't marry her yet." That bedroom voice of hers.

"What difference will it make?"

"None to me," she says.

"You talk big," I say, "but do you walk the walk?"

"You know where I am. What're we waiting for?"

She's not wrong. I'm the one who only talks the talk. I don't lie to myself. For instance, I'm about to be nineteen, but I pretend I'm twenty. I do get away with it. I pass for older. I'm not sure why that's true—since I was thirteen I've had a job—or why I want it to be. I feel older when I say I am. For the same reason, I let them think I know so much about sex. *Ya sabes*, pretend that I'm all experienced, like I'm all bad. Lots of girls, and I know what they like. I feel like it's true when I'm around them. It's what Cindy thinks. And I want her to—I like it that she does, but at the same time it makes me scared of her. She's not pretending, and I'm afraid she'll find out about me: the truth is that my only experience is with Diana. I'm too embarrassed to admit it, and I don't even to her.

It's not just Cindy, though, and this isn't talk, and though it might sound like it, honest, I'm not trying to brag. Over in Women's Fashions is Ana, a *morena* with green eyes and strong, pretty legs. She's shy. Not that shy. She wants to be in love, wants a wedding, wants a baby. In Housewares is Brigit. Brigit is Russian, and sometimes she's hard to understand. You should see her. She's got the bones of a black girl, but her skin is snow. I think she's older than she looks. She'll go out with me, I know it. I don't know how she'd be, and I wonder. Over there, down the mall at Lemonde for Men, is where Liz works. That's who I bought my suit from. Liz is fun. Likes to laugh. The Saturday I picked up my suit we had lunch together, and then one night, when I knew she was working, just before we closed, I called her. I told her I was hungry and would she want to go somewhere after. She said yeah. We only kissed goodbye. The next time she was letting me feel her. She likes it, and she's not embarrassed that she does. I think about her a lot. Touching her. But I don't want this to sound so *gacho*, porno or something. I like her, that's what I mean. I like everything about her.

"You're such a liar," María de Covina says. She's my boss. The assistant manager of Gifts and Luggage, Silverware and China. I worry that she knows how old I really am and she's going by that. Or that she knows I'm not really in college. I don't know why I can't be honest about having that other job. I work for A-Tron Monday through Friday during the day. A shipping clerk. It's a good job, too. But it's better to say you're studying for something better. I am going to college next year, after I save some money.

"What're you saying?"

"You just want to get them," María says. "You're no different from any other man."

I have told her a lot, but I'm not sure why. Probably because she catches me all the time talking to them. The first times I thought she was getting mad and going around checking up on me. But she's cool. I told her about Liz after she saw us on that first Saturday, eating lunch at the mall.

"It's not true," I say.

"It's not *true*," she whines. She often repeats what I say in a mocking voice. Sometimes she gets close to me, and this time she gets real close, close enough to reach her hand around and grab one of my *nalgas*. "It's not *true*."

"Watch it, Covina," I say. "You Italians think everything you squeeze is a soft *tomate*, but Mexicans got *chiles* that burn."

I call her María de Covina because she lives in West Covina and drives in. I call her Italian because she doesn't know a word of Spanish, and Italians can be named María. I can't let up. She really is Mexican-American, just the spoiled, *pocha*-princess type. But I don't let on. She tells me her last name over and over. What do you think Mata is? she asks. Does "Mata" sound Italian to you? I say maybe, yeah. Like a first name like Maria, I say. Like a last name like Corona. Probably it's that, I tell her, and you're messing with me. I don't understand yet what you're up to. Why is it you want everyone to think you're a Mexican when you're not? In my family, everybody always wished they weren't. So she calls me names and means them, because this really upsets her. Stupid, she calls me. Butt breath. Say those in Spanish, I suggest to her, and we'll see what you know. She says, *Estúpido.* One wrong, I tell her. What about the other? No reply. You don't know, do you? Not a clue, right? This is a game we play, and though there is part of me that can't believe she takes it seriously, another part sees how my teasing bothers her too much.

"Besides, no Chicanos live in West Covina."

"Yes, they do."

It cracks me up how serious she sounds. She's too easy. "I never met any from there, ever. It's probably too rich or something."

"You've never even been there, and I bet you don't even know where it is."

"Me and nobody like me."

"My parents just never taught me any Spanish."

"Did they talk it at home?"

"Not really."

"You see? What'd I tell you?"

"Asshole." She whispers that in my ear because we're on the floor and customers are around.

"When they were talking something, if they did, it probably was Italian and you didn't even know it."

I NEVER tell my girlfriend, Diana, anything about these other girls. Though she's been mad at me anyway. We used to go out more often than we do now, but with my two jobs and her school, it's been almost only weekends. After we go to a movie, we head back to her place because her parents go to sleep early. I take her to the door and we kiss and then I leave. I park on the busy street around the corner and I walk back and crawl through her window. It's a big bedroom because she used to share it with her sister, who went away to be a nurse. She's very sheltered in a certain way, in that Catholic way, but I'm not Diana's first boyfriend, though I am the first one she's made love to. She let me the second time we went out because she thought I expected it. Because I was so experienced. She's sixteen. She doesn't look it, but she acts it. She worries. She's scared of everything she likes. The first time she orgasmed, she told me a couple of months ago, she didn't really know what it was, and it felt too good, so she called her sister's best friend, who can talk about any subject and especially sex, and asked if she was all right. She'll let me do certain things to her, and now she'll be on top sometimes. But she worries that one of us will get too loud. She has been a couple of times. I feel her pulsate in there real hard. She worries that we'll fall asleep after and her mom or dad will be up before we know it. That happened once, and I got out of there, but she's been really worried ever since about everything, every little noise, like they're listening.

The only thing in the room that isn't just for a girl is a statue I gave her of "The Thinker." It came from Gifts. It had a chip in the wood base and was being sold at twenty-per-cent discount. I kept looking at it, trying to decide if I should buy it. It's big, heavy. He looks smart. I imagined having it in my own place, when I got one. I guess that María and Joan, the manager of our department, saw how often I stared at it, and so one day they gave it to me, all gift-wrapped with a ribbon and bow. I was surprised, embarrassed even, that they'd bought me a present, and I didn't think I should accept it, until they explained how it only cost a dollar—they'd marked it down as damaged and, being the manager and the assistant manager, signed off on it. This was one of the nights that Diana came to the store to pick me up after work. She was suspicious of María, which seemed crazy to me, since María is twenty-six and my boss, and then, as we were going down the escalator, of Cindy, who made a sexy wink at me, which didn't seem crazy. So right there in the parking lot I gave "The Thinker" to Diana, and it's been on her bedstand since.

"They got these pretty glass flowers," I say, "and I keep thinking of ways to get them for you. You know, cheap."

"They're not for me," she says. "Those are gifts for grandmothers or mothers."

"Well, then, I could give them to your mom."

"A gift from you would be a good idea."

I'm not sure I want that yet. "I could give them to my mom, too. You know, for Mother's Day."

"You better not," she says. "It's stealing."

"Joan sells marked-down things all the time."

"I think you should stop thinking like this."

"But it's easy," I tell her. "I'm good at it."

"How do you know if you're good at it?"

"I know what I'm good at."

"You know I don't like that kind of talk."

"You *know* I don't *like* that kind of *talk*." Lately I've been imitating María de Covina.

"You better go," she says.

"Would you stop it," I say. "I'm playing. I'm only teasing."

"You really should go anyway," she says. She's naked, looking for her underwear in the bedsheets, in the dark. "I'm afraid. We're taking too many chances."

I DON'T take too many chances. One time I did sell something to a friend, for example, for a much lower price than was on the tag. But that was instead of, say, just giving it to him in the bag when he bought something else for a normal price. Which is stealing. I wouldn't do that. Another way is, a customer comes and buys an item, but instead of making a normal receipt I ring it out on our long form, the one in three-color triplicate, which we use when the item has to be delivered. I wait for an expensive purchase. I give the customer the white copy, put the green copy in the register, then fill out the pink copy later—in blue pencil so it looks right, like it's from the stencil. I can stick whatever I want in a box, put that pink copy with a friend's name and address on it, and mail it out of the store. The truth is, I think of everything and do nothing. It's only a little game I play in my mind. There's nothing here I want. Well, one time I wanted a ship—it looked like a pirate ship to me, with masts and sails and rope the width of string. It was going off the floor because it never sold in over a year, and some items like this are smashed up and thrown away instead of sent back—written off as a loss. I thought I should just take it home instead of destroying it, but María insisted on writing out a slip and selling it to me for three dollars. I gave it to my mom.

“If you really want the valise,” I tell Mrs. Huffy, “I’ll sell it to you marked down as damaged.” Mrs. Huffy sells the luggage. She and I often work the same shift. Sometimes she comes over and sells gifts, and sometimes I sell luggage, but mostly we keep to our separate areas. María takes care of the silverware and china. The valise that Mrs. Huffy likes is going to be ripped up and trashed because it’s not made anymore and can’t be returned to the supplier for a refund.

“It seems like such a waste to throw it away.” Mrs. Huffy fidgets with her glasses all the time. She has a chain on them so she doesn’t put them down and forget them. Most of the time you can’t tell if she sees better with them off or with them on. Sometimes the glasses go nervously onto the top of her hair, which is silver-gray, the same color as the chain and the frames.

“It is a waste if you ask me.”

“You’d think they’d call the Salvation Army instead.” Glasses hanging like a necklace.

Mrs. Huffy makes me think of what Diana will be like when she’s old. Still worried. “But they’re not. They’re throwing it away.”

“It’s terrible,” she says.

“I could just sell it to you.”

She takes the glasses up to her nose and stares at me. “You can’t do that. I wouldn’t. Security looks at the receipt.” When we leave the building at night, guards examine our belongings, and if we’ve bought anything from the store they look at the receipt to make sure it matches.

“We’ll get it marked down. I’ll ask María.” Everything’s O.K. if a manager or assistant manager says so.

“It wouldn’t be right.” Glasses on the head.

“O.K., then, but I think it’s no big deal.”

“Do you think she’d do it?”

“I’m sure she would.”

“I can’t.” Glasses on the nose. Holding the valise, snapping it open, snapping it closed. “I can’t ask.”

“I told you already I’d ask. I know she won’t care.”

“I don’t know.”

“*Como quieras*, whatever you decide.” I’m walking back to Gifts because I see a customer.

“I don’t know,” Mrs. Huffy says. “Are you sure María would?”

María saw me one night in the parking lot with Cindy, and she wouldn’t stop asking me about it. So? she said. So? I didn’t think I should talk about it. Come on, did you get some or not? I didn’t think it was right to talk about it. But she kept insisting, and finally it seemed O.K. I told her how Cindy and I were parked near each other, and she said something about a good-night kiss. She started pressing against me hard, and I just put my hand on a *chiche* and then she wrapped her leg around me even harder and rubbed up against me until she put her hand on me. She was physically hot, like sweating. She put her hand down there, I put my hand down there, and then we went into her car. I didn’t want to tell Covina the rest, I didn’t think I should. But still she says, So? Whaddaya mean, *so*? I’m delaying because I feel María close behind me, and I’m not sure. Did you or not? she says. The store’s just closed, and I’m at my register, clearing it while we’re talking, about to take my tray out to count money, and she’s very close behind me. Why don’t you want to tell me? she says. She’s got her *chiches* against me, moving just a little, and, I don’t know, I don’t mind, but I’m embarrassed, too. In case someone sees. But I don’t say anything. I’m also surprised. I don’t know why it hadn’t crossed my mind. She had her register to clear, and she left.

WITHIN THE HOUR

The tea is too hot.
The curtain in the window blew around.
Rind rotting on brown chairs.
In the valley of bartenders the one-eyed stooge is king.

What I’m doing now is write.
That’s the real stuff.
It doesn’t work!
I got a card from him yesterday I could ask Dick.

What is the lively approach?
Your mini body coming unto me, unshelled
as pavanes in savanes no one undertakes
not without a woofing in the chest-o-ciser.

Two strokes and it’s gone.
You owed the fresh kind.
Why yes. Remember
me? Remember me
in any case.

—John Ashbery

“I DON’T like it.” Diana’s worrying. She’s in pajamas.

“It’s no big deal,” I say. We’re whispering to each other in the dark. I’m not sure why it’s so dark this night, but it is. I surprised her when I came to the window. I had to say her name a few times to wake her up.

“You better stop,” she says. Even though I can’t see them, the glass flowers I bought damaged are in a vase next to “The Thinker.” I told her I didn’t want them for either her mom or mine, and once she saw them, how beautiful they were, she wanted them. “You’re gonna get caught.”

“You’re gonna get *caught*,” I say.

“Why would María be doing this?” she asks. “I don’t trust her.”

I feel like Diana is really sensing Cindy, or Liz. I tell her I have to work Saturday night, and that’s why we can’t go out. I feel like it’s because I’m talking too much about all this to Covina, and it’s in the air—that I’m not being smart, talking *esas cosas* out loud. “Come on, it’s crazy,” I tell Diana. “She’s a lot older than me, and she’s the assistant manager of the department. She knows what she’s doing.”

Suddenly Diana starts crying.

“What’s the matter?” I ask.

She’s sobbing into her pillow.

“You’re making too much noise,” I whisper. “You’re gonna wake up your parents.”

“You have to go,” she says. She’s talking in a normal voice, which is really loud at this time of night. Her face is all wet. I try to kiss her, but she pushes me away. “You have to go,” she says.

“Can’t we make love?” I’m being quiet at the open window, and though my eyes have adjusted it’s so dark I can barely see her in the bed. “Don’t you want to make love?”

I feel sick. I love women, but I realize I don't want to lose Diana. I love her.

COVINA shakes her head as I tell her how Diana was acting. "Mexican men," she says.

I do like it that she thinks of me as a man. I like being a man, even if it makes me feel too old for Diana. It's confusing. I'm not sure what to do. I wonder if she'd say the same if she didn't think I was almost twenty-one.

I go to the stockroom, and I sit on the edge of the metal desk. "Mrs. Huffy wants this valise real bad. You think you could sign this?" I've already made out a receipt. Instead of forty-five dollars, I made it for forty-five cents, damaged.

Covina gets up, and without kissing me, *ni nada*, she pushes her breast into my face. She has one hand under it, and another on my neck. Pretty quick she opens her blouse and she pulls up her bra and we're both excited and she reaches over and slams the stockroom door and she gets on her knees between mine. I wouldn't tell her, but nobody's ever done that to me before. I like it even though I'm scared—it *was* right there in our stockroom—and I guess I'm a little shocked, too, but I don't want her to know it. You know. I follow her to her apartment after work. Before I didn't even think about whether she had her own apartment. I didn't really want to go. And I didn't do very well. She probably saw how inexperienced I really am, and then I made the mistake of telling her how I'm in love with Diana, and how bad I'm feeling.

So I'm tired when I clock in because I stayed with her. I was late getting to A-Tron in the morning, and I wouldn't have gone in if I hadn't known there were a lot of orders we had to fill. Mrs. Huffy is already in China and Silverware when I get to the floor that evening, so worried she can't even take her glasses off when she sees me, and Joan stops me in the middle of Gifts. Joan never works at night.

When Mrs. Huffy checked out with the valise, a security guard opened her package and asked for the receipt, and the guard said he was going to keep it and make sure everything was on the up and up the next day. Instead of, like, scratching the valise when she got home so it really did look damaged, instead of waiting for Joan to deal with it so she could tell us to never do anything like this again, Mrs. Huffy panicked and brought the valise back in the morning.

"Ms. Mata told me everything," Stemp says. Stemp works for the L.A.P.D., or used to, or something like that. I already know who he is, but I've never talked to him before. He never talks to anybody. He's the chief of security at the Broadway. He wears cheap black slacks and a cheap white shirt and a cheap, plain blue tie. He looks like he might rock in his swivel chair, but he doesn't. He just has it tilted back, his hands folded onto his *panza*. The office has no decorations, no photos or paintings or mirrors on the walls. On his gray desk is the cheapest lamp they sell in Furniture, which is across from Gifts, and one of those heavy black phones. He has a sheet of paper and a pen in front of him. "She told me about how you used triplicate forms and our courtesy mailing service and how you sold goods to your friends." He stares at me for a very long time, satisfied, like he just ate a big meal.

"I never did anything like that," I say. I can't believe María told him my ideas. "It's not true," I say.

"It's not true," he repeats. He shakes his head with only his eyes. "Do you realize that Ms. Mata was building a career here?"

"She didn't do anything. I know she never did anything."

He really shakes his head. "I don't have time for this. I already have it all." He slides the paper over to me. "Just sign it and get outta here."

I read his form. It lists all these ways I took things from the store, and how María coöperated.

"No," I say. "María didn't coöperate, she didn't do anything. I didn't do anything, either."

"I can call the police right now if you'd prefer. We can deal with this in that manner."

"I guess. I have to think."

He sends me off after I sign the form admitting that I sold a forty-five-dollar valise to Mrs. Huffy for forty-five cents. I loved this job so much. I really loved being here at the Broadway, and I can't think of what I'll do now. I head to the parking lot, and I'm in my car, and I'm trying to decide whether I should go over to Diana's or to María's, if either of them would even want to see me, when I see Liz waving at me. I get out of the car. How come you haven't called me? she wants to know. I'm wearing the suit I bought from her store. The vest is buttoned but the jacket isn't. I do always feel good in it. ♦

SHARKS • LIONS • SWANS • BEARS • SHEEP • DEER • DOLPHINS • MICE • HIPPOS • ELEPHANTS • SWANS • LIONS • SHARKS • WOLVES • SEALS • HORSES • ELEPHANTS • HIPPOS • BIRDS • DOGS • CATS • DEER • SHEEP • DUCKS • DEER • CATS • DOGS • BIRDS • HIPPOS • ELEPHANTS • HORSES • SEALS • WOLVES •

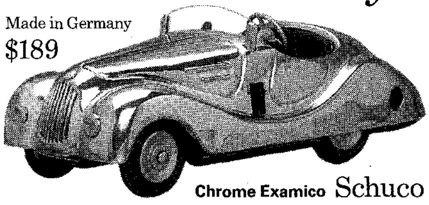
© 1997

Rescue Cat! he will purr for you!

Comes with its own story...
A Pat Petrie Hugenberg Design.
14Kt gold ring, "ships-hour glass"
face mark, and officer stripes on
body, full cut diamonds. $1,975.
Exclusively by Sigi.

FOR ANIMAL LOVERS PLUS!

Sigi JEWELRY DESIGN
524 Broadway, NY/Sonoma, CA 95476
Order Now! Or Call For Free Catalog:
1-800-407-SIGI (7444)
(707) 939-0464 • Handcrafted in USA
Visa•MasterCard•AmericanExpress



Limited Edition Toys!™
Made in Germany
$189
Chrome Examico Schuco
All tin, wind-up! 5.75"long Edition: 1500 Available: 87 w/box
LILLIPUT 321 So. Main, Yerington NV 89447 800-TIN-TOYS

Rapid, Safe Weight Loss
Medically Supervised
1-888-RICEDIET
www.ricediet.com

LONDON FLATS
Short Term – Privately owned
COTSWOLD COTTAGES
THE LONDON CONNECTION
MR. THOMAS MOORE III
TOLL FREE PHONE: 888-393-9120
FAX: 801-393-3024
E-MAIL: london@relia.net

The Vein Treatment Center est. 1982
Exclusively for
Varicose & Spider Veins
327 E. 65th St. NYC•212-249-6117

World's Largest Inventory
China, Crystal, Flatware & Collectibles
80,000 Patterns • 4 Million Pieces
Discontinued & Active • Buy & Sell
REPLACEMENTS, LTD.
1-800-REPLACE (1-800-737-5223)
PO Box 26029, Greensboro, NC 27420 • Dept. YO

BOOKS

KITTY ZIPPER

Kitty Kelley's sack of sleaze makes the Royals look good.

BY JULIAN BARNES

THE academic career of Diana, Princess of Wales, was not very distinguished, but as a youngster she did win one key and proleptic prize: that for best-kept guinea pig. Years later, in a roil of sentimentality and transferred emotion, she became established as Britain's best-kept guinea pig herself: sleek of fur, appealing of eye, vulnerable, a bit neurotic, apparently dim, yet with certain strong instincts that made her lovable. How we petted her, and how cross we were with Uncle Charles that he didn't give her enough to eat until, one day, disastrously, he left the cage door open.

A noisy percentage of the British public is currently in a state more noxious than a Macaulayan fit of morality: a fit of emotional self-congratulation. Look how well we weep and grieve, how that famous British reserve can be ripped open to reveal a laudable squishiness. Look how many flowers we can lay, and what truly dreadful poems—but their dreadfulness is somehow proof of their heartfeltness—we can pin to the cellophane. Look how even the little children strew their Teddy bears in front of her. Meanwhile, supposedly serious radio programs discuss the extent to which the life and death of Diana have rendered us a proudly compassionate nation.

More significant than the flowers was the clapping. Not the applause that greeted Earl Spencer's assertion of the rights of his own emotionally dysfunctional family against those of the dysfunctional Windsors; that was mere approval of his sentiments. Odder, and newer, was the clapping that followed Diana on her gun carriage; that greeted the Royals on their late return to London; that sped the hearse all the way through and out of London. At first, it seemed the ritual applause, here somewhat misplaced, that greets the sighting of a famous person; but it was more than that. It was proactive mourning, quietly egocentric. We are no longer the spear-carriers, it said, who, black clad, bow our heads in silence: no, we now lament in tourist clothes, camcorder to hand, and we register our presence with subtle noise.

Grief loves itself. What purer grief than that for a person never met? And what more British grief than over a death that, however you look at it, *wasn't our fault:* French location, French chauffeur, German car, foreign paparazzi, Egyptian escort. Apart from Di, the only British aspect to the accident was the Welsh bodyguard, who survived the traditional death position because he did the British thing: he wore his seat belt.

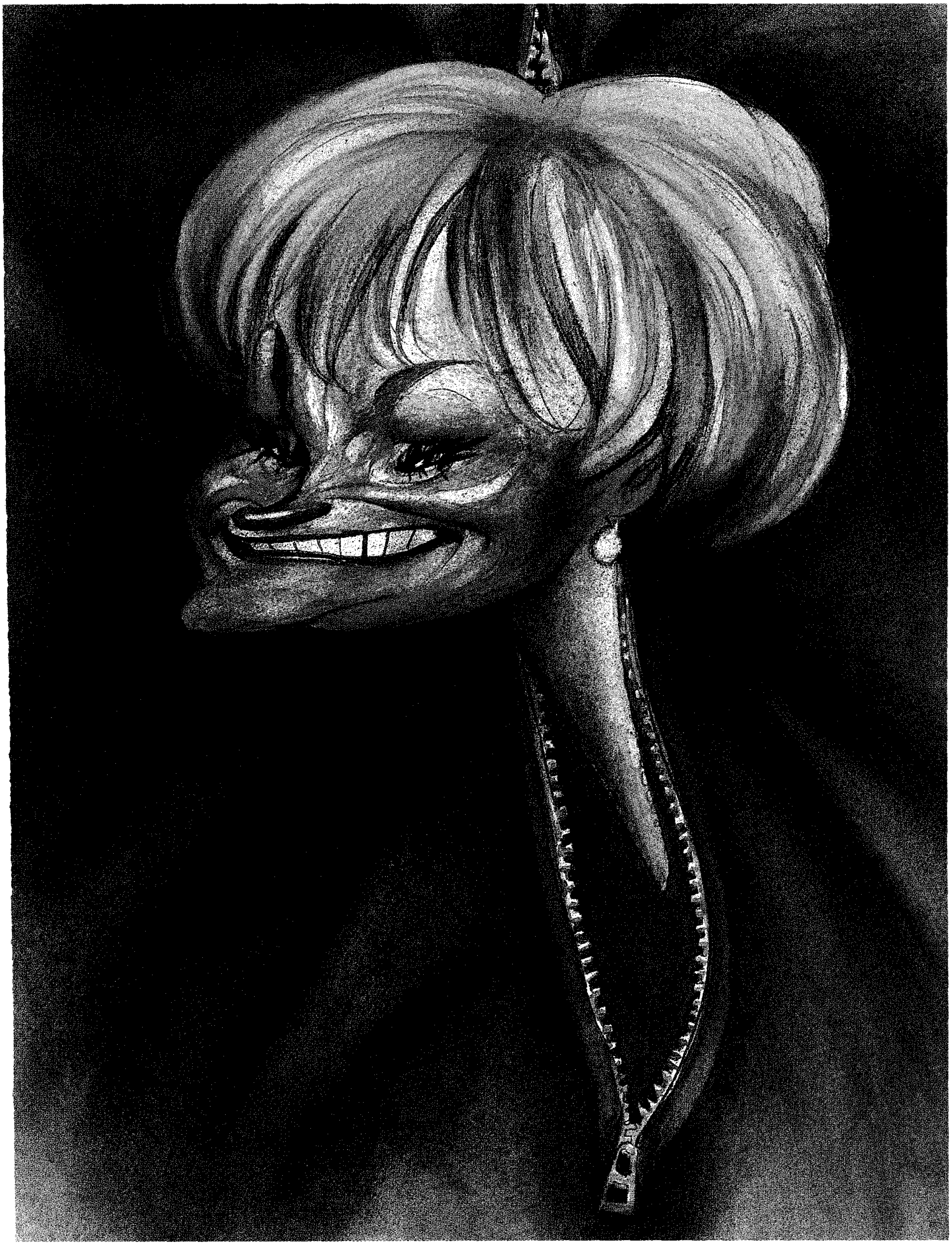
This look-at-me grief has had a coercive edge to it: when Elton tells us that it seemed to him she lived her life like a candle in the wind, what churl will point out that it seemed to him she lived her life more like a bloody great chandelier surrounded by flunkies and screens? There is an undercurrent of aggression, too, as a poor misguided Sardinian, Fabio Piras, discovered a few days after the funeral. Perhaps fooled by the bring-and-buy aspect of display outside St. James's Palace, he lifted a Teddy bear left by a girl called Regina. The magistrate fined him a hundred pounds for theft, but as he left the courthouse a rougher people's justice caught up with him. Gerry Moorehouse, a forty-three-year-old Londoner unfuelled by the new compassion, punched him in the face, and said afterward, "She was the queen of everybody's hearts. Why should an Italian get away with this? It's disgusting."

What, to be juridically picky, was Mr. Piras guilty of? He was convicted of theft, but it was theft of a most unusual kind. Young Regina, donor of said bear, had surely relinquished ownership of it; Diana was already dead, so she could not have owned it; Diana's estate might possibly have claimed the bear, yet that was surely not Regina's intention. Nor was it removed from private land. Legally, the bear was as thievable as a piece of litter. But what Mr. Piras was guilty of—as opposed to what he was convicted for—was an offense against decorum.

Into this overheated atmosphere comes "The Royals" (Warner; $27), Kitty Kelley's book on the House of Windsor. It does not come to Britain officially, but it will be published unofficially: by smuggled copy, E-mail, the Internet, and by slow drippage in the newspapers. It will probably make a lot of noise, though it scarcely convicts the Royal Family of any criminal offense. (Fergie and cocaine is about the lot.) What it does seek to convict them for is the sin of Mr. Piras: the offense against decorum. We persuaded ourselves—no, *you* persuaded *us*—that you were such and such, and you weren't: instead you were and are, well, rather like us, human, selfish, venal, temptable, sexual, boring. Such intelligence may make some of the grieving want to punch the Royal Family in the face.

The death of Diana has been good news for the publishers but bad news for a book that ends by evoking the Queen Mother's forthcoming grand funeral—which was the one Di got. The debate on the monarchy's future has also moved on. But the frozenness of the book throws up some useful, if unearned, resonances. Our proud new British lachrymosity is given a certain perspective by a reference to motorists standing "in the middle of the street, by their cars, weeping" when George VI died, in 1952; while the Princess's rebuffed proposal for a decent P.R.-and-spin department at the Palace was pretty much what Prince Philip was pushing for back in 1966. When Di climbed into the cars of journalists to badmouth her husband, it was the logical, if debased, consequence of her mother-in-law's allowing TV cameras into Westminster Abbey for her 1953 coronation.

Kitty Kelley also usefully reminds us of the pre-canonized Di—the one last spotted in her home country taking a Harrods helicopter to her rural psychic. The drums of grief seem to have drowned out her shameless courting of the press—which never worked



Kelley's ideal reader may be the equivalent of the Japanese soldier who stumbles out of the bushes to salute the Emperor.

better than after her death, when every male journalist who ever got a flash of *Dianakontakt* went gurgle-gurgle for a thousand words about the lowered head, the raised eyes, and the puddle on the floor she reduced him to—her whirring egomania, the sort that springs from low self-esteem (more corrosive than that which comes from mere vanity); and her infatuation with crappy ideas. Charles, the plant-addressing disciple of Laurens van der Post, has his own crappy ideas, but they are higher up the evolutionary scale, making him seem a mere out-of-touch aristo. Diana bought into astrology and numerology, tarot cards and clairvoyants, palmists and zone therapists. The People's Princess thus believed in the people's crappy ideas, outmaneuvering poor old Chuck even in this.

"The Royals" is popular biography written by someone who hasn't met any of the main characters she describes, yet acts as if Charles lent her his private diary and the Queen beckoned her over to pick up the phone extension. In narrative terms, it is a work of tremendous brazenness: the less you know and were there, the more authoritative and jaunty your tone. Despite the distant sourcing, much of it is probably true, or truish, or not untrue; clippings seem to have been reliably transcribed. But those who hoped that the book would be like a royal mistress—flirty, flighty, zesty, yeasty—will be disappointed. It seems almost unfair, and is probably irrelevant, to make normal reviewing comments about the book; to point out that it is hectic in surface, ponderous beneath, and strangely lacking in judgment, argument, or conclusion.

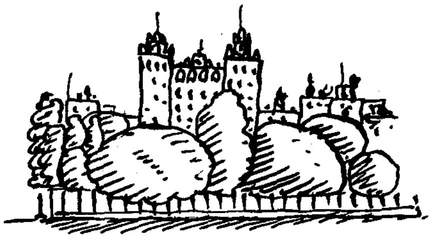
Ms. Kelley has also decided to take on the whole Windsor dynasty from 1917 (when it transmuted itself from Saxe-Coburg-Gotha). This involves a grim trudge through overfamiliar territory. You want to hear about Wallis Simpson *again*? Princess Margaret and Group Captain Peter Townsend? Even Charles and Di, the inner gutwork of whose marriage has been thoroughly exposed over the past years? The ideal reader for this book might be the G.I. equivalent of those Japanese soldiers who every so often stumble out of the bushes to salute the Emperor. So, tell me: the little princesses—Lilibet and was it Meg?—what became of them? No, they didn't!

Such an untainted reader might well decide, after finishing "The Royals," that if this is what his world has come to he might be better off heading back into the jungle. The rest of us, more or less up to speed with the story, will surf the book looking for bullet points of new scandal and old rumor. We will come across a dozen or so big or biggish items: the Duke of Edinburgh's affairs, the Queen Mother's onboard tendresse toward an admiral, the conception by artificial means of Elizabeth and Margaret, and so on. Insert "alleged" before all of these, of course. "The Royals" is not so much all the news that's fit to print as all the rumors it's legal to publish: many more in your country than in mine.

It is, naturally, written for the trailer-park puritan. Nothing wrong with that; there's enough of this creature in most of us. But it provides an amazingly leisured narrative position, from which everyone can be damned for everything. If the Royals buy cheap lampshades, they are misers; if they buy expensive frocks, they are wastrels. Even to a British reader the charge of excessive consumption seems at times overzealous. Fergie, it's true, did manage to run up the national debt of a small African state; but Ms. Kelley strikes a bizarre note when her reference to "staggering bills" is immediately followed by this: "Her kitchen staples included caviar, raspberries (in season and out), a variety of imported cheeses, and at least thirteen flavors of ice-cream." *Imported* cheeses—the decadent bitch. Fergie also took (some, a lot of) cocaine. Taki says so, which is good enough as evidence. Hold on a minute, though: given her age, social milieu, consuming habits, and—I'm sorry to point it out—American lovers, wouldn't it have been much, much more surprising if she hadn't?

But the main concern, of course, is sex. Larry Adler, in 1992, quotes himself as having told Prince Philip, back when he was marrying Elizabeth, "Be glad your zipper can't talk." But it can. If no man is a hero to his valet, he is even less of one to his trousers, and in the end the zipper always talks. Her name is Kitty Zipper.

The larger, hotter rumors are as interesting for the way they are presented and justified as for what they contain. Princess Margaret and the future Lord Snowdon, for instance, were "petite rebels who chain-smoked cigarettes and slavered over pornographic movies." Hard to know which sin is deemed the greater, but check out that trailer-park verb. How do you watch a porn movie? You *slaver* over it, of course: everyone knows that. What did you expect: "The Snowdons watched pornographic movies with a Germanic sense of royal duty"? But if they were slavering, who saw them slaver? It's no good turning to the chapter notes, because despite an appearance of fullness (books and people consulted) it's mostly impossible to match a key observation to a named observer. So how does Kitty Zipper know? Forty-three pages on, we get an answer. Somehow mislaying her earlier certainty, she writes, "The Italian magazine *Men* ran a cover story on the 'wild and intimate parties' of the Snowdons, citing an alleged passion for pornography." Suddenly it's only "alleged." And what might be the solidity of *Men* as a source? And what, Kitty, is the Italian for "slaver"?



In life, the good gossip whispers in your ear and moves on; the story is so wicked and plausible that you repeat it yourself without questioning. Occasionally, this works in print. Fifty pages after her treatment of Princess Anne's marriage to Captain Mark Phillips, Kelley drops the line, "Diana had heard about Anne's adultery with a Palace guard. . . ." Hang on: Diana may have heard, but *we* haven't. Later, the same trick: into a discussion of Andrew Parker Bowles, husband of Camilla, is dropped the line "Even after his love affair with Princess Anne in 1970, he had remained close to the royal family. . . ." So Anne had an affair with Andrew before he married Camilla, and Camilla had an affair with Charles before she married Andrew . . . why didn't you tell us of this neat little Shakespearean comedy earlier, much earlier?

In the larger stories, the method is less impressive. One of the Top Royal Rumors for some time has been that Prince Andrew was the son of Lord Porchester, the Queen's racing manager. The Duke's infidelities induce unsurprised surprise: well, sure, that's the way men of that class and cut behave. But Her very Majesty, a woman so evidently strict in the observance of royal and religious duty . . . ? In

"The Royals," the story is told thus: one British journalist (Nigel Dempster) told another (Christopher Hitchens) that if he studied photos of Andrew and Porchester at the same age it was impossible to conclude that Prince Philip was Andrew's father. A third journalist (Fiammetta Rocco), given permission to interview Philip about his public work, agreed to the conditions and promptly asked him if his third child was a bastard. "Knowing that any reaction would be front-page news," Philip said nothing. This is, obviously, the starting point for any normal investigator, let alone hardback gossip. But for Kitty Zipper the goal is the printing of the rumor rather than the establishment of its truth. There is no evidence that she has talked to anyone about the Porchester rumor, attempted to assess its validity, checked dates, places, modus operandi, Philip's location at the relevant time, and so on. At the very least, it's her job to print those supposedly clinching photos; or tell us what she thought when she saw them; or... But this is to miss the point. It would be dangerous to investigate, because this would make things more complicated—as complicated as life. It might diminish or even overthrow the rumor. It might force the halfway honest person to conclude, "I don't know." Rumor, despite its mythical cloudiness, is really much sharper and clearer than fact. Fact is messy, doubtful, ambiguous, interpretable; rumor has a wonderful simplicity. It's so much easier to worship rumor than fact.

"The Royals" has this basic use: that it is the repository of most of the rumors about the Royal Family which have accumulated over the decades. In that respect, it does a vague sort of public duty. Its main bullet points will quickly be known in Britain and may well infect the debate about the monarchy's future. As a mild republican who would prefer the monarchy to be brought down by serious argument than by toe-sucking and tabloid morality, I read the book with mixed feelings. I never thought that a dirt-dish on the Windsors would end up making me seriously admire the Queen, consider the Duke of Edinburgh almost a wit, and want to encourage Princess Anne in her fine, discreet, and underreported charity work. The Prince of Wales seems just as pitiable, if not more so, than Diana (whose death stitched him up yet again,

Get rid of moles, gophers and other burrowing pests, with...

Mole-Ex VI only $59.95*

**But read this ad for an even better deal!*

• Mole-Ex VI *protects about 1,000 sq.yds. against moles, gophers and other pests. Do not confuse this advanced device with similar looking, but much less sophisticated and less powerful units! Runs on 4 D-Cells (not included).*

It's annoying to see your beautiful lawn being ruined by moles, gophers, and other burrowing pests. You may have tried pouring poison down their holes or getting rid of them with other nostrums. Nothing really works. Now comes *Mole-Ex VI*, the revolutionary electronic solution to this age-old problem. It *does* work! Spike *Mole-Ex VI* into your lawn. It emits short, high-pitched shrieks (at the threshold of ultrasound) in 30 sec. intervals. They are barely audible to humans, but they are calibrated to be totally distressing to moles, gophers, and other burrowing pests. They can barely see, but their hearing is fine-tuned. Once they get a blast of *Mole-Ex VI*, they'll scamper away and will never return.

Mole-Ex VI is the state of the art in the control of burrowing rodents. It's made of virtually indestructible anodized aluminum and tough ABS plastic for years of rugged use. We buy *Mole-Ex VI* in very large quantities and can therefore offer them at the exceptional price of just $59.95. But we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $119.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** If you're tired of seeing your yard ruined by these pests, get *Mole-Ex VI*: It will get rid of that annoying problem once and for all!

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 797-7367
24 Hours a Day, 7 days a week.
Please give order code **#1056D282** for *Mole-Ex VI*. We need daytime phone # for all orders. Add $4.95 standard shipping/insurance charge (plus sales tax for California delivery). You have 30-day refund and one-year warranty. We do not refund shipping charges.

For customer service and wholesale orders, please call Chris Simpson at (415) 543-6675.

since 1967
haverhills®
185 Berry St., San Francisco, CA 94107

Small Ships, Big Adventure

- Our exclusive small cruise ships take you to exotic places no other ship can reach.
- See Panama, Belize, Orinoco, the Caribbean & more, all in a friendly, informal atmosphere.

American Canadian Caribbean Line
800-556-7450 www.accl-smallships.com

SHAKER FURNITURE

Discover the classic beauty and simplicity of Shaker furniture design. Our catalog features reproduction dining chairs, tables, rockers, bar stools, clocks, oval boxes, baskets, peg board and Shaker chair tape. Furniture available as precisely fashioned kits for easy finishing or custom finished.

FREE Catalog

SHAKER WORKSHOPS
Box 8001-NT8, Ashburnham, MA 01430
1-800-840-9121

FIRST CLASS JFK TO LAX $699rt
1-888-4-YFIRST
2 NON-STOPS DAILY
-WIDE BODY AIRCRAFT-
No Restrictions
Includes tax
+ PFC'S of $3.00

Cigar© by Roblee Hoffman

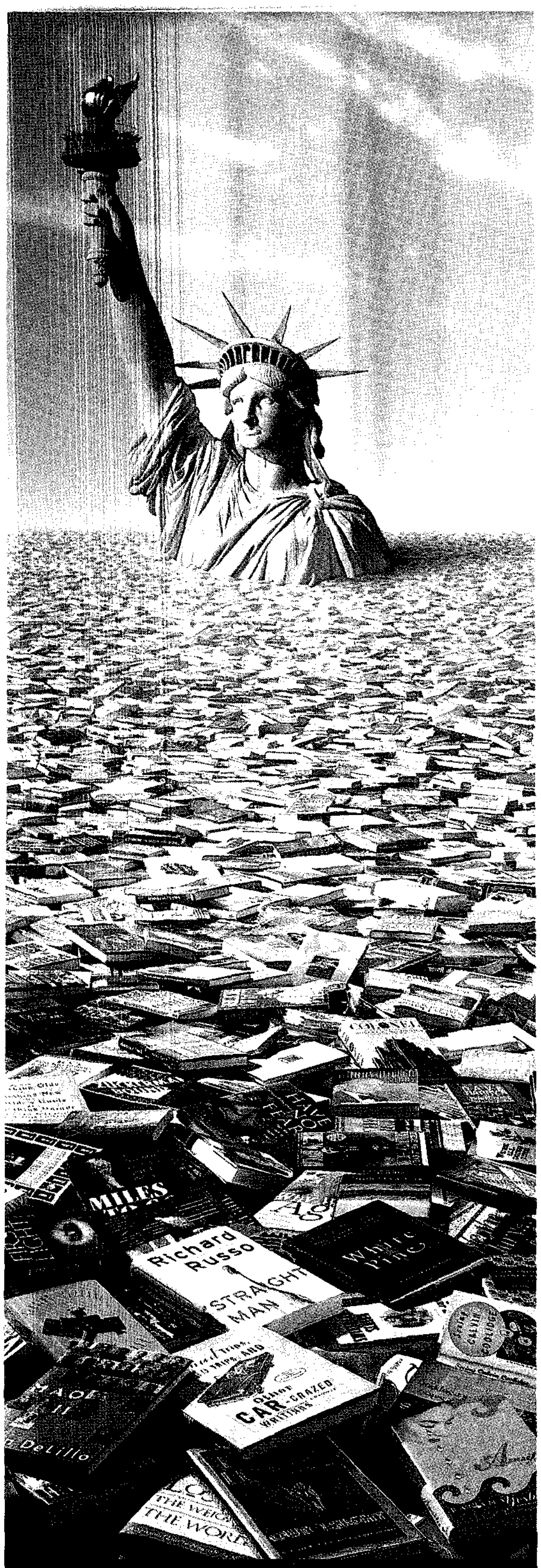
- Lifesize bronze sculpture
- Extreme surface detail
- Signed & numbered by artist
- Featured at www.robleehoffman.com
- $900 + tax and shipping (allow 4-6 weeks for delivery) MC/Visa/Discover/AmEx/check/money order
- 1-800-355-0544

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK
At A Price You Can Afford!
$1.49 EACH
Size: 5½"x 8½", 96 pgs, 1000 copies, 2-color cvr. All sizes & page counts.
Hard & Soft Cover. Free Price List.
800-277-8960 PROFESSIONAL PRESS
P.O. Box 3581 • Chapel Hill, NC 27515-3581

CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA

Retire to Fearrington, a Country Village full of bluebirds, hollyhocks, and fascinating people of all ages. Please write, call or come and see us.

VISIT OUR WEBSITE: http://www.fearrington.com
2000N Fearrington Post, Pittsboro, NC 27312. 800-277-0130



A BOOKSTORE TOO BIG FOR THE PHYSICAL WORLD.

The only place big enough to hold 2.5 million titles is the Internet. And even with all those books, the one you're after is only a click away.

amazon.com

rendering Camilla even more inaccessible). The received opinion is that it was the misfortune of Diana and Fergie to marry into a cold, unhuggy, tight-assed family of Germans: they were fresh, hopeful girls broken on the wheel. But perhaps it was the Windsors' greater misfortune to marry into the dysfunctional Spencers and Fergusons, so ill prepared for public duty. You can hug and still be barking mad.

The irony of the current situation is that those who oppose the monarchy as an institution, who are prepared to argue the case against, are those who are least important in the wailing self-consciousness that currently passes for debate. If the monarchy were to be dismantled, this would be effected by disappointed royalists—those who bought the myth at one time or another, who feel their surrogate happiness betrayed, and who currently wish to judge and punish the Di-less Royal Family for being beastly, for having driven the best-kept guinea pig out of its hutch.

But such malcontents are in a difficult bind. The obsession with Diana was, and is, an obsession with royalty, and the fact that her career and deportment were used by some to show up the Windsors as a collection of goofs and screwups doesn't affect the matter. Moreover, dumping the royals would mean dumping William and Harry, which would be like dumping Diana. Holding faith with her children is a part of keeping the candle burning for the martyr. Though the Princess was sometimes viewed as a brave little modernizer defeated by fustian and blokeishness, she didn't want to close the family firm, merely install new management talent and stymie her husband's chances of becoming King.

On Funeral Saturday, I stood with friends on an obscure part of the Finchley Road waiting for her to go by. To the south, the slow zigzag of a distant helicopter mirrored the route of the approaching hearse. The crowd ignored police barriers and pressed in like Tour de France spectators; it was camera time again. Police outriders ushered through two swift black cars, one giving a flash of the yellow-and-red Royal standard covering the coffin. The aerial clatter receded, the terrestrial applause died away. One of my companions said, "Is this the end for republicanism?" It was the soundest comment I heard all week. ♦

MASKED MEMOIR

Bringing a famous geisha back to life.

BY JOHN BURNHAM SCHWARTZ

IT sounds like a challenge issued by a soused dinner companion: to write convincingly, as a white American male, the "memoirs" of one of Japan's most famous geisha; to establish not only an indubitable authenticity of voice and period detail but a story with the social vibrancy and narrative sweep of a much loved nineteenth-century bildungsroman (as if, say, Dickens had been Japanese and David Copperfield had been a geisha); and last, though not least, to persuade us that this tour-de-force performance is not a hoax or a high-camp gimmick, since readers, essentially, are very Old Testament and do not forgive being duped.

Arthur Golden

Such, more or less, is the ambitious task that Arthur Golden set himself in "Memoirs of a Geisha" (Knopf; $25). That he has succeeded so well should be cause for celebration. There is a particular pleasure to be found in reading a novel that is sui generis and yet is imbued with subtle shadings of its literary predecessors: this is a high-wire act To protect himself against falling, the author has brought to his task a prodigious trove of research (it includes, according to the book's acknowledgments, a series of rare interviews that he had with one of Kyoto's top geisha from the sixties and seventies) and an uncanny degree of empathy for a woman who has spent her life smiling what she calls the "Noh smile" of a geisha—a woman of a kind usually regarded in the West as either caricature or museum piece.

Her name is Sayuri—or, rather, that is her geisha name. She was born Chiyo—not in Kyoto, she tells us at the novel's outset, but in tiny, pungent Yoroido, a fishing village on the Sea of Japan. At the age of nine, in 1929, she is a curious, endearing girl with striking blue-gray eyes (an indication, everyone assures her, of a great deal of "water" in her personality) and, already, a life of anxieties: her mother is dying of cancer, and her aged father, stunned, sits silently mending his fishing nets. On an errand one day, Chiyo trips in the road and is knocked unconscious; when she awakens, she finds herself staring up at a handsome, prosperous man. In no time at all, it seems, this man is suggesting that he adopt Chiyo and her older sister, Satsu, and their father quickly capitulates, but it is not adoption that awaits the girls. Chiyo is sold to an *okiya*, a geisha house, in the Gion district of Kyoto; Satsu, plainer and considerably rougher around the edges, is on her way to a different part of the city, where she will be forced into prostitution.

Chiyo is a charming girl, at once plucky and vulnerable, and one roots for her without reservation as she falls and rises through Gion's world within a world, absorbing both its exoticism and its cruelty. There is the "Granny" of the *okiya*, the skin of whose shoulders and neck is "bumpy and yellow like an uncooked chicken's," and the "Mother," whose pipe habit gives Chiyo the impression of "smoke seeping out of her face like steam from a crack in the earth." There is the beautiful, witch-like Hatsumomo, the *okiya's* reigning geisha, who tells the young Chiyo, "I know what you're thinking. You're thinking you'll never be so beautiful. Well, it's perfectly true." There is the news of the death of her parents and the disappearance of Satsu. And there are Chiyo's chance encounters with the Chairman, a powerful man whom she will never forget, and with the celebrated Mameha, who becomes her "older sister" and leads her fully into the geisha world. There the girl Chiyo dies and is reborn: "I felt that this new girl, Sayuri, with her gleaming white face and her red lips, had destroyed her."

In the novel's first chapters, Golden adroitly evokes the image of loss and yearning and resilience that is Chiyo's real face. It is this face that the teenage Sayuri, as a newly minted geisha, must mask each evening with the white paint of a woman who, part goddess and part slave, is not granted a past of her own. Golden's great achievement is to make the reader feel the ever-present weight of Sayuri's mask while never allowing us to forget, even for a moment, the girl Chiyo who bears it. It is precisely this juxtaposition of selves that gives such resonance to the scenes that Golden depicts, among them the *okiya's* lucrative sale to the highest bidder of Sayuri's *mizuage*—her defloration, metaphorically explained to her as "the first time a woman's cave is explored by a man's eel." We feel, too, the shadow of the war, which, along with the Depression, comes to be known in Japan as *kurotani*—"the valley of darkness, when so many people lived like children whose heads had slipped beneath the waves."

Rarely has a world so closed and foreign been evoked with such natural assurance, from the aesthetics of the Kyoto geisha's "art"—dance, samisen, drums, tea ceremony, a form of singing called *nagauta*, and, most memorable, the nearly mystical varieties of the exquisite kimono—to the fetishized sexuality of Gion in the thirties and forties, at once delicate and crude, repressed and flagrant. If Golden had done no more than elucidate these details in fine prose, "Memoirs of a Geisha" would still be of enormous interest as a window into a culture that, like the geisha's white-painted face, seems to be the extreme, even twisted, manifestation of male erotic fantasy. But in the unforgettable Sayuri—recounting her story many years later from her home in the Waldorf Towers, in New York—Golden has found the heart and matter of a truth that lies beyond detail.♦

FICTION

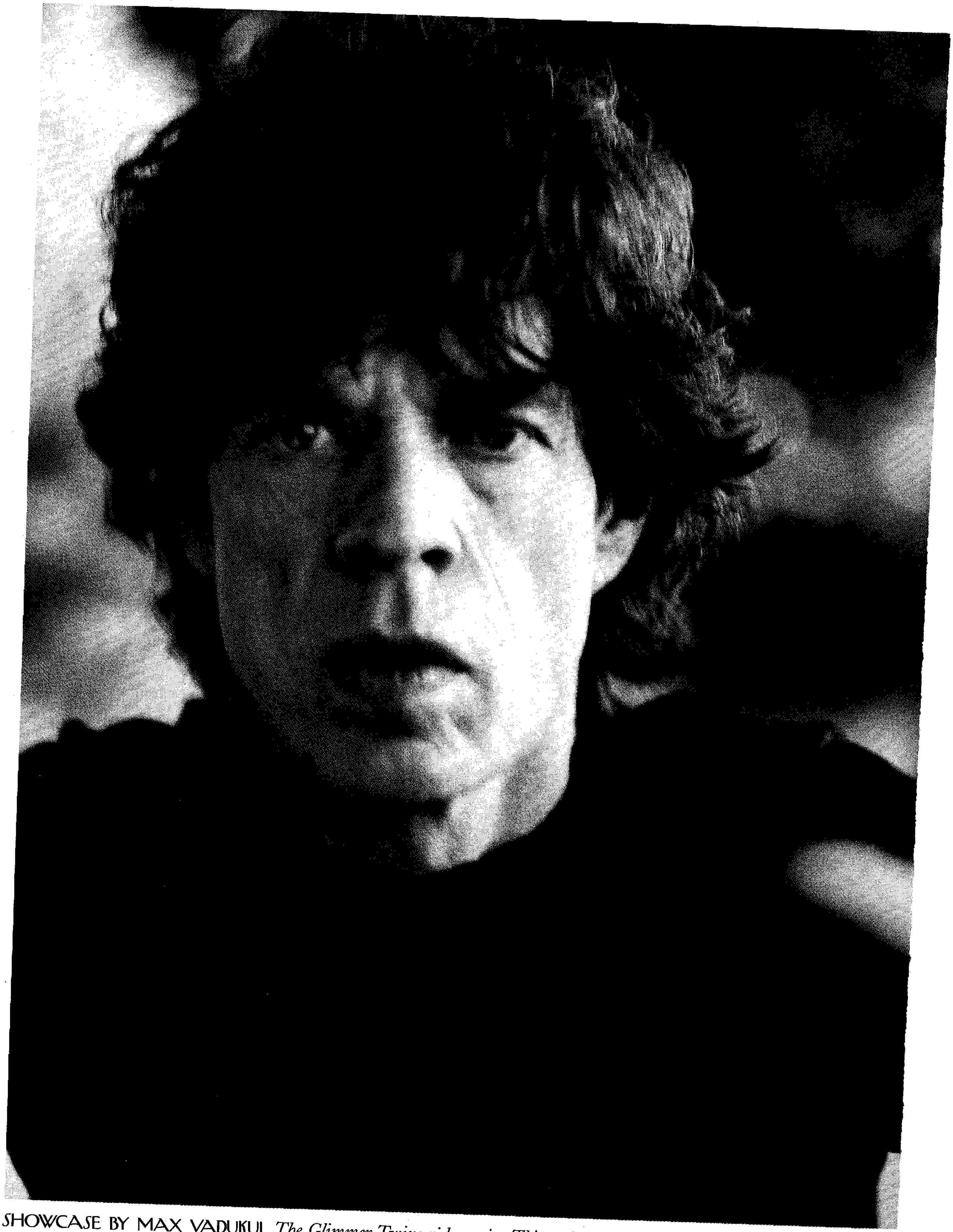
BENJAMIN'S CROSSING, by Jay Parini (Holt; $23). It is tempting to read this life of Walter Benjamin, the German critic and essayist who committed suicide in 1940, as a parable—the story of "the European Mind writ large" in ineffectual combat with the Nazis—but in fact it is a brisk, moving novel containing that parable without confining itself to a parable's two-dimensionality. At his desk in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Benjamin thinks of his writing as "his private work against fascism." But as the Germans approach Paris intellectual refuge is denied him, and he is driven into the hard rain of reality.

LARRY'S PARTY, by Carol Shields (Viking; $23.95). "And where you start from, there you end" is the line of verse that aptly closes Shields's rich new novel, about the journeyings of one Larry Weller, whose specialty is constructing garden mazes but who is lost in the maze of himself. Larry's a regular guy from Winnipeg—he has a degree in Floral Arts, and his first trip abroad is a honeymoon bus excursion through England. But Shields makes us share Larry's wonder as he proceeds through his outwardly ordinary life toward that "luxurious ornament," the "sovereign self inside him."

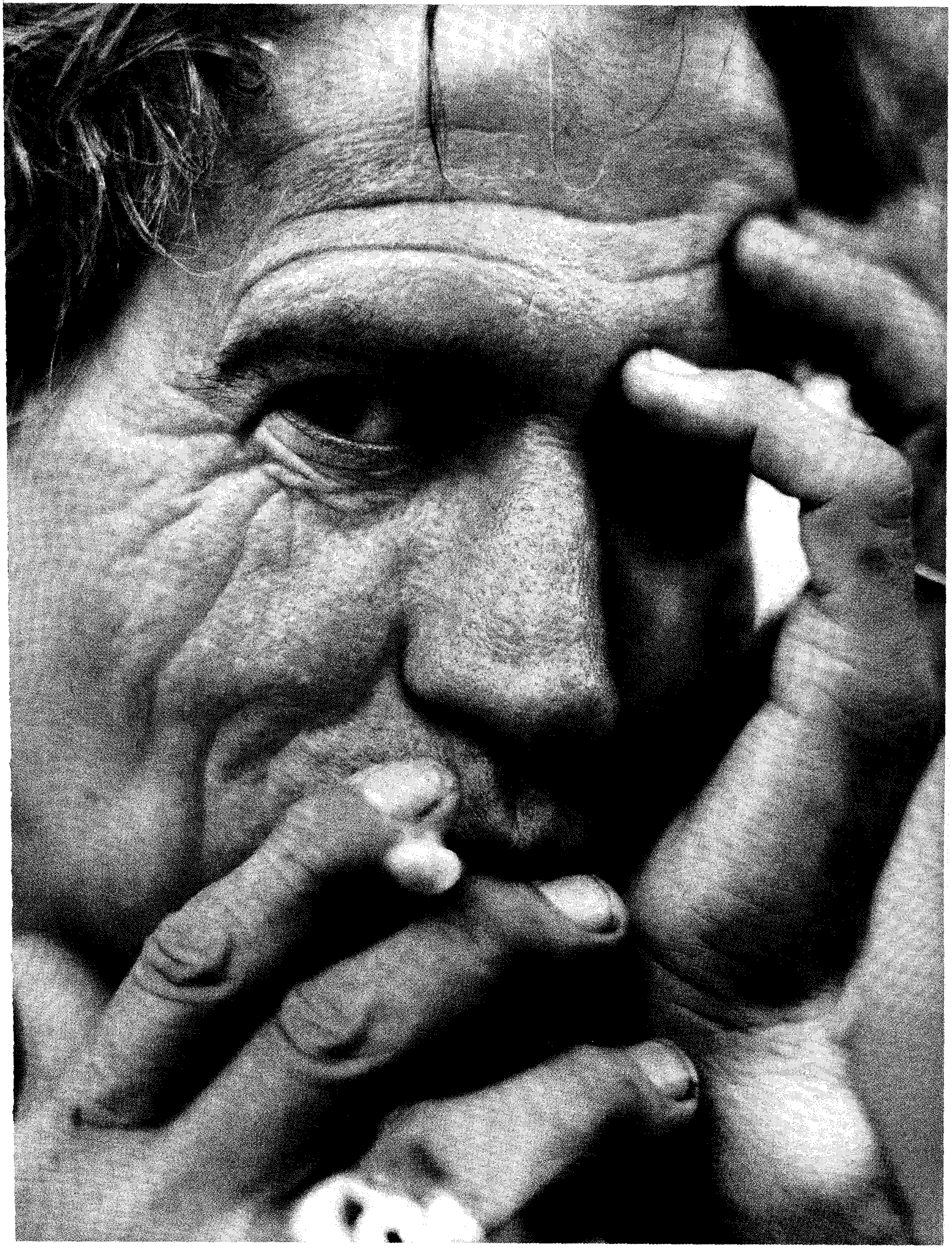
MEN GIVING MONEY, WOMEN YELLING, by Alice Mattison (Morrow; $22). The Our Town, or Forest of Arden, of this sharp, canny collection of what the author calls "intersecting stories" (two of them appeared here) is New Haven and its suburbs. Mattison treats each of her loony, alternately bored and besotted characters with tenderness; yet, surprisingly, for all the affinities that bind her loose tribe of friends and relations together, the figures of isolation among them (Pekko, a patriarchal frozen-yogurt-store owner, and Denny, doomed and sly) exert the strongest magnetic pull.

LIFE BEFORE DEATH, by Abby Frucht (Scribner; $22). Isobel—forty, single, and dying of breast cancer—is the ultimate Pollyanna. In her enjoyably quiet life as a Midwestern museum curator, she regards the drama of her illness as an adventure. Various cancer-induced delusions are partially responsible for that adventure, as when her devoted best friend, Martha, kidnaps twin babies for her to adopt. All this can't help being sad; it is tremendously leavened, however—maybe too much—by Isobel's boundless self-love and the knowing sensuousness of the prose.

STONE ANGEL, by Carol O'Connell (Putnam; $24.95). An hour after Kathleen Mallory (a.k.a. computer genius, wild child, and N.Y.P.D. cop) hits town, the deputy sheriff has a heart attack, a homegrown smoke-and-mirrors preacher is shot dead, and the local idiot savant gets his hands smashed. This is O'Connell's fourth thriller, and how she manages to imbue what's basically a who-was-that-masked-man tall tale of revenge with Molierian elegance is as great a mystery as who killed Mallory's mother nearly two decades ago, which is what Mallory is there to find out in the first place.



SHOWCASE BY MAX VADUKUL *The Glimmer Twins ride again. Thirty-five years after they formed the Rolling Stones, third stadium tour of the nineties, will feature a mammoth concept stage (as usual) but will also include a few dates at smalle*



four) and Keith (fifty-three) hit the road once more, along with Ronnie (fifty) and Charlie (fifty-six). "Bridges to Babylon," their heatres. The juggernaut opens on September 23rd, at Chicago's Soldier Field, and rolls into Giants Stadium on October 16th.

Blenheim Ginger Ale
WE MAKE GINGER ALE
THE OLD FASHIONED WAY
SINCE 1903
NOW YOU CAN ORDER
our famous Ginger Ale
prepaid to any of the lower 48 states
for just $24.00 per case of 24/12 oz. bottles.
Specify #3 HOT, #5 NOT AS HOT
or #9 DIET (or will mix)
NOT FOR TIMID PALATES !
Write to: Blenheim Bottlers
Box 452, Hamer, SC 29547
or call: 1-800-270-9344
AMX/DISCOVER/VISA/MC

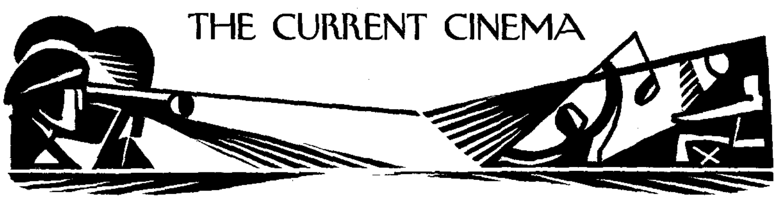
SMUTTYNOSE BREWING Co.
SMUTTYNOSE MICROBREWERY T-SHIRT
No beer nerd collection will be complete without one of our 100% cotton garment dyed T-shirts. In red, green or blue, $16 plus shipping. Call toll-free: 1.888.881.HOPS in NH: 1.603.431.1115, ext. 19 · w w w.smuttynose.com

Visit Gardens of Europe
Visit many beautiful public and private gardens – some rarely open to the public.
21 different escorted tours to:
England & Chelsea Flower Show
Holland • France • Italy • United States
EXPO GARDEN TOURS
Call for a brochure:
(800) 448-2685

GALÁPAGOS
You, 9 other adventurers and our licensed naturalist will sail by yacht to explore more islands than any other Galápagos expedition. 60 trip dates. Machu Picchu option. Free brochure.
Inca Floats 510-420-1550
1311-Y 63rd St., Emeryville CA 94608

Custom Printed
DOG Stickers
This friendly brown Dog, printed with your name and address or slogan, adds a warm feeling to notes, letters, reminders, books, tapes, campaigns . . . Fun to use, fun to give.
Your Address or Slogan
Dog Shape, Self-Stick, 1⅝" high
100 for $11.90 200 for $15.90 ppd.
DOGS, Box 735-T, Acton, MA 01720 • 508-263-2613

Facing Prostate Cancer?
Explore all the options.
For FREE information call
Theragenics Cancer Information Center,
1-800-458-4372



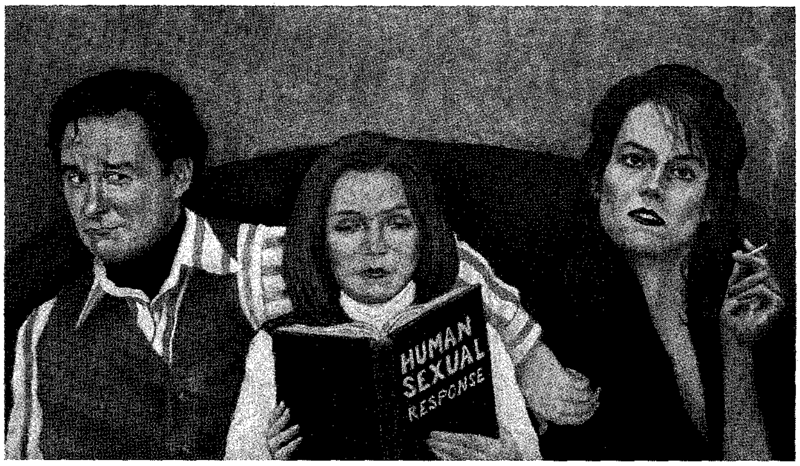
THE CURRENT CINEMA

FAMILY MATTERS

Trouble at home in "The Ice Storm" and "A Thousand Acres."

BY DAPHNE MERKIN

HERE'S what I can't figure out about "The Ice Storm," the intelligent but curiously remote movie that's been made from Rick Moody's novel: Is the anomie—the soul rot—that eats away at everyone in it best attributed to suburbia, to the seventies, or to the human condition as exemplified by the involutions of Yankee character? The movie is set in New Canaan, Connecticut, and affluent suburbs are always suspect—suggesting, as they do, an implicitly failed American ideal, with loneliness and anxiety lurking behind the white picket fences and well-clipped lawns. Then again, there is the retrospective absurdity of the decade itself, with its touchy-feely notions of sexual openness and "self-realization." To this end, Ang Lee, the director, has re-created the year 1973 down to the last incriminating detail: water beds, crocheted vests, the Watergate hearings, and couples therapy. And yet the two families at the center of the movie act so disconnected and dazed—so, well, *dysfunctional*, except that the word hadn't yet come into use, sparing us the need for further descriptives—that the temptation to blame the movie's bleakness on the nature of family life itself is strong. Or perhaps the weather is the culprit here: one of those relentlessly gray Northeastern winters capped by a freak storm, which serves as both metaphor and explanation for the desolate mood that bears down on the unhappy adults and the even unhappier adolescents.



Kevin Kline, Joan Allen, and Sigourney Weaver, suffering in suburbia.

From its first shot of an ice-encrusted train waiting on a deserted stretch of track, "The Ice Storm" is obsessed with time and place, almost to the exclusion of narrative. We are provided with glimpses of almost-scenes: a dorm room featuring an enormous bong; a pretty girl in a literature seminar who earnestly identifies with Dostoyevsky because he is "existential"; a boy on a train ride home from prep school for Thanksgiving, reflecting that "a family is your own personal antimatter, the void you emerge from." Ben Hood (Kevin Kline) is married to the silently despairing Elena (Joan Allen), who shoplifts cosmetic items from the friendly neighborhood pharmacy and talks to their children (Tobey Maguire and Christina Ricci) as though she'd never met them before. Ben is given to fussy neckwear—ascots, and turtlenecks layered under his shirts—and is having a halfhearted affair with his next-door neigbor, Janey Carver (Sigourney Weaver), who specializes in inexplicably bitchy behavior. When he tries to engage her in postcoital conversation, fumbling around for some emotional closeness, she interrupts him with the withering observation "I have a husband, I don't particularly feel the need for another." She is clearly a woman who considers herself shortchanged by life in New Canaan, and has coolly retreated into her own head; even the sexual transgressions of her two sons (Elijah Wood and Adam Hann-Byrd) don't elicit much of a reaction from her beyond the statement that "a person's body is his temple" and allusions to puberty rites in Samoa.

The story, which culminates in a disastrous couples-swapping "key party," benefits from the same gently ironic touch that Lee brought to his trilogy of films about the clash between old and new Chinese values. He's less interested in assigning blame for all the misery than in simply documenting it, and showing how it spreads and gets absorbed. At times, though, his approach seems so precise, so scrupulously neutral, as to verge on the clinical. (He isn't helped much by James Schamus's screenplay, which has some very good patches of dialogue but is short on exposition.) Still, in its refusal to provide explanations, "The Ice Storm" is never less than intriguing to watch—if a bit baffling. I kept expecting everything—the infidelities, the aimlessness, the casual shoplifting—to be resolved in the scene after next, but it doesn't happen that way. There is no triumphant burst of communication, no message-waving final moment. There is instead the pure, impartial gesture of the movie's ending: the small, relieved smile that comes over a boy's face as he waits in a train station and spots his family coming to get him, shaken but intact in the wake of the storm.

In "A Thousand Acres," based on Jane Smiley's Pulitzer Prize-winning novel, we get the opposite approach: the family skeletons are out in full view, rattling in the breeze, and nothing is left to the imagination. The movie abounds in gleaming closeups, and it feels as if several unusually glamorous women from the Corn Belt had been invited by Oprah, or Jenny Jones, to come spill their stories. Even viewers who are unfamiliar with Smiley's book won't be surprised, as the music swells, to learn that the old farmhouse with its cozy kitchen is a hotbed of domestic tyranny.

The movie begins, as so many self-consciously "literary" movies do, with a voice-over. As the camera pans across a majestic span of fields in bloom, Jessica Lange's distinctive voice reels us in, explaining that her childhood with her two sisters "seemed secure and good" and that their mother "died before she could confer on us that my father was only a man, like any other." Larry Cook (Jason Robards) is actually the sort of indomitable patriarch with a whim of iron that Orson Welles used to play to perfection, and these days is more than likely to be outed as a child abuser. Cook impulsively decides to divide his beloved and very lucrative farm among his three daughters, Ginny (Lange), Rose (Michelle Pfeiffer), and Caroline (Jennifer Jason Leigh), but before the papers can be signed the family is wrenched apart and accusations are flying. It turns out that Daddy not only smacked his daughters around but crept into their rooms late at night and forced himself on them sexually. Ginny initially resists Rose's radical version of these events, but "recovers" her own traumatic memories while spying on Caroline and their father as they shop for the natty wardrobe he will wear to court hearings about the now contested ownership of the farm.

The director, Jocelyn Moorhouse, has a feel for large photogenic expanses—perhaps because she's from Australia—but the movie's team of overbred fillies charges right past her. Michelle Pfeiffer, in the thankless role of the infuriated Rose, screams a lot, when she's not pursing her small mouth tighter and tighter; Jennifer Jason Leigh, with her unaccountable air of anxiety, seems to have wandered in from another planet altogether; and Jessica Lange looks regal even in yellow plaid pajamas and a lumberjack shirt. Lange's beauty (she has the most extraordinary ropy neck) and acting range have deepened with the years: she almost manages to give resonance to this synthetic "women's film," in which the attractive stranger returning home after years away is only too happy to seduce the women who stayed behind. Buried somewhere in the corn rows is a message about coming to terms with childhood damage, but it gets lost in the golden light and the facile, soap-operatic transitions. What I really want to know is, Who does Jessica Lange's hair? ♦

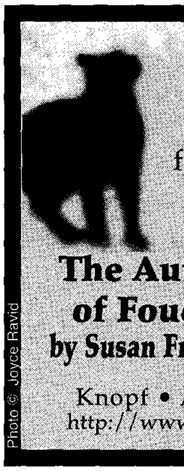
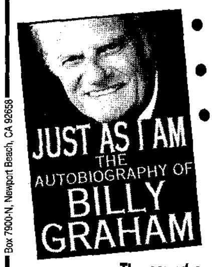


Photo © Joyce Ravid

The book
of the year
for connoisseurs
of cats
and memoirs

The Autobiography of Foudini M. Cat
by Susan Fromberg Schaeffer

Knopf • Also an AudioBook
http://www.randomhouse.com



Now hear this!

JUST AS I AM
THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF
BILLY GRAHAM

- **Best sellers on cassette**
- **Full-length readings**
- **Call for introductory offer**

(800) 88-BOOKS

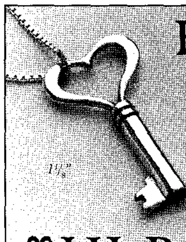
http://booksontape.com

The sound approach to reading

BOOKS ON TAPE #1
World's Largest Selection™

Box 7900-N, Newport Beach, CA 92658

Reg. U.S. Pat. & T.M. Off.



HEART KEY

A most romantic token from James Breakell's workshop. Finely detailed pendant on 18" chain. Sterling silver $30. 14k Gold $163. Add $4 handling. Catalog available (800) 767-6411.

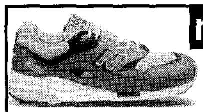
1½"

J.H. Breakell & Co.
132 Spring St., Dept. NYHK, Newport, RI 02840

DON'T MISS THE 5TH ANNUAL
WORLDFEST-CHARLESTON INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL!
The Festival of the South Nov. 1-9, 1997
(713) 965-0111 P.O. Box 838 Charleston, SC 29402
South Carolina
Smiling Faces. Beautiful Places.

HOME FROM HOME in LONDON

Private Flats & Houses for Short Rentals
TOLL FREE: 1-800 748 9783
TEL: 011-44 171 584 8914 FAX: 823 8433
E-Mail: homefromhome@compuserve.com
Internet: www.homefromhome.co.uk



new balance
athletic shoes
for men & women

40 Styles - Hard to Find Sizes - 100% Guaranteed

Call 1-800-881-4322 for Free Catalog

Active Soles - Dept NY47 - Plymouth, MA 02360

MUSICAL EVENTS

DADROCK

Revisiting the sixties with Oasis and Radiohead.

BY ALEX ROSS

ANGLO-AMERICAN musical relations are always tense. Often, there is a trade imbalance. During the early nineties, American grunge and alternative bands triumphed overseas, while British bands met with confused snickers here. In the last few years, the roles have reversed. "Britpop" bands have reënacted the British Invasion of the sixties, stroking conservative ears with echoes of the Beatles and the Kinks; they have borrowed enough from the sixties generation to earn the additional nickname "Dadrock." At the same time, English turntable virtuosos dominate techno and ambient music: it's a dastardly pincer movement of nostalgia and futurism. We in America, by way of response, are sending out ex-members of Nirvana, funky white teenagers from Oklahoma, Bob Dylan's son, and the lonely dynamo of Beck. We may as well give in, for now. The major English acts of the moment—Oasis and Radiohead—are threatening to raise the spectre of the Very Big Band, the kind that lives out a saga and leaves endlessly analyzable records in its wake.

To an American fan, the British music scene is a scary paradise. On the one hand, the record companies, the press, and the audience all seem more open to unexpected sounds. There is not, as in the United States, a barrier between major and independent labels: the underground can see the light of day in an instant. Élite radio d.j.s, like John Peel, on the BBC, consult their own taste and ignore whatever sinister lottery generates the Top Forty. Lately, programmers and critics have helped make minor hits out of the delicately skewed ballads of Belle and Sebastian, the imposing soundscapes of Mogwai, and the Sonic Youth nostalgia of Placebo. On the other hand, all this free-spiritedness slides a little too easily into a nihilistic lust for novelty. To read the British music press is to be bombarded by buzzwords for weeks-old styles pioneered by bands that have been around for a few months and will probably be gone in a year. Underpinning much of the frenzy is a brazen drug culture, which to the American puritan looks effortful.

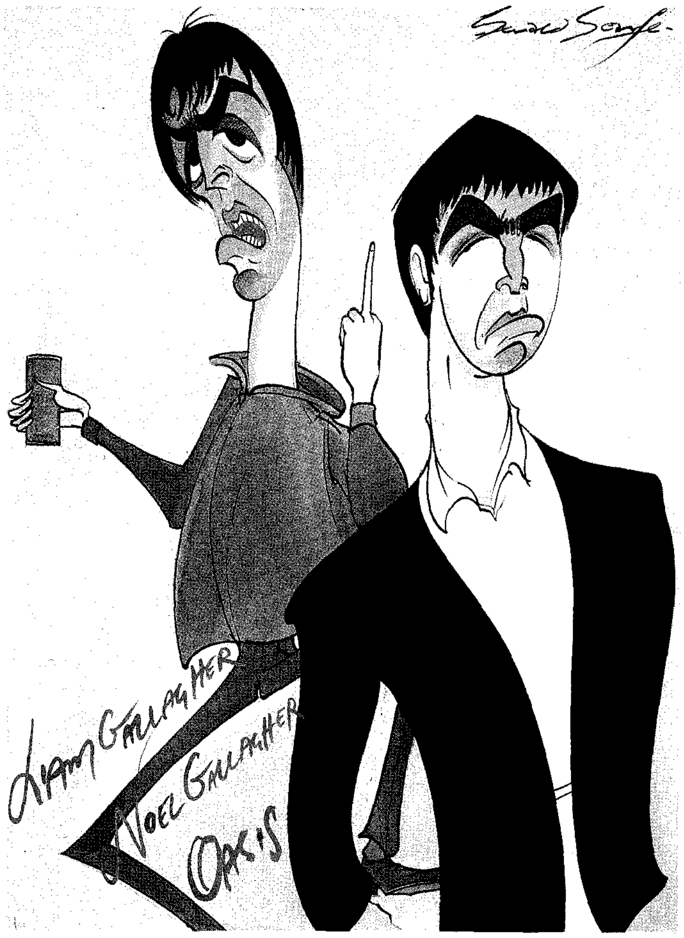
The British knack for rock and roll both fascinates and repels Americans. The ease with which English kids hijacked an all-American art in the mid-sixties can no longer be explained by the ocean-spanning force of hippie-dippy youth. It has something to do with cross-cultural longings, laced with envy and suspicion. British rockers are drawn to grittier American experiences, particularly African-American experiences; more cynically, they may enjoy America as a scenic expanse of money. Americans, for their part, consume British rock out of a deference to overseas flair, but they have a lingering sense that the imports are a fad, a deft jam by fakers. They also may resent the vaudevillian panache that even the most laddish of lads apparently acquire as a birthright. In any case, Americans have a counterforce at the ready: that vast continental yawn with which our public lays waste to what no longer amuses it.

OASIS, the gold blimp of a band operated by the notorious Gallagher brothers, seemed to be veering out of control when it last toured the United States, in September of 1996. Noel Gallagher, Oasis's songwriter, lead guitarist, and chief executive, cut the tour short and flew back to London, with a breakup apparently imminent. But obituaries were hasty. A new Oasis album, "Be Here Now," racked up insane sales figures in the United Kingdom last August 21st, selling more copies in a day than any other album had previously sold in a week. Oasis's earlier albums, "Definitely Maybe" and "(What's the Story) Morning Glory?," still hold sway in the British Top Forty. American fans have been more skeptical; most critics here have attacked the band for its thefts from the Beatles, and sales of "Be Here Now" have been sluggish. The new record is indeed dense, bloated, and steeped in déjà vu, but its ambitions, at least, are impressive.

In England, Oasis is a social phenomenon. After six years of existence, it has become the house band of the vestigial British Empire. Noel Gallagher endorsed Tony Blair before the May election; Blair repaid the debt by inviting Noel to his victory salon. Meanwhile, Liam, the younger brother, has not let marriage, to the actress Patsy Kensit, distract him from a record-breaking streak of rock-star decadence: his impenetrable sunglasses, devilish haircuts, and steady substance abuse are still wowing the nation's youth. Unable to censor their internal monologues, the Gallaghers pick fights with any band that threatens them, and they also lash out at one another. (A recording of one of their squabbles became a hit single in the U.K.) They have specialized in monumentally arrogant statements to the press, of which my favorite is Noel's reply to a question about whether Michael Jackson had a Messiah complex: "Who does he think he is? Me?"

The noise would have faded by now if Oasis had nothing to sell or to say. Beautiful, vicious, diffident, and immature, Liam is one of the more fascinating singers of the current rock moment. After snarling lyrics into the microphone, he paces the stage like an unhappy cheetah; he may go to the edge of the stage and point a pistol finger at the audience or, during one of his brother's fastidious guitar solos, sit down churlishly on a riser. As the second verse approaches, he stalks back to the microphone, pummelling a tambourine. As a singer, he doesn't have much range, but he zeroes in on pitch with swooping, slurring urgency. The accusation that he copies John Lennon presumably does not bother him, since he is convinced that Lennon's spirit inhabits his body.

Noel, meanwhile, stands still, strumming his guitar with all the passion of the Singing Nun. As Liam seems wired by the madness around him, Noel remains unfazed. Oasis's biographies, which fill two shelves at the Virgin Megastore, reveal that many of the songs for which Noel is now famous were written years ago, while he was still laying gas pipe in Manchester or working as a roadie for Inspiral Carpets. He made no effort to get his music heard until his brother began singing in a band with various mates: Paul (Bonehead) Arthurs on guitar; Paul (Guigsy) McGuigan on bass; and, on drums, Tony McCarroll, later replaced by Alan White. Noel looked at this gang of hooligans and decided that it would suffice as a front for the hits in his mind.



Oasis is threatening to raise the spectre of the Very Big Band.

Noel's songs are a rude fusion of rock history. Besides the obvious nuggets of the Beatles, he incorporates baroque guitar flourishes out of Led Zeppelin, Burt Bacharach intermezzos, hip-hop beats à la Beck, and the thick, seething textures perfected by the great late-eighties band My Bloody Valentine. This heap of influences is filtered through a clear conception of song structure. Noel finds singsong phrases that insinuate themselves into your subconscious (sometimes they're already waiting there) and joins them to rich harmonies strummed on all the strings. The formula of cute tunes joined to sprawling chords is one that the Beatles neither invented nor patented.

Less great are Noel's lyrics, which range from the half-baked to the lightly toasted. "D'You Know What I Mean" jumbles sound bites from Dylan and the Beatles: "The blood on the tracks must be mine / The fool on the hill and I feel fine / Don't look back cos you know what you might see." In "My Big Mouth" he tries to apologize for past faux pas but arrives at a picture of himself "walking slowly down the hall of fame"—presumably the one in Cleveland. Still, he's capable of digging deeper. "Magic Pie," the strongest song on the new album, begins with the lines "An extraordinary guy/Can never have an ordinary day/He might live the long goodbye / But that is not for me to say," and ends with "I was that passerby/I've been and now I've gone." Noel seems to be imagining an exit from Oasis madness. He sings the song himself, in a voice shakier but sweeter than his brother's. It raises the overwhelming question: Is Liam necessary?

"Magic Pie" also has a grand vocal line that reaches one bright major plateau in the chorus and then climbs higher before the signature plunge to minor. The brouhaha of the sound matches the bigness of the idea. The same can't be said for the album's weaker follow-ups, which cry out for help when pinned under gratuitous extra tracks of guitar. "D'You Know What I Mean"—the song whose MTV video shows helicopters swarming over the band, très "Apocalypse Now"—has enormous power but no uplift. It somehow reminds me of Howard Hughes's Spruce Goose, that mammoth amphibious plane that never got more than a few feet above the water. Noel waited several years to record "All Around the World," a nine-minute mockup of "Hey Jude"; his urge to restore all his early demos as would-be orchestral masterpieces is a warning sign of Guns n' Roses Syndrome (that is, egregiously unearned pretension).

The production values of "Be Here Now" seem intended to show that the band is not just rich but hip. Interviewed by *Rolling Stone*, Noel said he was trying to match the heavy synthetic beats and whooshing atmospheric effects of the Chemical Brothers and other "electronica" outfits. But his sentimental lyricism can't withstand such a barrage. In any event, the electronica trend is not worth emulating, since it is itself a retread, a makeover of German noise of the seventies. "(What's the Story) Morning Glory?" and the better songs on "Be Here Now" won't fade, because they seduce the ear rather than stun it into momentary submission. Whatever becomes of Oasis, Noel Gallagher will have been more than a passerby at the scene of British rock.

WITH Oasis holding a territorial claim on the later Beatles, other bands have made a run on every remaining sound and style of the period. For an ingenious, hummable echo of "Revolver" and the better parts of the Monkees, you can listen to the Seahorses; for a heady dose of Donovan and of George Harrison in his Indian garb, you have Kula Shaker. The seasoned Scottish band Teenage Fanclub, a former star attraction of indie rock, has settled into a pastiche of the Byrds. Even Bob Dylan comes in for a bit of

Britpop treatment, on a new album by the aptly named Charlatans UK.

Not all Britpop looks vacantly backward. Supergrass has the most infectious songbook of almost any British band, mixing updated glam-rock guitars with sassy pop arrangements (including the finest theremin solo of modern times). Ash, a trio of manic Belfast boys, plays stripped-down punk-pop tunes that never quite end up where you expect them to. In the dimly lit Velvet Underground corner is the Verve, famous for its trance-inducing guitars and for the journey-to-the-end-of-the-night life style of its ghoulishly handsome lead singer, Richard Ashcroft. The Verve's new single, "Bitter Sweet Symphony," gives a spooky twist to sixties nostalgia: over a tender string-orchestra arrangement of a Rolling Stones riff, Ashcroft sings persuasively that he is "a million different people from one day to the next." As for Blur, Oasis's long-suffering rival, it finally broke through in America earlier this year when it traded in its Kinks-style class chronicles for loud, fast guitars. Its live show has frat boys jumping up and down to diseased vaudeville numbers, hardcore punk, and most styles in between.

All rock-critical catchphrases disintegrate in the vicinity of Radiohead, which has a new album called "OK Computer" and last month ended an American tour with a majestic show at the Hammerstein Ballroom, in New York. This is the one modern British band that can equal the force of Oasis's personality, if not trounce it. While Radiohead also has a Beatles connection, it's limited to a handful of late-period experiments ("Happiness Is a Warm Gun," "Sexy Sadie," "Octopus's Garden"). Radiohead also looks to progressive-minded bands of the late sixties and early seventies—Love, Pink Floyd, and Led Zeppelin in its artier, modal moods—but, again, the influences come only in flashes. Formed a decade ago at Abington School in Oxford, Radiohead seems too bookish for the mainstream, but it mesmerizes large crowds nonetheless. The Trojan horse with which it took America was the 1993 song "Creep," whose refrain—"I'm a creep, I'm a weirdo"—pleased fans of Kurt Cobain. The grunge pose was deceptive: the band's second album, "The Bends," reinvented rock on several levels.

Thom Yorke, Radiohead's mildly freakish lead singer, sings better than most in rock. He expands his tone operatically and pushes it into a pure, gleaming falsetto. His melodies have an Old World, prewar contour, gliding step by step and then jumping wide intervals. At first, his lyrics come across as glum, but his air of misery is often a cover for insolence and wit. In "My Iron Lung," from "The Bends," a hugely insinuating torch-song tune wraps itself around these words:

> Suck—suck your teenage thumb
> Toilet-trained and dumb
> When the power runs out, we'll just hum
> This—this is our new song
> Just like the l-a-a-st one
> A total waste of time, my iron lung

Yorke is insulting the teen-agers who made a hit out of "Creep," but he does not alienate them, perhaps because he and they believe in the same illusion (music as "iron lung," life support). On "OK Computer" he casts his jaded eye on decadence, future shock, and the boxed-in individual. A song called "Electioneering" offers this diagram of a politician's mind: "When I go forwards, you go backwards, and somewhere we will meet."

Three other guitarists, meanwhile, are plotting byzantine musical designs. Jonny Greenwood dashes between lead guitar and keyboards; his brother, Colin, plays bass; Ed O'Brien fills in other treble patterns. Jonny Greenwood, who once played viola in his school orchestra, admires Olivier Messiaen, among other twentieth-century composers; the breadth of his taste shows in the voluptuousness of the band's harmony. The backbone of the song "Just," for example, is the octatonic scale (whole step, half step, whole step, half step, and so forth), which generated "The Rite of Spring." The band also throws in whole-tone scales, strings in quarter-tones, and other non-clichés. But this refinement is stowed away under the surface of the music: Radiohead knows the risk of not rocking. Russian chords can dissolve in a moment into a punkish squall of guitar. Phil Selway's vaguely jazzy drumming marks time in the cool, unfamiliar spaces.

"OK Computer" has fewer stately airs than "The Bends," but it adds layer upon layer of weird beauty. The sound is somehow *tall:* ideas unwind in every register. "Paranoid Android" is a symphony in six minutes, moving from a shuffling introduction to a hardcore scherzo, then from a slow chorale on the words "From a great height" to a hammering coda. Throughout the album, contrasts of mood and style are extreme: a couple of the songs could almost have been sung by Sinatra (or so it's fun to imagine), while a couple of others, rescored for bass clarinets, might win appreciative shrugs from new-music cognoscenti at the Knitting Factory. This band has pulled off one of the great art-pop balancing acts in the history of rock.

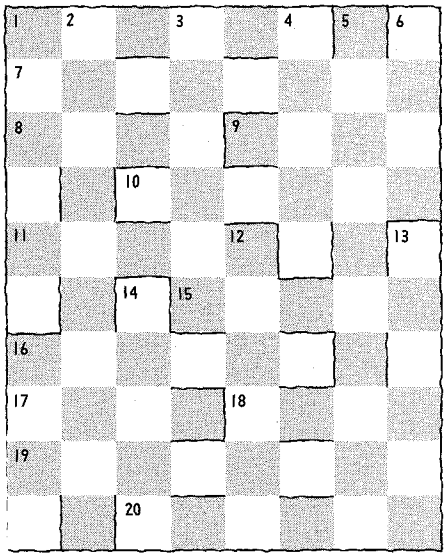
The best English bands rummage through the island's musical attic, retrieving old genres and adapting them to rock. The Beatles, of course, were past-masters of this. Those who wail about Oasis's misappropriations have forgotten how much of a patchwork Beatles songs really are. Radiohead repeats the means but not the end of the Beatles' experiments; its fusion is original. I do not know how to describe what is an essentially indescribable sound, but I had one last idea while watching the very English spectacle of Princess Diana's funeral: the varieties of lament heard during the service—an Elgar elegy, an Elton John ballad, an otherworldly contemporary dirge by John Tavener—could have been telescoped into a fairly typical Radiohead song. ♦

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly (except for six combined issues: the last week of February and the first week of March, the last week of April and the first week of May, the last two weeks of June, the last week of August and the first week of September, the last two weeks of October, and the last two weeks of December) by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 20 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036. Vol. LXXIII, No. 29, September 29, 1997. Periodical postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. Canadian Publication Mail Sales Product Agreement No.190969. Canadian goods-and-services-tax registration number R123242885. Registered as a newspaper at the British Post Office. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $39.95; two years, $72.00. In Canada, one year, $83.00 (includes GST and HST where applicable). In Germany, one year, DM290. Mail orders to: IP Internationale Presse, Distribution & Marketing GmbH, Waldstr. 70, D-63128 Dietzenbach, Germany. Other foreign subscriptions, one year, $91.00, payable in advance.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80328-6447. PRINTED IN U.S.A.

8 x 10 CRYPTIC

NO. 16 BY MIKE SHENK



ACROSS

- **1** A Highlander's neckwear (6)
- **7** In retrospect, specify limits for astronaut (8)
- **8** Embrace English giant (4)
- **9** At hearing, rotate duty (4)
- **10** Herded deer the wrong way in anger (6)
- **11** Region around northern battlefield (5)
- **15** South Carolina provided one genre of movies (3-2)
- **16** Print a novel up to a point (2,4)
- **17** Stare at operator with broken leg (4)
- **18** Ring finished with friend's gem (4)
- **19** Difficult medium for painting in volume (8)
- **20** Santa's Teddy bears sampled (6)

DOWN

- **1** A study involving high school for artists (6)
- **2** Encouraging member of the Beatles amid scorn (8,2)
- **3** Most of the globe, as once shaped (6)
- **4** Hazy upper atmosphere around Missouri (5)
- **5** Teamster boss keeping everyone with me in shrine for sports heroes (4,2,4)
- **6** King, before getting married, called joint (4)
- **12** Review of Oscars is over (6)
- **13** Advertised speaker's physique (6)
- **14** Leave Spanish drunk (5)
- **16** It holds nothing over a very small amount (4)

• •

he solution to puzzle No. 15 appears on page 38. or a free copy of "The New Yorker's Guide Solving Cryptic Crosswords," please send our fax number or a stamped, self-addressed nvelope to "Solvers' Guide," The New Yorker, 0 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036.

© Montblanc® Meisterstück® Solitaire®

MONT BLANC

In times that are changing ever faster, we need things which preserve the moment.

From the Meisterstück Solitaire Sterling Silver Collection.

THE ART OF WRITING

For the Montblanc Boutique or Authorized Retailer near you, call 1-800-995-4810

SHOUTS & MURMURS

MEMO FROM COACH

BY CHRISTOPHER BUCKLEY

WELCOME back! The fall Pixie League soccer season officially kicks off next week, and I'd like to take this opportunity to let you know the schedule and provide guidelines. I'm sure we all agree that, with the Grasshoppers' 1–12 record last season, there's plenty of room for improvement this fall!

With a view to maximizing our performance, this summer I attended the National Conference of Pixie League Coaches, held in King of Prussia, Pa. I did some valuable networking and came away truly "pumped."

PHYSICAL TRAINING

Per my memo last June regarding the summer-training regimen, your nine-year-old daughter should now be able to: (a) run a mile in under five minutes with cinder blocks attached to each ankle (lower body); (b) bench-press the family minivan (upper body); (c) swim a hundred yards in fifty-degree water while holding her breath (wind); (d) remain standing while bowling balls are thrown at her (stamina).

PRACTICE SCHEDULE

Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays: 5:30 A.M.
Tuesdays, Thursdays: 5:30 P.M.
Sundays: 7 A.M.
Columbus Day Weekend: 7:30 A.M.
Note: Live ammunition will be used at the Thursday practice.

VIDEO CRITIQUE OF GAMES

Mondays, 8 P.M. Parents strongly urged to attend. See "Camera Dads" sign-up list (Attachment E). Note: Professional-quality video cameras preferred.

GAME SCHEDULE

Saturdays, 8 A.M. Important: Please be sure to have your daughter there *at least two hours before game time* for the pregame strategy briefing and pep rally. Note: As the girls will be biting the heads off live animals, we will need lots of guinea pigs, hamsters, parakeets, etc. See sign-up list (Attachment P). No goldfish, please!

HALFTIME SNACKS

Last year, there was some confusion about appropriate nourishment. According to guidelines established by the N.C.P.L.C.'s Committee on Nutrition and Performance, "snacks high in carbohydrates, sucrose, and corn syrup have been demonstrated to provide dramatic short-term metabolic gain." So save those low-fat pretzels for your cocktail parties and bring on the Twinkies and Ring Dings. Let's make sure that when the Grasshoppers hit the field they're hoppin'!

USE OF STEROIDS

One of the many things I took away from the panel discussions at King of Prussia was that, contrary to medical guidelines, use of anabolic steroids by preteens is not necessarily a hundred per cent harmful. (See Attachment Q: "New Thinking on Performance Boosters and Mortality.") Grasshopper doctor dad Bill Hughes will discuss the merits of stanozolol versus fluoxymesterone and dispense prescriptions to all interested parents. (Participation encouraged!)

Note: If any Grasshopper parents are planning a vacation in Mexico, please see me about bringing back certain hard-to-get enhancers, like HGH (human-growth hormone) and EPO (erythropoeitin).

PARENTAL INPUT ON PLAYER SUBSTITUTIONS

Much as I appreciate your enthusiasm, it is not helpful if in the middle of a tense game situation you abuse me verbally—or, as one overzealous dad did last season, assault me physically—because I have not sent in your daughter. For this reason, I will be carrying a Taser with me at all times. These anti-assault devices deliver up to fifty thousand volts of electricity, and leave the recipient drooling and twitching for weeks. Though I will make every effort to see that each Grasshopper gets her turn on the field, if you get "in my face" about it don't be "shocked, shocked!" to find yourself flat on your back in need of cardiopulmonary resuscitation.

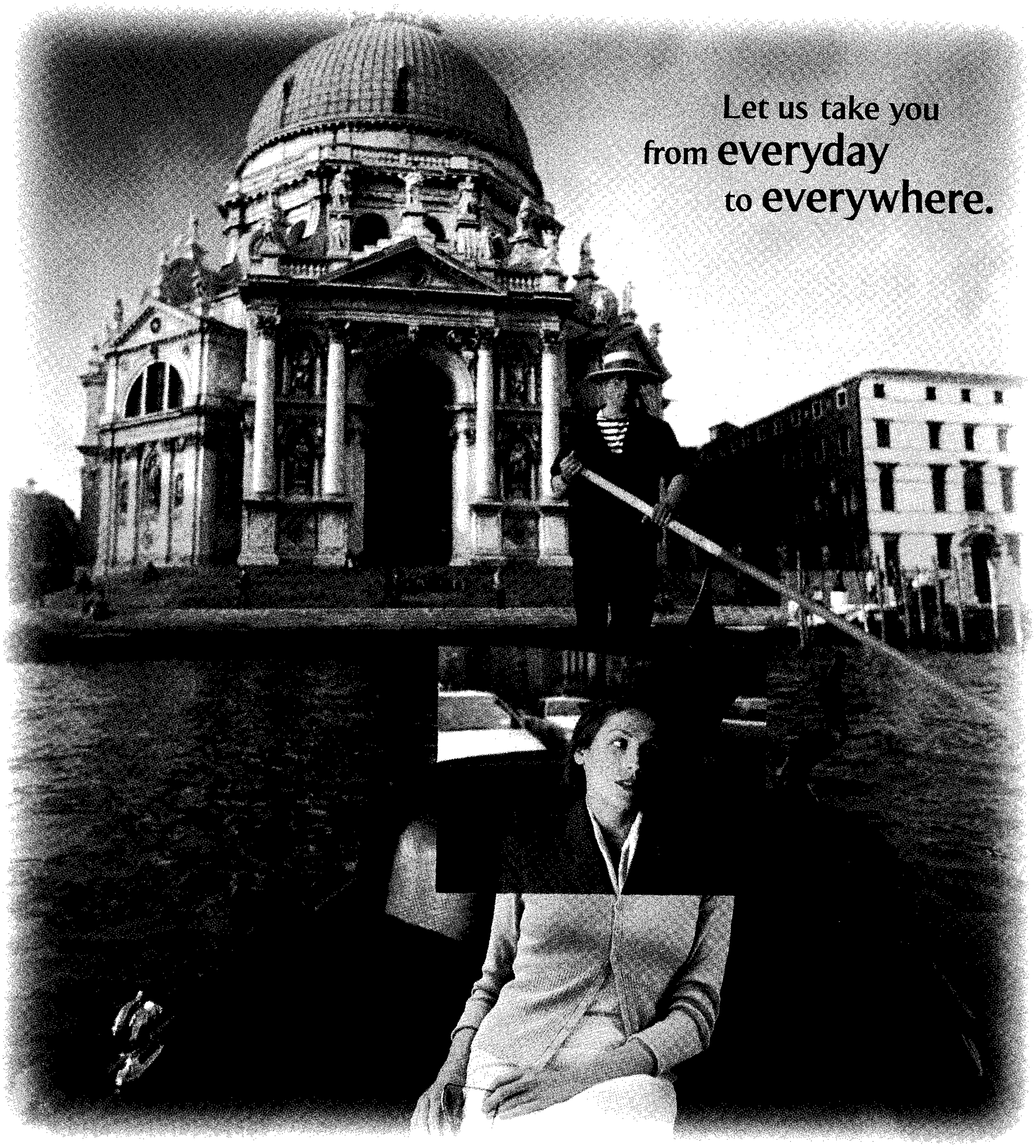
INJURIES

If your daughter has kept up with the summer-training program, there's no reason she shouldn't be able to finish out a game with minor injuries, such as hairline bone fractures or subdural hematomas. (Parental support needed!) Remember the Grasshopper motto: "That which does not kill me makes me a better midfielder!"

CHEERLEADING

If the coaches at K. of P. were unanimous about anything, it was the key importance of parental screaming from the sidelines. This not only lets our girls know that Grasshopper parents do not accept failure but also alerts the other team that if they win you will probably "go postal" (kid talk for temporary insanity) and try to run them over in the parking lot after the game.

See you Monday morning! ◆



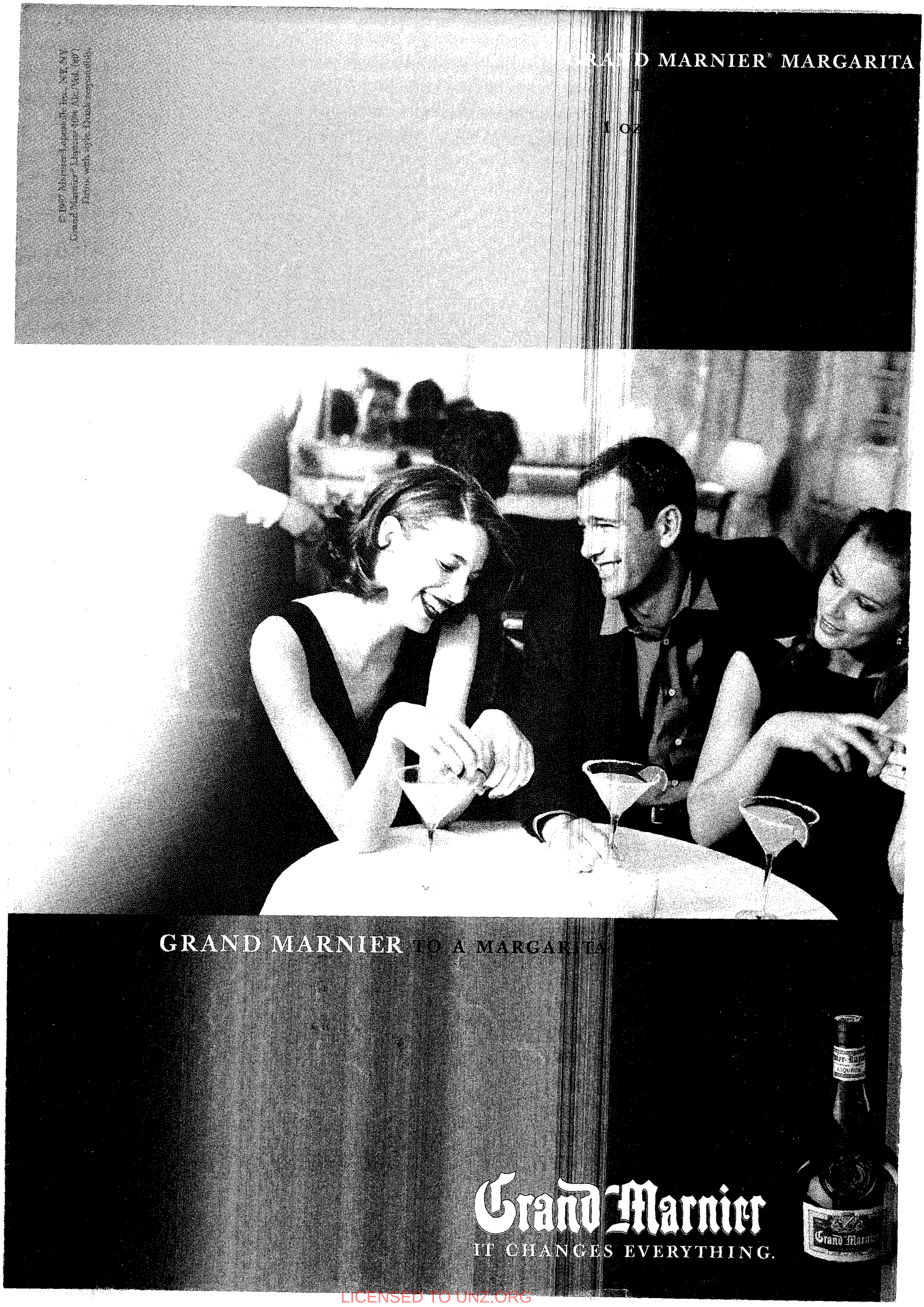
©1997 British Airways Plc

If you've been dreaming of travelling far away, we can do more than just take you there. Our knowledge and expertise assures you the best hotel and car rental values in Britain and Europe. We can also arrange everything from theater packages to sightseeing tours. Simply choose from our "Create Your Own Vacation" Britain & Europe planner. Then go and discover places like Italy. For a free planner call your travel agent or 1-800-AIRWAYS.

www.us.british-airways.com/vacations

BRITISH AIRWAYS
HOLIDAYS

© 1997 Marnier-Lapostolle Inc., NY, NY
Grand Marnier® Liqueur 40% Alc/Vol (80°)
Drink with style. Drink responsibly.


RAND MARNIER® MARGARITA
1
1 oz
GRAND MARNIER TO A MARGARITA
Grand Marnier
IT CHANGES EVERYTHING.